THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Muppets Turn Hollywood

Inside Ed Asner

Humor by Mark Russell

Isaac Asimov On Space Colonies

William Simon: 'You Can't Trust the News"

Pro Football Stars

"Silent Night" by Paul Gallico

Jerry Falwell

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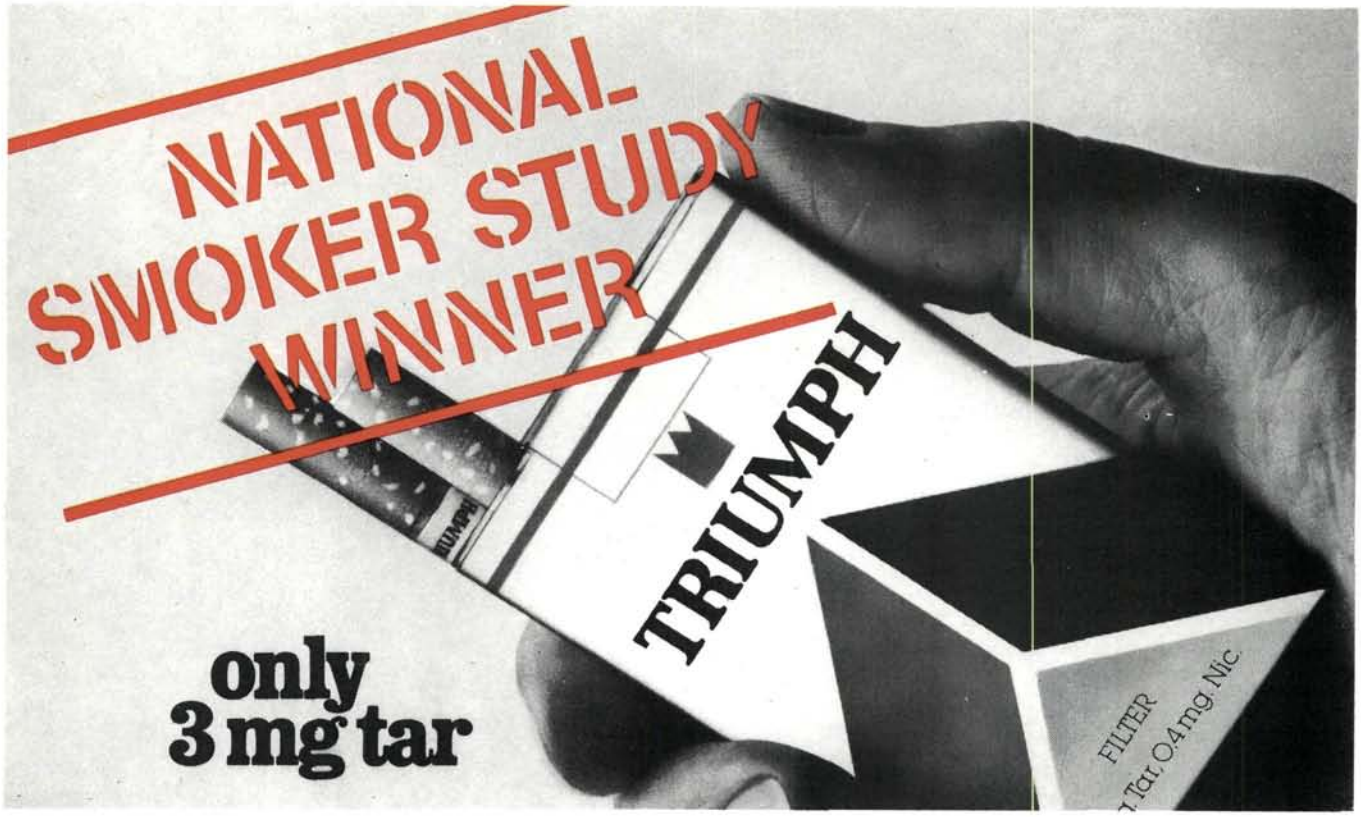

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Bell System

Reach out and touch someone.

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Miss Piggy Hams It Up

The natural evolution of talent has brought Jim Henson's lovable Muppets from the confining arena of TV to the wide-open spaces of movie studios. No one is squealing louder with delight than Miss Piggy.

66

Ed Asner At Ease

Success on "The Mary Tyler Moore Show" and stardom in "Lou Grant" should have made Ed Asner one happy fellow. But it took more than that to quiet the demons which still possessed this gifted actor.

52

Stars Of The NFL

In a run-down of the top players in professional football, four names stand out like an open receiver in the end zone. The short pass at capturing the highlights of these gridiron greats is right on target.

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"Silent Night" by Paul Gallico

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The Rise Of Jerry Falwell

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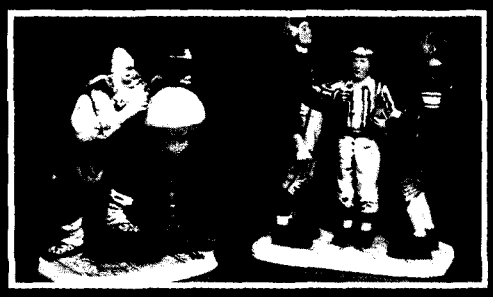

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Letters to the Editor

Ultrasound Additions

I would like to commend you for bringing the important story of the recent developments in diagnostic breast ultrasound to the attention of the American public. The article in your September 1980 issue ("Chasing Cancer with Sonar") was interesting, informative and quite comprehensive.

There is, however, one point of clarification which should be made to your readers to avoid any misunderstanding about the clinical research mentioned on page 136. This research, to be conducted with 10,000 women to demonstrate the clinical efficacy of breast ultrasound for cancer scanning, is being sponsored by Johnson & Johnson's Technicare Corporation, using the system shown in the large photo on page 27 of your article. It is important to point this out, as there is a variety of breast ultrasound devices being marketed and tested, and the effectiveness of any one device can only be substantiated by its in-depth clinical research.

We are proud to be in the forefront of such research, and look forward to the day when there will be a safe, clinically effective way to detect early breast cancers and therefore reduce the mortality rate of this disease.

D. J. Powell
Manager, Professional Services
Johnson & Johnson
Somerset, New Jersey

Our apologies for not making clear Johnson & Johnson's part in the highly worthwhile efforts to perfect and market an ultrasound scanner for breast cancer screening. The results of their clinical testing program with the SMV 120 will be available in about six months. We hope the results will help convince the medical community that accurate ultrasound screening programs are now feasible and should be put into use posthaste. Specialized ultrasound breast scanning instruments are also being marketed in the U.S. by Ausonics Corporation of Australia and by Life Instruments Corporation of Denver, Colorado.

Blackwood Backers

We appreciate the coverage your magazine article ("James Blackwood," July/August 1980) gave the great Blackwood Brothers. Keep up the good work of having articles such as this in your magazine.

Kathy Larson
International President,
Blackwood Brothers Fan Club
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

One Good Turner

I love *The Saturday Evening Post*, but the October 1980 issue has to be my favorite so far.

Thank you for the article about Ted Turner ("Ted Turner: 'Captain Outrageous' "). I am a fan of the Atlanta Braves and because of television station WTBS, I am able to see more of the Braves' games. I

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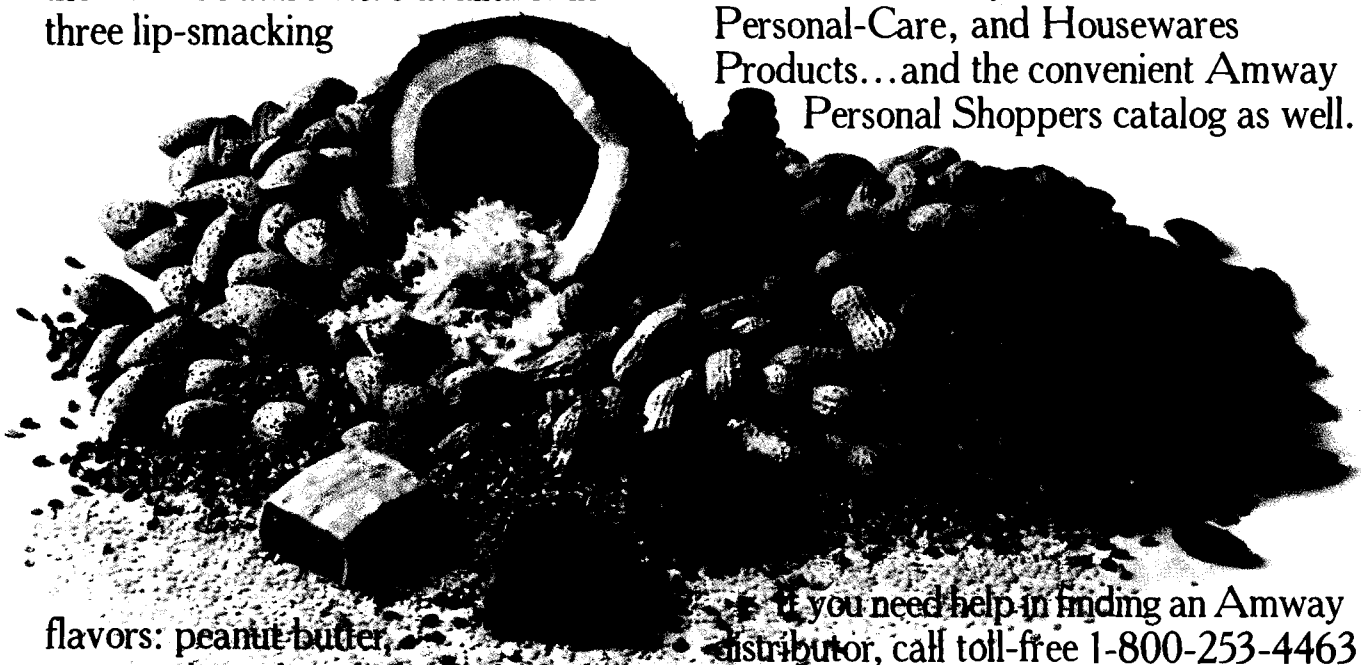

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think Ted Turner has done some very good things for Atlanta and my hat is off to him.

Unlike that Atlanta lawyer who was quoted in the article, I would love to meet Cap'n Ted. I'm sure there is never a dull moment when he is around.

Rochelle Kirkpatrick
Greenville, Alabama

Lead-ing the Way

The enclosed clipping from the Bloomington, Illinois, *Daily Pentagraph* proves that articles such as the one by Dr. Claude A. Frazier ("Lead Poisoning: Suffer Little Children," October 1980) concerning lead poisoning are very necessary to alert the public to health hazards.

Marie Hastings
Normal, Illinois

Medical Hotline

Thank you for the article in the September 1980 issue on "A Dangerous IUD" ("Medical Mailbox").

More women need to be alerted to the dangers of the IUD. Hopefully, many have already read the article and will be fortunate enough to avoid the misery I have experienced with pelvic inflammatory disease.

L.F.
Calgary, Alberta

Thank you for informing us about the new rubella vaccine, RA 27/3 ("Medical Mailbox," September 1980), that is isolated from aborted babies. I now know to always inquire where a vaccine comes from, because I believe in the sanctity of human life. I would never, under *any* circumstances, want to use on myself or any of my family anything that comes from aborted babies.

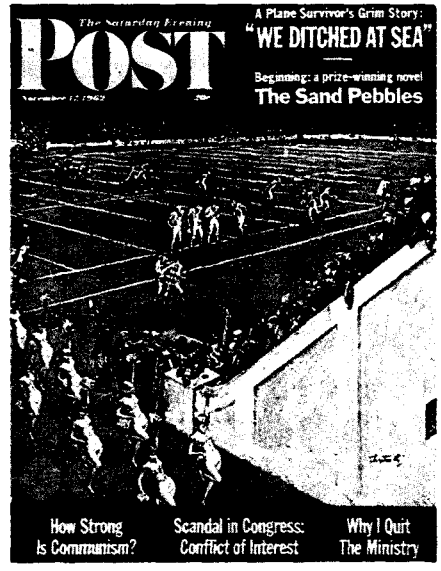
Sandra Parry
Valencia, California

Past Post Cover

Oh! . . .Those marvelous *Post* covers of years gone by. They stir fond memories in so many of your readers, and I am no exception. I loved them one and all.

However, one of the cover artists I have yet to see recalled was one of my favorites—Thornton Utz. Years ago, we lived within a few miles of Mr. Utz on Siesta Key in Florida; and on occasion my daughter, Susan, was delighted by an invitation or two to model for some of his projects. In the enclosed copy, Susan is the auburn-haired charmer strutting next to Merrily Utz, the winsome blonde.

Is there a reason why covers such as these cannot be used on the "new" *Post*? They seem to touch



so many hearts with their timeless charm and appeal. They could be alternated with the slick photographs of name personalities whose claim to fame is so often ephemeral. Certainly, if you were to make inquiries you would find artists who would jump at the chance to create a *Post* cover. As Charles Kuralt has demonstrated so beautifully in his travels, there are still plenty of opportunities to depict Americana at its best.

Perhaps a readers' poll is in order?

Mrs. Elizabeth O. McClelland
La Jolla, California

Help is on the Way

Upon purchasing and reading the October 1980 issue, I came across an interesting article on teeth, entitled "Smiling All The Way To The Dentist," by Lynne DeMichele. I have been unsuccessful in trying to find a dentist who could perform this work. Would you please give me the address of Dr. Frank Faunce, professor of pedodontics, University of Mississippi Dental School—or perhaps you can recommend a number of dentists in Chicago (or the south suburban area) whom I can contact to see if they can help me. My smile needs improvement (it is not bad, but pretty teeth can open new doors of success and happiness for an individual, just as the article mentions). I am in my 30s (I have had dentists say, "Don't be so vain—at your age you should be practical about teeth," or "Stop wasting your money," etc.). Because I am approaching so-called maturity, does that mean I should resign myself to being plain and unattractive? No way—I shall pursue until I can find a helpful, cooperative, reasonable dentist.

I am a single woman—I need my job and I also like it. I am in advertising and I meet clients daily and meet with the public also. I am surrounded by beautiful people. I want to feel equal. Am I wrong in feeling this way? I don't think so. Therefore, would you be good enough to help me on this matter?

Helen Mason
Chicago, Illinois

Look for "Cosmetic Dentistry" in your yellow pages and check out those you find at your nearest dental school. Some of the leading dentists who teach this procedure include Dr. Faunce at the University of Mississippi School of Dentistry and Dr. David Avery at Indiana University Dental School. Write either of them for names of cosmetic dentists near you.

At a time when the dental profession is making a concentrated effort to provide access to dental care for all citizens of the country (49% of the U.S. population does not receive regular dental care), the piece, "Smiling All The Way To The Dentist," is most timely and informative.

In addition to the well-recognized health benefits, the article appropriately points out the benefits of good appearance and sense of well-being that dental care can provide.

The author, however, states that fluorosis (discoloration of teeth due to excessive ingestion of fluoride) occurs as a result of excessive ingestion of water containing large amounts of fluoride during pregnancy of the mother. This is inaccurate and misleading. Fluorides

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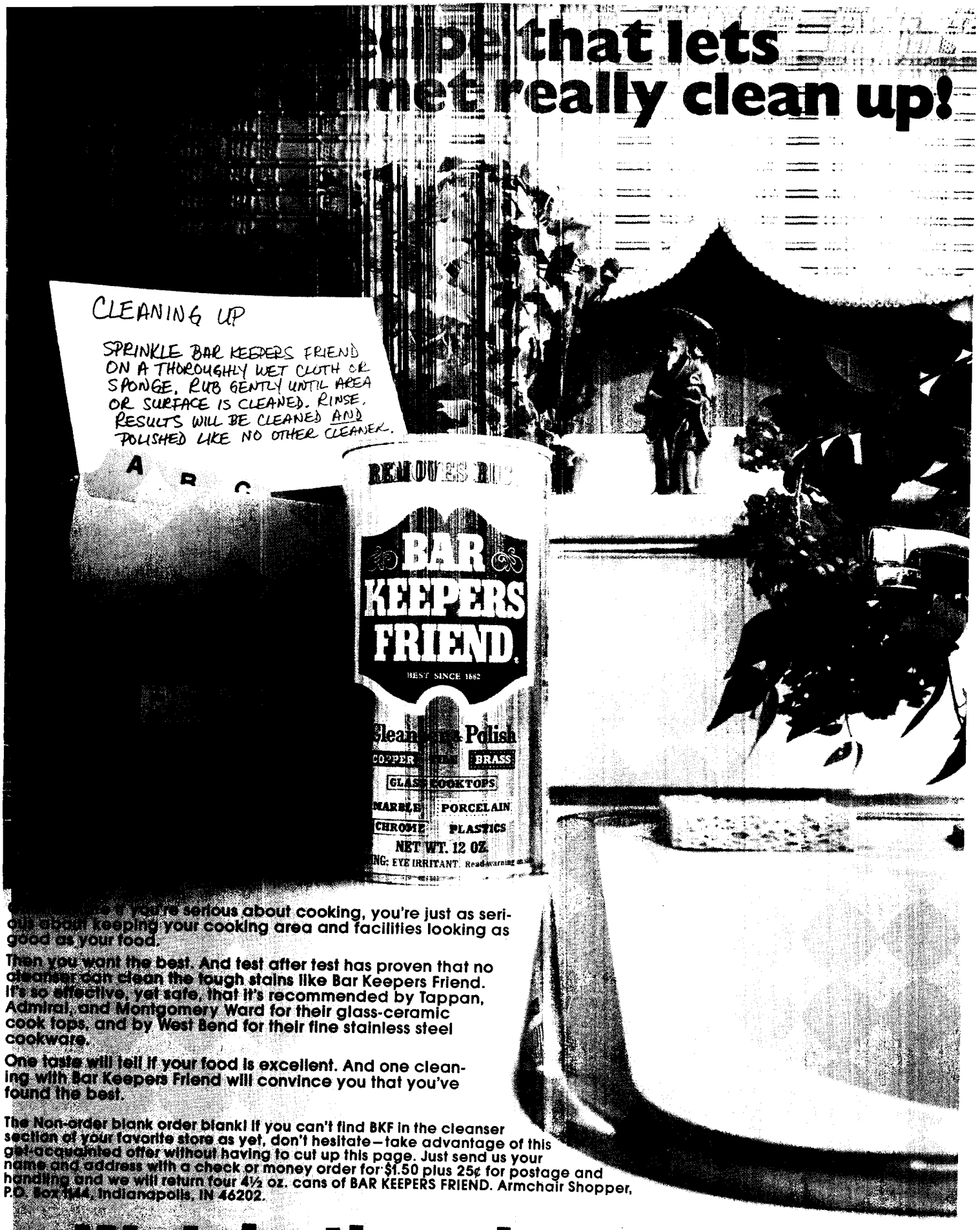
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do not pass through the placental barrier during gestation in significant amounts. Therefore, the offspring cannot have fluorosis for that reason.

Similarly, breast-fed infants do not receive adequate amounts of fluoride from mother's milk. It is recommended that these infants be provided with supplemental fluoride.

It is important to note that fluorides, when taken in recommended amounts, are completely safe. Fluoridation of communal water supplies, where less than optimum amounts exist naturally, is the most effective, simplest and most economical method of reducing the prevalence of dental decay.

Charles Schroder, D.D.S., M.P.H.
Golden, Colorado

Zimbalist in Person

I enjoyed reading about Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. (October 1980). It is all true about him! I happen to work on the estate where most of "Scruples" was being made. The man who was in charge of set decoration introduced me to him, since he is one of my favorite actors and I wanted to meet him.

Mr. Zimbalist is one of the nicest people one would want to meet. There is none of that put-on stuff with him—this is quite unusual among movie people. He is a fine actor and one of the most underrated ones. He gives a fine performance every time.

Erlene Merrill
Los Angeles, California

Bloodless Coup

Thank you for your article on Islam (September 1980). I have a son-in-law who was born in Bagdad, and the points were very well taken. I was particularly interested in the statement, "The truth is that many people in Arab society today feel a spiritual emptiness in their lives." That is exactly the spark that lit the religious revival currently sweeping the United States. It seems that humanism has been tried all around the world and found badly wanting.

Mr. Bolling closes with the statement that "The bloodiest of all wars, down through the centuries and involving many different faiths, have been the religious wars." That is a nice closing for the article, but has almost no basis in fact.

Alexander, the Romans, Attila the Hun, Napoleon, World Wars I and II, Vietnam, Hitler, Stalin, the Japanese invasions, the Turks, the ancient Persians, the Vikings, the Vandals—the list of blood-spillers goes on and on in every century. But it takes a devilishly twisted mind to believe that any of the above were really motivated by religious belief. Even the Crusades were more politically motivated than religious. And today, the Christian/Muslim, Protestant/Catholic battles are political, not church, designations.

Alma E. Blanton
Los Angeles, California

"Keep your eyes on the funny man."

The "Little House" Legacy

Finally—an excellent article on Michael Landon of "Little House on the Prairie" ("Michael Landon: Big Man in a 'Little House'," September 1980). I've watched the show since it first began, and have grown to love and feel a part of the Ingalls family. The writing on the show, I might add, is excellent.

I only hope that someday when I have children, they will be able to enjoy "Little House" as much as I have. Michael Landon will truly go out a winner.

Donna Ziegler
San Diego, California

The Good Messages

Thanks for the entire speech of Congressman Guy Vander Jagt at the prayer breakfast in Washington, D.C. ("A Nation in Prayer," July/August 1980).

We are thankful for a great magazine that still believes in God and carries many messages on religion.

Keep the good messages alive for our pleasure in reading them.

Otha A. Gibson, Sr.
Maryville, Tennessee

I enjoyed the short story "The Morning God Called" (September 1980). I memorized it and gave it as a reading in my church, Bostwick Lake Congregational. It was great.

Alice Don
Rockford, Michigan

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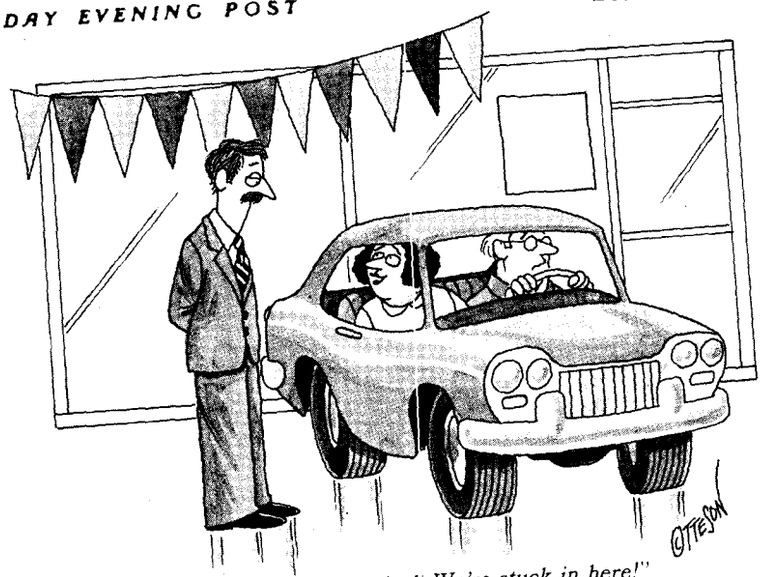
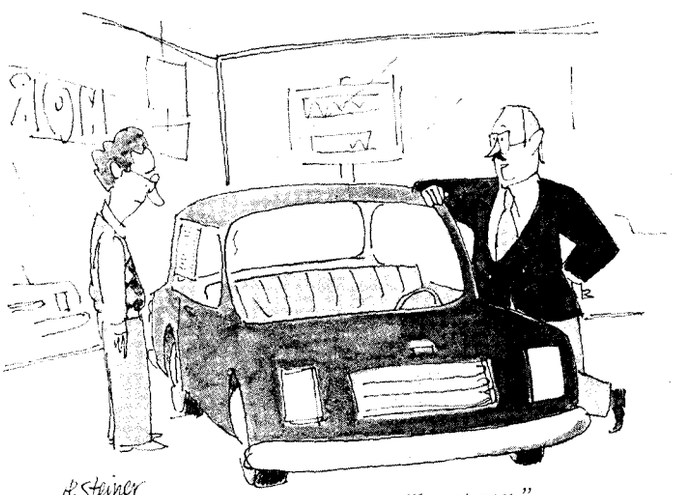


"I think you've got a deal! We're stuck in here!"



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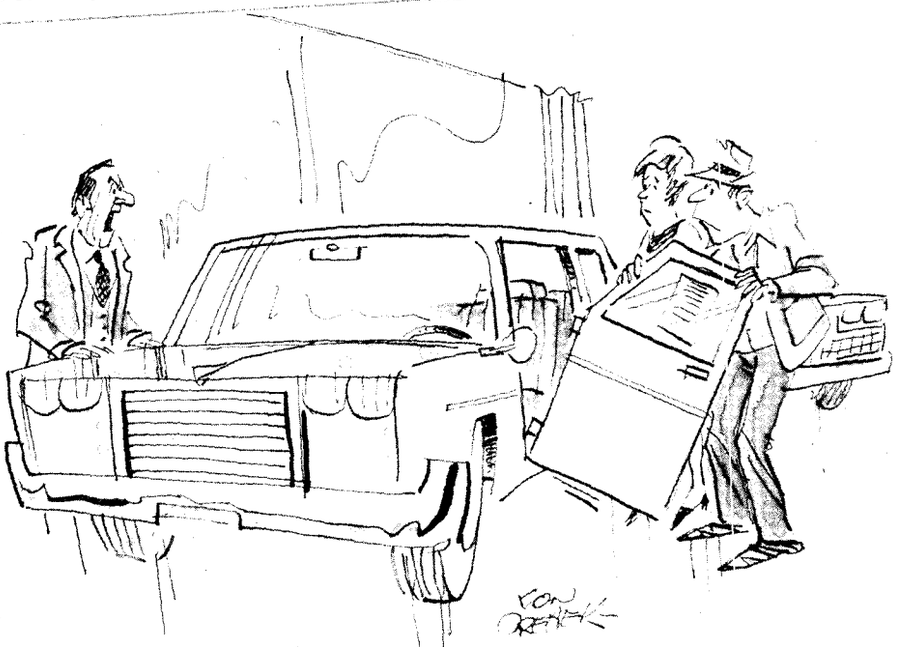
"Carpenter here will show you the advantages of our small cars."



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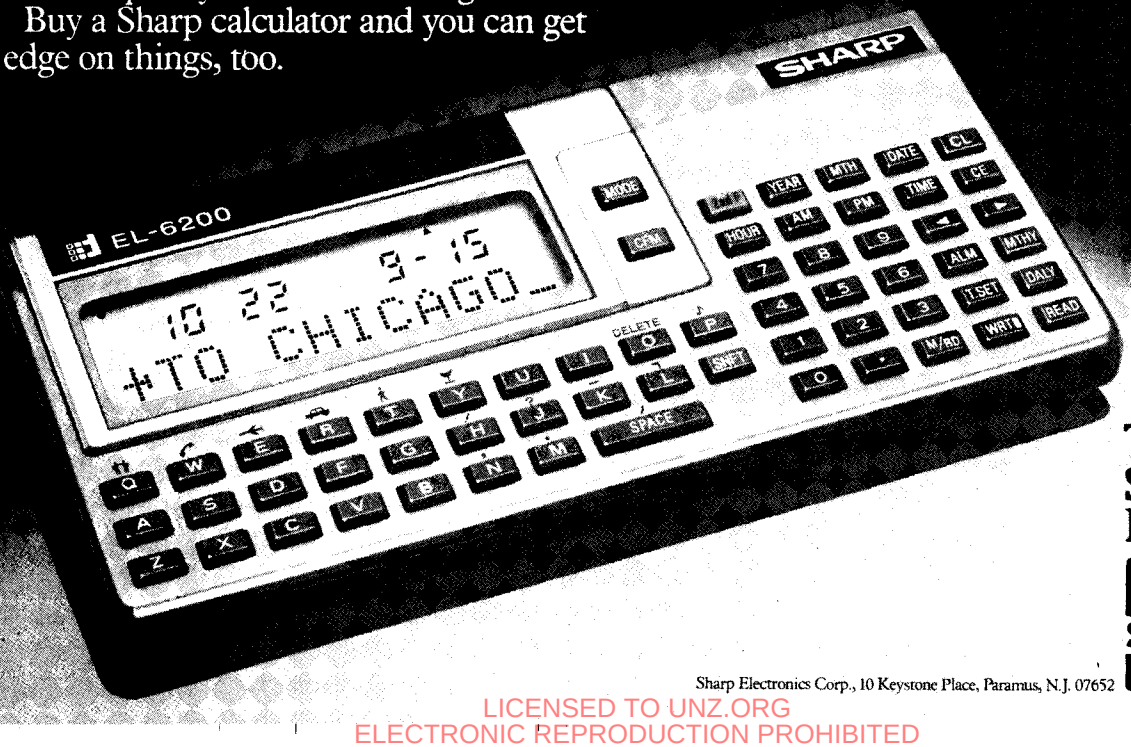

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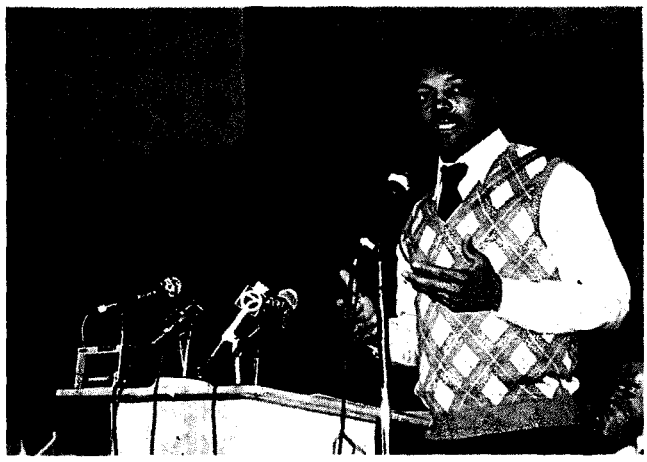
Speaking Out

PEACE IN OUR SCHOOLS

At no time are values more emphasized than at Christmas—and nowhere are values more necessary than in the classrooms of America.

by Jesse L. Jackson

Public education is in trouble. In one year, American schoolchildren committed 100 murders, 12,000 armed robberies, 9,000 rapes and 204,000 aggravated assaults against teachers and each other. They were responsible for 270,000 school burglaries, and they vandalized over $600 million worth of school property—enough money to have hired 50,000 additional teachers or enough to have paid for all of the nation's textbooks as recently as 1972. Every month 5,200 secondary school teachers are physically attacked, and 6,000 are robbed by force, threat or weapons. About 282,000 junior and senior high school students are attacked at school every month, and 112,000 are robbed. Last year, over one million teen-agers became pregnant, including 30,000 between the ages of 11 and 15. One-third of all abortions were performed on teenage girls.



The Reverend Jesse L. Jackson is national president of Operation PUSH (People United to Save Humanity). He is among the nation's foremost civil-rights leaders.

A recent study reveals that among the nations of the world, only England surpasses the United States in the antisocial behavior of its children. And, not surprisingly, England is the only nation with a level of adult involvement lower than our own—specifically, "showing less affection, offering less companionship and intervening less frequently in the lives of their children." The abandonment of youth begins in adult neglect and ends in community fear.

Education, of course, is particularly valued by blacks. All groups and most individuals have regarded the acquisition of an education as a major key for gaining access to the mainstream of American life. Yet, in slavery, blacks were forbidden by law from getting an education, and few acts by black people were punished more severely than learning to read and write. Following slavery, blacks were denied equality of education through segregated, "separate but equal" schools. In 1954, in *Brown v. Board of Education,* separate but equal schools were declared "inherently unequal."

Since 1954, much of the nation's attention has been focused on the "race problem" relative to American public education. We must complete the task of changing people's hearts and feelings, which will alter their behavior and actions on the race question. Equal educational opportunity must be guaranteed for all. Often, however, the strongest advocates of equal educational opportunity either do not see or will not acknowledge the whole truth about education. If we are to be totally honest, we must acknowledge that, in addition to *opportunity,* there must be *effort.*

As I often ask high school audiences, "What does it matter if the doors of opportunity swing wide open, if students are too drunk or too high to stagger through them? What does it really matter if a teacher is black or white, if students are antisocial toward both? What does it matter if the teacher has a Ph.D. or 'no D,' if students ignore both or never show up for class? What does it matter if you have an old book or a new book if you open neither?" With motivation and effort, one can often learn in spite of the obstacles to opportunity; but lacking motivation and effort, the best opportunity in the world will pass you by.

In short, then, there is a dual crisis in education: an external crisis of opportunity and an internal crisis of effort. Virtually all the public debate and discussion centers on the external crisis (race, adequate and equitable funding, competency tests, etc.) and little on an analysis of the internal crisis. Few are giving directions for finding our way out of the crisis.

The most critical element missing today in education is parental involvement. Parents must begin by doing a minimum of four specific things that will make a definite difference in their children's education:

First, parents must go to the school the first week, meet their

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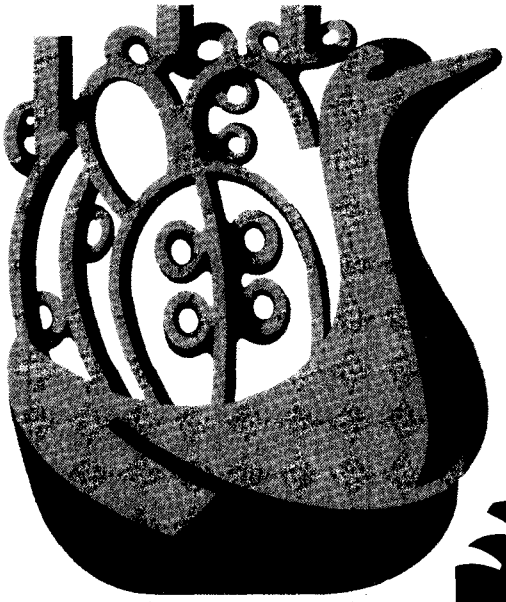

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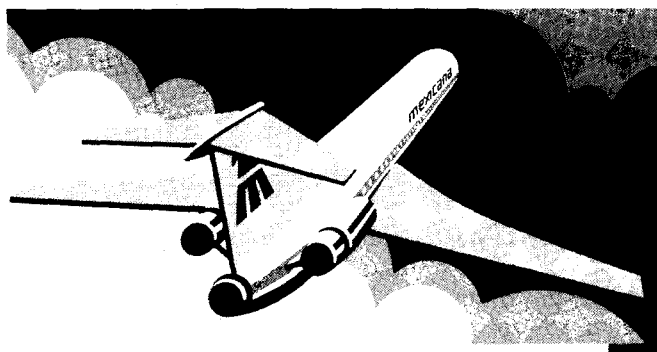

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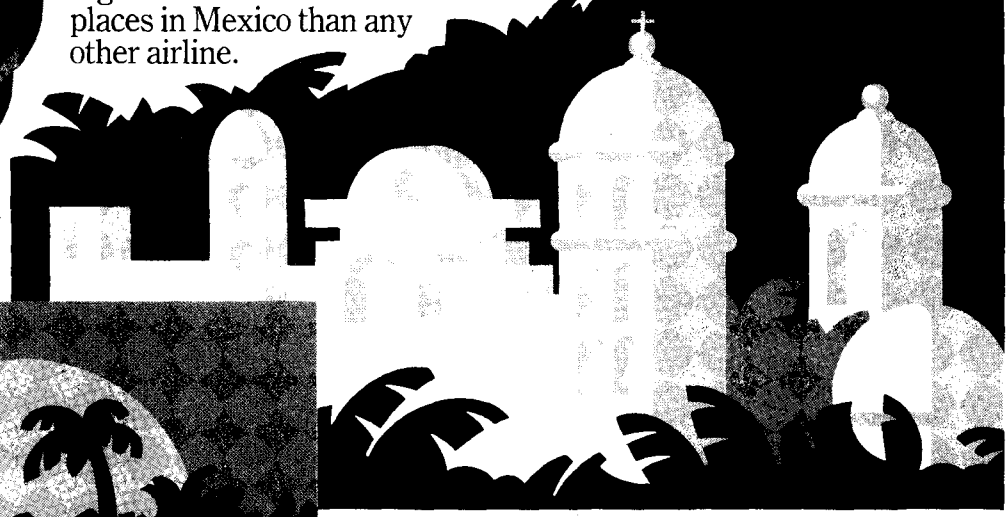

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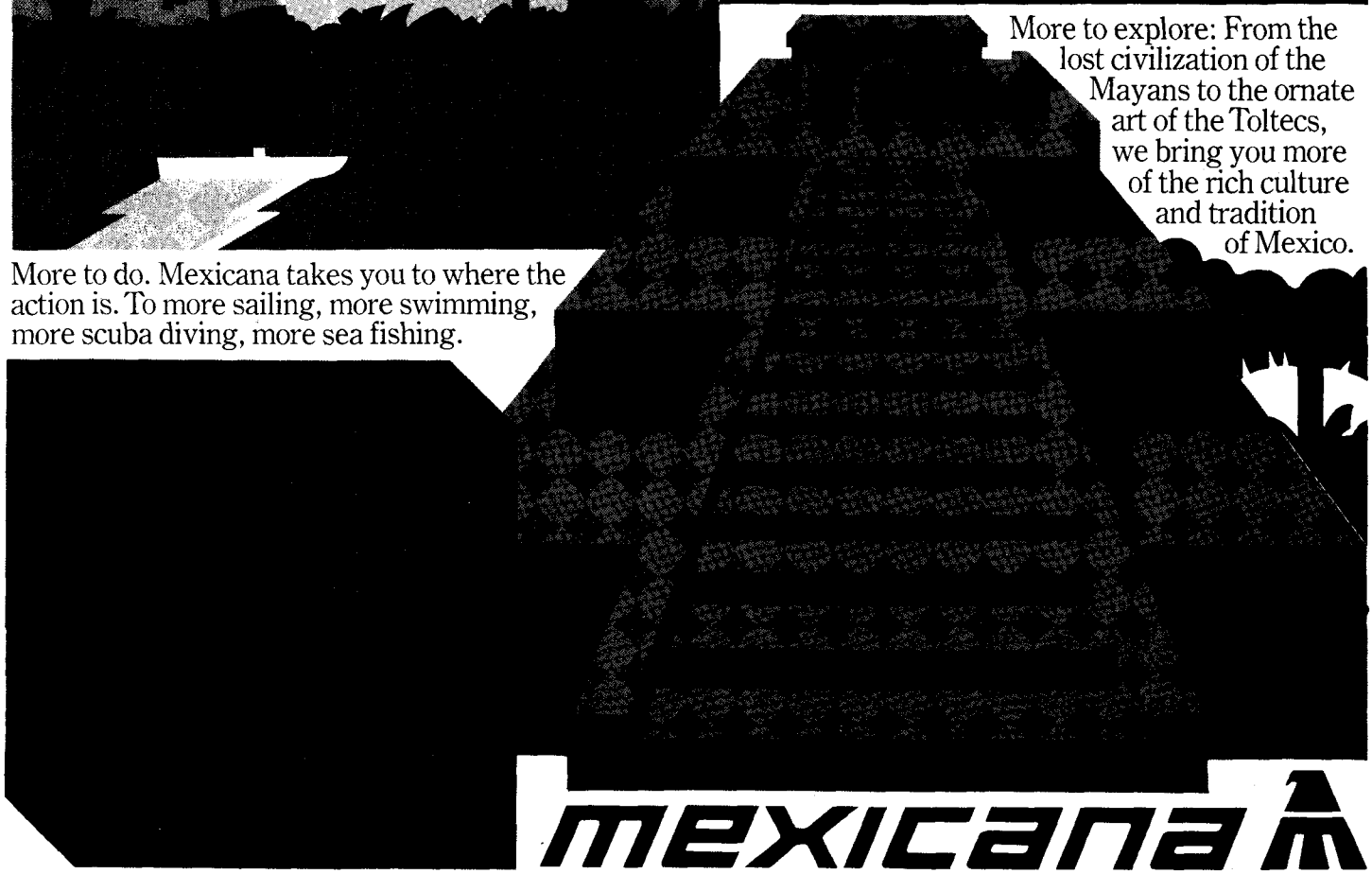

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children's teachers and exchange home phone numbers. Teachers teach differently the children of parents they know, and students respond differently if they know the teacher has a relationship with their parents.

Secondly, parents must monitor their children's study at least two hours each evening with the television, radio and record player off, no telephone interruptions or social visits. Parents have a responsibility to prevent such impediments from interfering with their children's education.

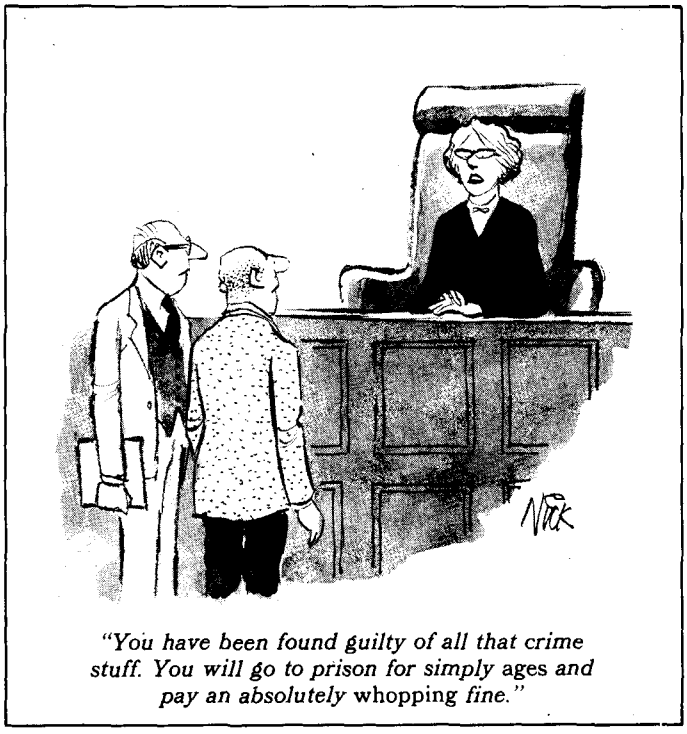
Thirdly, parents must pick up their children's report cards at each grading period and discuss them with the child and also with the teacher.

Finally, parents must pick up their children's standardized test scores and discuss them with a trained counselor. We should not discover in the 12th grade that Johnny is reading at a 7th-grade level. We should know that early—and then do whatever is necessary to help Johnny catch up.

No poor parent is too poor to do those four minimal things, and no middle-class parent can claim to be too busy to take the time to invest in their children—for it *will* make an educational difference. Such actions on the part of parents will not cost more money, but it will require new priorities. If parents do not take the time to establish the education of their children as a priority now, then they will have to take the time later to visit the judge, the jail or the psychiatrist when the child goes astray.

Why are parents so vital? Because parents are the most critical element in a child's life. Thus, if a child's education is to be successful, parental involvement is absolutely essential and should be creatively planned rather than occurring as an afterthought or as an accident. Parents are the foundation of the school system—its starting point—not the bottom of the school system. And this most vital element today is massively detached from our schools.

Recognizing the critical role that parents play should not frighten them but rather should serve to make them aware of the real power and responsibility they have. Parents are powerful because they provide emotional security for children, and emotionally unstable children disrupt the educational process. The power of the board of education is derived from and granted by parents. Even striking teachers are powerful not because of their union but ultimately because parents respect the picket line.



"You have been found guilty of all that crime stuff. You will go to prison for simply ages *and pay an absolutely* whopping *fine."*

Parents are the first teachers and the real enforcers of their children's conduct. They have the power to guide their children's study habits. Parents provide love, care, chastisement and discipline and are the most important models in the child's formative years. In short, parents are the only ones who can demand total accountability both from the school and from the child.

Parents must make room in their hearts, in their houses and in their busy schedules for their children. We must start with parents, whose primary task and self-interest is to be responsible for their children's education, but we must not end there. We must place education at the center of our sociocultural matrix and recognize and consciously plan for the involvement of everyone who impacts on the minds of our children in proportion to the power they have to educate.

Education cannot be left solely to professional educators. The total community, but especially the parents, must be involved. Parents must motivate students to believe that "their mind is a pearl, and they can learn anything in the world." Parents must teach their children that "it's not their aptitude but their attitude that will determine their altitude, with a little intestinal fortitude." Parents must convince their children that "if they can conceive it and believe it, they can achieve it." Parents must share with children candidly that "the laws of convenience lead to collapse, but the laws of sacrifice lead to greatness." Parents must teach their children to make decisions and then challenge them to "choose short-term pain in order that they might have long-term pleasure, rather than choose short-term pleasure and wind up with long-term pain."

We know that the most critical factor missing in American public education today is parental involvement, and we know that student motivation and effort are at an all-time low. If we are successful in rekindling these two logs in the total-educational fireplace, then fires will be started under many other elements of the educational system, and the entire house will be made warm. Fire and heat from parents and students is what is needed.

Our children *can* learn; it is possible. Parents may know that in too many instances our children may not be learning, but they must *never* become convinced that they cannot learn. Furthermore, parents must always insist that our children *ought* to learn, for learning is a moral responsibility. Nothing less can save our schools or our children.

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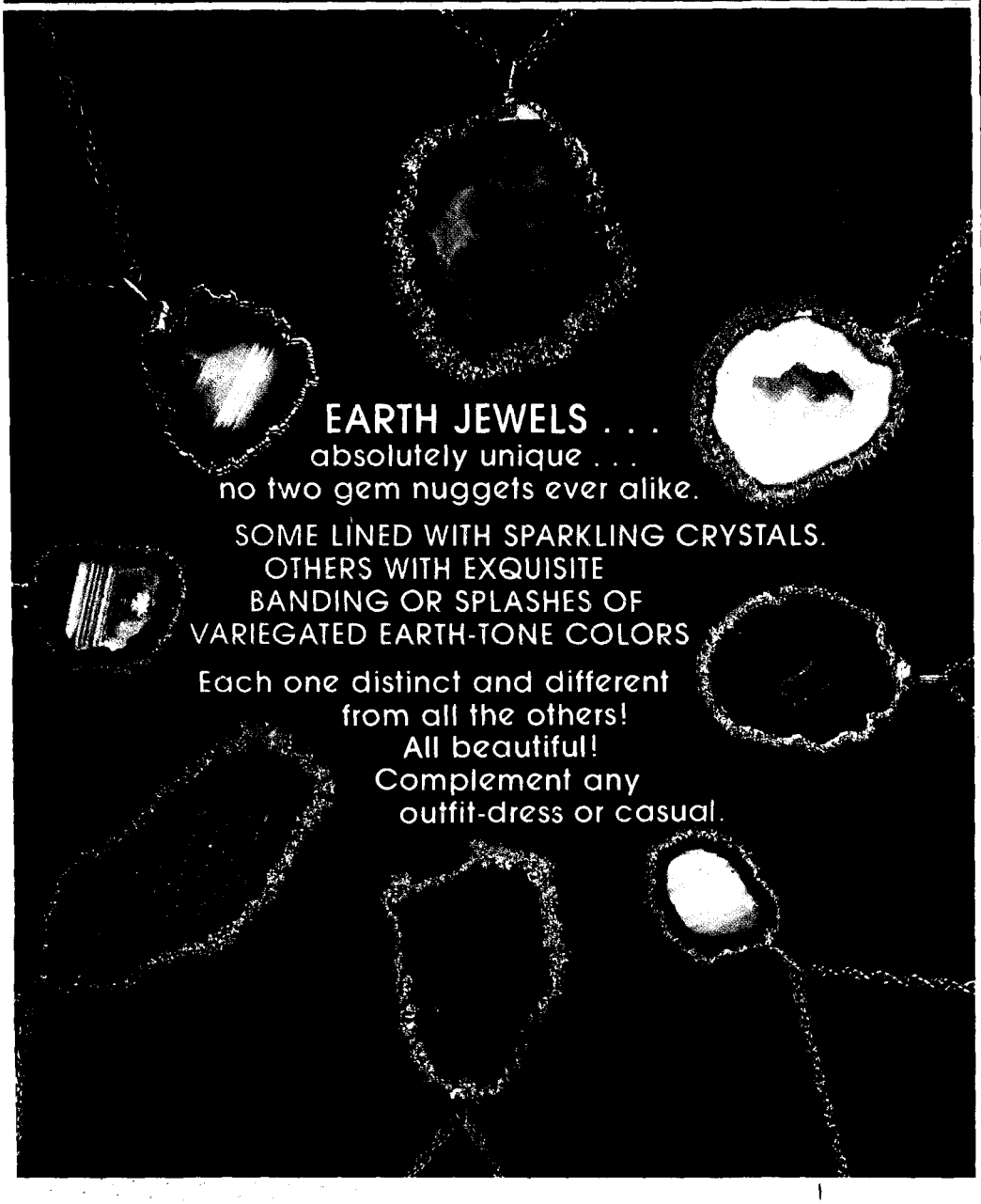

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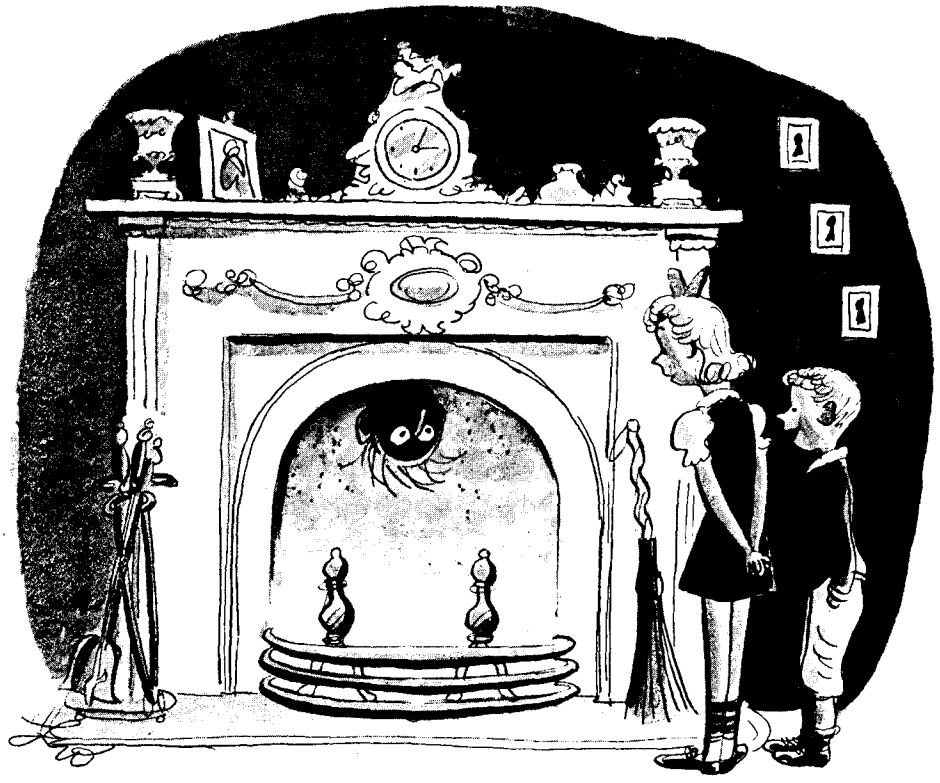
FIREPLACES BURN ME UP

That campfire in the living room will give you ashes, smoke, scorched shins, noise and more excitement than you can shake a stick of kindling at.

by Ralph Knight

Illustrated by Leo Hershfield



It takes two expensive men (or yourself) to clean a chimney.

A fireplace is a hole built in the living room in which to light a campfire. A campfire is beautiful in the wilderness. It reminds one of the comforts of home. In the home, it reminds one of the discomforts of the wilderness. Modern architects could break this vicious circle if they would, but no, they can have too much fun with thermodynamics and charge it up to the consumer. Thermodynamics is the science of how much heat and smoke escape by accident into a room.

Don't entirely misunderstand me. Once or even twice in a lifetime, it is given to a man that he may chop down an apple tree. If his sons are mighty enough, the resulting log can then be busted up by them into short takes and consumed on the hearth on Michaelmas or Halloween. Blue apple-log flames are lovely, and they will even make young people stay home sentimentally (and momentarily) from a nightclub. Also, they make sweat drip off a man's face and trickle down his bosom, and they bake his pants so hot that if his shins happen to touch them when he moves, he cries out in pain. Meanwhile, his back is cold, like marble. This enrages his circulatory system and causes the flu or, if the victim has been taking cold shots, merely a good cold.

I hate to carry on this way about the *spirituelle* dancing half-light of a fire on the hearth, but did you ever stop to figure out how long it will take 250 cubic feet of hot air, rising at ten miles an hour in a chimney, to suck all the heat from an eight-room house which a furnace is beating its brains out trying to put into it? The answer is: about the time it takes a log to burn up enough to fall out on an Oriental rug. Actually, the time varies according to how cold is the outdoors air which is being dragged in around the storm doors and double windows. Sometimes a fraction of the heat escaping from a fireplace chimney will be pulled back in through an open bedroom window and used over again, but the fraction will be too small to be visible on a fuel bill.

The thermal principle of the chilling effect of fireplaces can be demonstrated by lighting a conflagration in your grate and partly closing the living-room door, say for privacy from youths and maidens dancing in the front hall. The door, overwhelmed by warm air crazy to get outdoors, will slowly open as if Hamlet's deceased father were dropping in for a nightcap. I scared my teeth loose one night in this way. After that, I latched the door and presently was shattered by having the door begin to sing a song. It developed that the gale straining in around the edges was making a wind harp.

To be sure, all this nonsense can be stopped by extinguishing a fireplace fire. This is commonly done by going to bed and trying to get warm. In the morning, all remnants of heat will have surged out of the home past the open damper, and even the fire will be cold. The furnace is then turned on, in the hope that it will rewarm the icehouse by the time somebody wants to start the fireplace the following evening.

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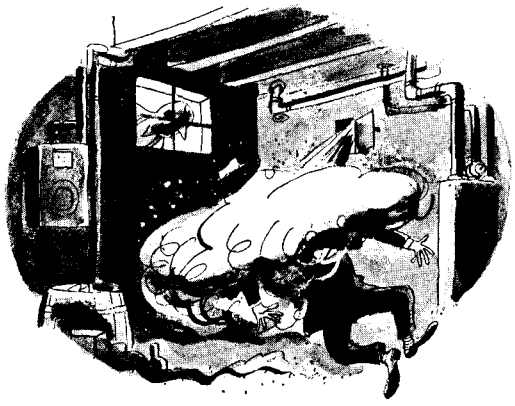

You open that little iron door in the wall and get ravished by a cataract of ashes.

Some people, before retiring, put out their fires with a couple of cocktail shakers of water and close the damper. This does not wet the rugs much, but next morning the house tends to have a dispiriting stench, like a gutted building which has been rained on. A better plan is quickly to shovel into an antique copper kettle the logs, embers, ashes, bottle tops and anything else that shows up; then, taking care not to suffer burns, rush outdoors and dump the collection into a snowbank. The next snowstorm will draw a blanket of fairy white over the mess. Theoretically, something may turn up there when the snow melts in the spring, but this is a foolish solicitude, as spring never comes.

To be sure, some fireplaces don't drag much heat out of a house; they don't draw well, so they smoke. Smoke is relative, ranging from a vague, persistent, invisible annoyance easily confused with a cigarette smudge on the vest, to an asphyxiating plume of black vapor billowing into the room when the wind changes to a direction which does not agree with a fireplace's larynx. When buying a house, always burn a Sunday edition of a newspaper in the grate to see whether the joint is habitable. Better open the damper first. If the smoke goes up the stack, this will prove that the flue will draw well during gentle westerly winds, which produce sun-drenched days—which is the only time the real-estate guy would show you the house. But if there is *any* excuse for a cheery bonfire on the hearth, it is during a howling rain-swept night with gusts up to 45 miles from quaint directions including down. Once, on such a night, being Christmas Eve, our chimney made such opaque regurgitations that the ceiling in the living room was zero, and we had to hasten outdoors carrying the merrily blazing Yule log on two shovels. After the house was aired out, a chimney swift blew down the chimney, and we thought it was a bat—and I do not see why people must endure such conditions.

Such conditions are not so bad as a fireplace which can be used any time and which smokes only a tiny, unnoticeable bit all the time. Slowly, through the years, this turns the mantelpiece gray and the wallpaper brown, and the husband thinks that nobody is dusting the place anymore and is too gallant or fainthearted to pop off and find out that somebody sure is dusting it. Also, the eyes of one of the children, who insists on doing his homework beside the fire like Lincoln, get to watering chronically, and the oculist acquires a bad name by failing to cure him of the conjunctivitis which he doesn't have. And the father contracts an incurable cough and is berated for not giving up smoking. Once I brought about all these conditions with a *good* fireplace by operating it with the damper half closed to cut down heat loss. When my wife finally figured out and explained that smoke was being forced into the room against its will, I said this ended it, we would paste wallpaper over the fireplace—and she got mad at that, too.

The chief, standing on my seedlings, looked at my chimney. "Beautiful thing, fire."

Fireplaces have many little ramifications; one of them is a cord of wood. Not all firewood is green; some of it looks black and merely burns green. The timber is stacked handily against the chimney on the side porch, and anybody who bridles against the crowded conditions can move his porch chair out on the crabgrass. Or the logs are carried to the cellar and piled up neatly, so that presently they all fall down, where they are left until they are carried upstairs again. Prior to this, termites sometimes wish to leave the wood and come up into the living room to be sociable. Instead of walking up the stairs, they eat their way up through the walls, the hard way. Carpenter ants may leave the wood, too, but their purpose, unfortunately, is not to rebuild what the termites have demolished.

Other ramifications include a set of bellows. This is a fascinating antique device invented by a Salem witch for the purpose of children's filling it with water and having a water fight. But bellows are really good for blowing autumn leaves off the thorns of a barberry hedge. When a chunk of burning fireplace wood needs to be lifted up for some reason, giving it a good swift kick is not polite; it is grasped with fire tongs. Unless one is a Chinaman, who had to learn chopstick technique in order to eat, there is some chance that the firebrand will flip up into the air and land right on great-grandma's revered petit-point hassock, which is no place for it. A friend of mine once had a pyrotechnical log land on his cat, which I think is funny, although I like cats—some of them, anyway. The less said here about fireplace screens, the less chance there is for bitterness to creep in. Let us point out merely that tall screens prevent one's seeing the fire; low ones permit seeing it very well when cinders snap into the eyes.

Ashes have to be removed from a fireplace eventually.

Continued on page 114

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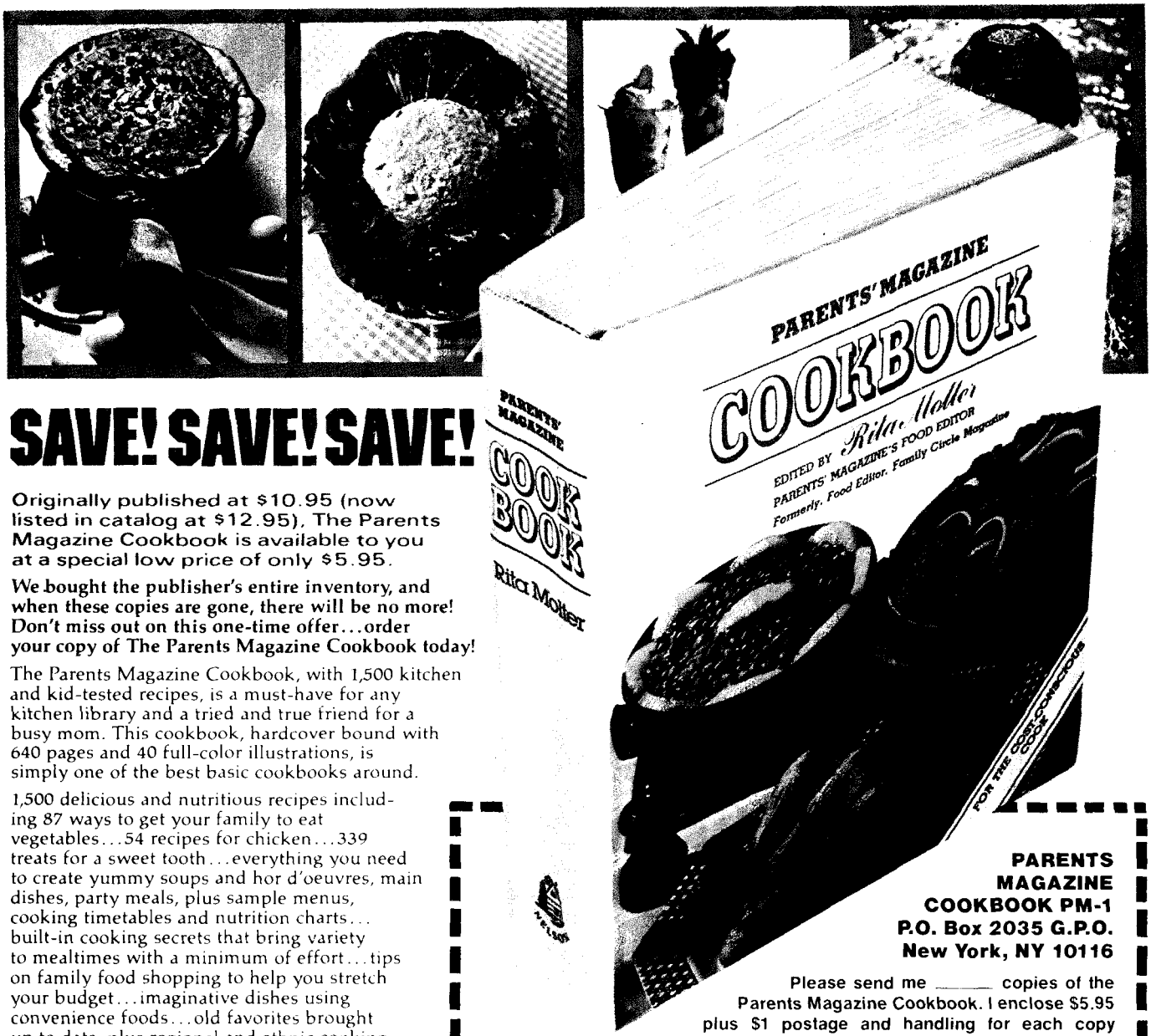

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Speaking Out

YOU CAN'T TRUST THE NEWS

According to the former treasury secretary, the national media's preference for "selective news" is destroying innocent causes and individuals alike.

by William E. Simon

The press is a sort of wild animal in our midst.
—Zechariah Chafee, Jr.

In early 1977, when I was gratefully packing my bags to get out of Washington and back to the world of functional reality, I received a call from columnist Rowland Evans. "Bill," he said, "congratulations. You are the first person in my 30 years of experience who came down here, preached the message, stuck to your guns and survived. They didn't destroy you." By "they" he meant the Washington power structure, including a lot of his colleagues in the media.

A "survivor" is exactly what I felt like. As a matter of fact, in moments of self-pity, I sometimes considered survival my greatest accomplishment. When people ask me if I am interested in running for public office, I usually answer: "I spent four years in Washington running for my life—and won." During these years, however, there were times when I thought the outcome might be too close to call.

Major national media often obscure the truth of what is going on in Washington instead of revealing it, claims Simon, and television is as guilty of this as print.

Before going to Washington, I was aware of the "adversary" relationship said to exist between the government and the press. But I really didn't know *how* adversary it can be—at least in certain instances. I could cite a lot of personal cases but will stick to a couple that suggest the attitudes prevailing in some sectors of the media.

One episode especially vivid in my memory arose when there was speculation that I might be President Ford's running mate on the '76 ticket. This possibility prompted some major media outlets, including *Newsweek* magazine, to bankroll an "investigative" task force to look into my background. A reasonable investigation into the views and record of anyone mentioned for higher office would not, of course, be objectionable. But this, I found, was something else.

I first heard about this venture when friends of mine in the press corps called and said that people were poking around trying to plant stories that, when I was with Salomon Brothers, I had been involved in laundering money for the Mafia! The idea was so ludicrous I simply laughed at it. Then I started hearing rumors picked up by my staff that a major newspaper in the Midwest was planning an exposé of me, including the aforementioned charge.

Considering that I had been a senior partner at one of the largest—and most respected—investment houses in the world, I viewed the very nature of this so-called investigation as an incredible smear—planting the very thought the questioners were allegedly investigating. I called in representatives of one of the news organizations in question and told them my opinion of their project—in no uncertain terms. If you've got a story, I said, print it; but don't spread smear allegations in an effort to create one.

Their response, essentially, was to acknowledge that such questioning and "investigation" were going on, which they claimed was their responsibility, since I was a strong candidate for vice president, and a legitimate exercise in (you guessed it) freedom of the press. I replied that I understood responsibility, but that spreading malicious lies did not come under that heading.

A second episode occurred after I had left public office. In late 1978, I was involved in negotiations to buy the Baltimore Orioles. For some unknown reason, this touched off alarm bells at the Washington *Post*. I was back working in New York and wasn't aware of the paper's concern until General Al Gruenther called from Washington and advised me I should sue the *Post* for libel. That aroused my curiosity, and when I got a copy of the paper, it was every bit as unfriendly as he suggested.

Played across the top of the *Post*'s first sports page I found a long attack on my personality, work habits and service as treasury secretary. The author de-

Continued on following page

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"Harry caught me and that hammer-headed horse of mine just right."

JOHN WAYNE, *THE MARSHAL*

In 1969, Time magazine commissioned Harry Jackson, the Master artist of The American West, to do a cover portrait of John Wayne as Rooster Cogburn in *True Grit.*

The resulting bronze sculpture, titled *The Marshal*, was acquired by John Wayne. After that, he added six other Harry Jackson bronzes to his collection, joining a growing list of well-known Jackson collectors.*

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*Harry Jackson's art has been collected by such names as Richard K. Mellon, H. Roland Harriman, Jacques Lipchitz, and the Queen of England.

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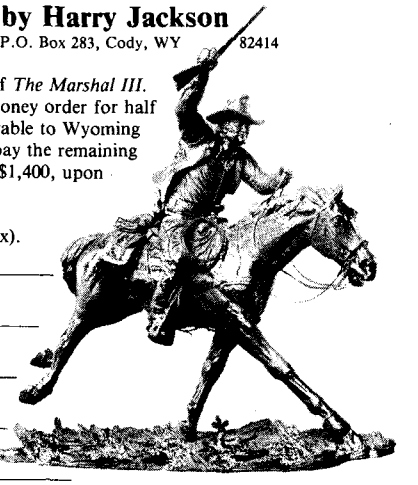

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scribed me as a former "bond salesman" and a "political and financial gadfly," accused me of being a "darling of right-wing Republicans," derided my stand for balanced budgets and made me out to be an ogre with my staff. What did all this have to do with sports? Answer, according to the headline: I'm used to playing "hardball" (get it?). In fact, the article—written by a political-financial reporter—had nothing to do with sports, the Orioles or anything else except intense dislike of William Simon's philosophy and politics.

As Rowly Evans suggested, I "survived" these and other onslaughts in similar vein and think it is fair to say they left no lasting psychic scars. But—as in the case of the mule that was clobbered with a two-by-four—they certainly got my attention. In particular, they got me to thinking more systematically about the media and their role in our political system.

The more I reflected on the subject, the more it became apparent that these encounters were not unusual. Others had experienced treatment just as hostile and a good deal worse. For example, Howard "Bo" Callaway—the able former congressman and secretary of the army, who served (briefly) as head of Ford's election committee. In a brutal smear campaign coordinated between his political foes and elements in the media, Callaway's life was turned into a nightmare.

Based on nothing more than rumor and speculation, Callaway was subjected to charges of using his influence as secretary of the army to sway official decisions concerning property in which he had an interest in Colorado. A lengthy investigation in the Senate turned up no evidence whatever to support this charge—and plenty of evidence to the contrary. So, as far as the official testimony went, Callaway was completely vindicated.

"Bo" Callaway, an honest man later exonerated, was the innocent victim of a brutal smear campaign conducted by elements of the national media.

By the time this verdict was reached, however, the innuendoes spread by his opponents and major media such as NBC and *Time* had done their damage. Callaway's reputation was in a shambles. He was forced to step down as head of Ford's committee and (for the time being) withdraw from active political life.

Another example is the case of Maurice Stans, who served as secretary of commerce and later as chief fundraiser for President Nixon in 1972. Stans got dragged through the mire of Watergate and treated as a criminal in the media (again with the help of partisan investigators) to the point where many people routinely considered him a Watergate culprit. Yet there was no evidence he had anything to do with Watergate. Even political opponents of Stans concede he is an honest and honorable man, but his reputation was sorely damaged by the media drubbing he received.

What explains such episodes? One thing that clearly isn't involved, I found, is hostility toward *government as such*—but rather toward those who refuse to accept the received wisdom of the counterculture. There is a general tension between the press and government, and there should be. As is apparent from my previous comments, I am no particular fan of government as it is currently practiced and think many aspects of it are appalling. A conscientious media effort to play the role of watchdog, expose malfeasance and tell the public what is *really* happening would be like a breath of fresh air. In general, however, I'm sorry to say this is what we *don't* get from the media.

Examine the issues covered by the big news outlets—and those that aren't covered—and it becomes apparent that media enthusiasms and aversions closely parallel those of the counterculture. Issues of interest to the crusaders get extensive coverage, pretty much the way the counterculture likes to see them handled. Other issues tend to get ignored. Individuals and groups involved in the crusade are given favorable treatment. Those on the other side are given the business—and I don't mean stock in CBS.

Sometimes the treatment is a simple matter of choosing words to describe people on varying sides of public issues. As Irving Kristol has noted in the *Wall Street Journal*, there seem to be plenty of "ultra-conservatives," "right-wing Republicans" and rightward "extremists" reported on TV but hardly any "ultra-liberals," "left-wing Democrats" or leftward "extremists." One of the easiest ways of kissing off someone you don't like in such a report, Kristol noted, is to label him or her as "controversial."

Sometimes the treatment is more heavy-handed—as in the case of nuclear power.

The most famous recent case of nuclear controversy was the accident at Three Mile Island. As treated by the TV networks and major newspapers, TMI came over as a colossal disaster, threatening dangerous explosions, a potential "meltdown" and a massive release of radiation. The result of this hysterical coverage was not only to scare people half to death but to throw a giant monkey wrench into efforts to push ahead with nuclear energy.

Incredible as it may seem to those who haven't examined the facts of the case, *all* of the bloodcurdling stories about TMI were wrong—and many were known

Continued on page 26

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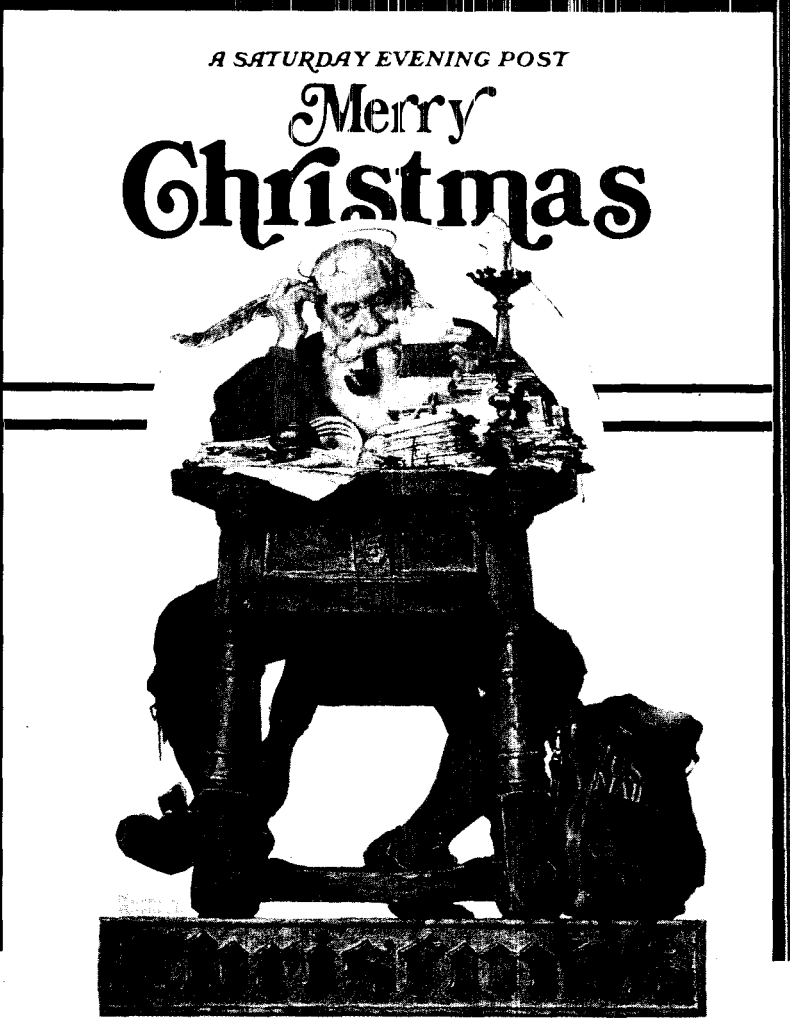

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The News

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to be wrong at the time. No fewer than three official investigations have been conducted into the accident, and all of them reached essentially the same conclusion: There never was (and could not have been) a danger of nuclear explosion, since the nuclear fuel component of an atomic reactor is not sufficiently enriched to blow up; the famous "hydrogen bubble" could not have exploded; the radiation released from TMI was minute (the maximum dose was less than the difference in natural background radiation between Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and Denver, Colorado—or the equivalent of three chest X-rays), there was little evidence a meltdown was likely, and if one had occurred, it would not have been a disaster.

Had these facts been accurately reported, TMI would have been seen as a great victory for nuclear energy: An accident had occurred, compounded by human error, and yet the safety systems had worked successfully to protect the public. Instead, thanks in part to official bungling but in even greater part to the relentless pounding of the media, what was in fact a victory came to be perceived as a defeat.

Similar misleading stories are fed out on a continuing basis on a host of other subjects of interest to the counterculture—such as the oil companies and the alleged "obscene profits." One of the most flagrant examples of such treatment was provided by a CBS commentator who talked about "290 percent profits" in the oil industry. It turned out this was a figure for one company, Amerada Hess, which had a particularly low profit margin of 2.7 percent in the third quarter of '78 and managed to raise this to 7.6 percent in the third quarter of 1979. Thus, an actual margin of less than eight cents on the dollar was translated into a "290 percent" increase and, even worse, "290 percent profits."

I have frequently said the media have treated the energy crisis with irresponsibility of cosmic proportions, and they never seem to tire of proving me right. During the gas crunch of 1973-74, ludicrous stories were circulated about tankers lurking offshore with millions of barrels of oil, supposedly seeking a higher price. (This type of false sensationalist reporting obviously ignored the fact that not only did we have a system of price controls but that all oil imported into the United States had to come through Customs.) At the time of the gas lines in 1979, big media outlets devoted themselves to chasing down "conspiracy" notions suggesting the lines resulted from fishy actions by the oil companies.

Despairing of getting more accurate treatment from the major media, some of the petroleum people—notably Mobil—have tried to fight back by purchasing ads to set the record straight about oil profits and other aspects of the business. With the networks, however, they have discovered they can't even *buy* time to tell their side of the story. The TV moguls refused to sell the time (on the grounds that federal regulations would require balancing time for the opposing viewpoint), and even when Mobil offered to pay the freight for *both* sides of the argument, allowing the networks to pick the adversary spokesman, this offer was rejected.

Since television is a prime source of information for two-thirds of the people, its influence on public opinion—and the political system—is tremendous. In fact, the limited time TV ordinarily devotes to any single issue gives inordinate impact to the snippets and episodes it chooses, for whatever reason, to report. An example of the resulting potential for distortion occurred not long ago on channel 5 in New York City. This outlet featured a heartrending report on the plight of the aged—picking two horror stories involving elderly people presented as being infirm, indigent, lonely and forgotten. A reporter opened the program by saying: "Just about every country in the world treats its elderly with honor and respect. And they take care of them. The United States is not one of these countries." After about seven minutes of propaganda on this theme, the narrator, Gabe Pressman, summarized by asking: "Are the dead better off than those consigned to a living death by a society and government that do not seem to care?"

This dismal impression of how America treats its elderly is totally off base—if we can credit the evidence assembled by economists Alvin Rabushka and Bruce Jacobs. They tell us 70 percent of the elderly in the United States live in their own homes, that many live within an hour's travel time of one of their children, that income levels from investments, annuities and in-kind benefits provide them with a decent standard of living.

Cases of such media distortion are almost endless, but before I drop the subject, something should be said about the handling of foreign news affecting our security and survival. One-sidedness and in-

Continued on page 128

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The Transmigration of a Sheep

Swappin' was the thing closest to the heart of Scipio Mather. There were two items in Illium for which he'd swap almost anything—but both belonged to Mr. Chase.

by Clarence Budington Kelland

Part One and Two Illustrated by Rob Sauber

Part Two

The previous episode (November 1980) outlined the triumphant arrival of Scipio Mather, swapster extraordinaire, *in Illium, his sole possessions prior to the occasion being $31.87 and an immature sheep named Butter. By the time he entered the city, Scipio had transformed the sheep into eight dozen eggs, six pounds of butter (the dairy type), an apple pie, a dull pruning knife, a broken watch and a book of poetry. He had also made the acquaintance of Miss Polly Chase, a somewhat disagreeable young lady who happened to be the daughter of the owner of the local bank. Firmly relocated in Illium, Scipio, thanks to his country-bred wisdom and his skills in tinkering and swapping, managed to further convert his original sheep into a pair of broken bicycles, an automobile, a cider mill, a tenement house and, finally, a grocery store. Now, a merchant in his own right, Scipio begins his plans for the ultimate swap.*

Now Scipio had ideas. He regarded his grocery as a species of machine which required tinkering, so he tinkered it. He built of packing boxes stands to be set on the sidewalk for the display of vegetables; he cleaned the show windows and contrived each day a new display of his wares.

Also he inaugurated a cash-and-carry system which cut down overhead and made possible a lowering of prices, and he instituted a series of sales, advertised in his own peculiar way, which attracted custom and gave great dissatisfaction to his competitors. It aroused such apprehension in their minds that they joined together after 60 days of it and approached him with an offer of purchase.

"Swap anything I got," said Scipio. "Not interested in cash. What you got?"

It was at this time that he carried through a swap which entitles him to a place in the sun. It was a bewildering maneuver. It was a four-cornered deal with numerous angles.

The merchants offered to trade him a 160-acre farm which one of them had taken on mortgage, but Scipio was done with farms. However, it was a good farm with a sugar orchard and equipment and certainly was a tradable commodity. So Scipio looked about him. He had been studying the country with an eye to the main chance, and with an eye on the river which flowed through Illium. There were possibilities there, for a great power company was extending its ramifications into the county and there was talk of a huge storage reservoir at the headwaters with dam and power houses along the fast-descending stream.

So Scipio picked out as desirable a hundred acres of woodland which ran down to the river at a point called Sherman's Falls—an ideal site for a dam. But this property was owned by old Fred Parker, who wanted neither a grocery nor a farm. But he did want a residence in the village, and Peter McDonald owned such a residence just at the top of the hill up which Main Street climbed—a residence with two adjoining lots. Scipio worked it out in this fashion, and nobody in town has so far discovered just what happened or how.

He made a dicker with McDonald to trade the rival merchant's farm for his house and lots; he made another dicker with Parker to swap McDonald's house for the woodland upon the dam site; and finally he swapped his grocery with the merchants for the Parker timber. But, and somebody is still shaking his head and trying to figure out how it happened, when everything was cleared up and deeds past and all parties satisfied, Scipio owned not only the timber he coveted, but the two lots which adjoined McDonald's house.

Up to this time, Scipio had seen no available time for dalliance or for dances or for the social life of the village. But now, of a sudden, he felt a lack of something and set about supplying it.

There was to be a dance in the Town Hall and Scipio determined to be present. To that end he put on his best suit, a neat set of garments, and brushed his hat and, uninvited and unannounced, climbed the hill to the pretentious residence of Mr. Chase. He rang the bell and inquired if Miss Chase were at home. She was, but found herself in a state of some bewilderment at the identity of her guest.

He was shown into the parlor, which Polly entered presently in critical mood. Her greeting was not warm and her eye was critical.

"Good evening, Mr. Mather," she said formally.

"Good evening, Polly," he said, and his eyes twinkled though his face was grave. "I thought I'd call to see you."

"You won't mind my saying I'm

Continued on following page

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Question: HOW CAN ANYONE MAKE BEER AT HOME AS GOOD AS COMMERCIAL BEER?
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Question: IS IT EASY TO MAKE?
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M. Butts—Boonville, CA

". . . I've made home brew for 15 years but it was nothing like this. Even my first batch was better than store-bought beer."
E. Bauer—Nicollet, MN

"Skeptic that I am, I didn't pay much attention to your ad claims. But to my surprise, your beer **WAS** easy to make, it is outstanding and my friends have raved about the beer's flavor and body—just like you said. Thanks for a great beer."
T. Wheeler—Portales, NM

". . . One of the best beers I've ever tasted. My favorite (commercial) beer tastes like water compared to your lager!"
K. W. Cosgrove, Jr.—Little Rock, AK

"Our first batch was excellent after 15 days' aging, and just kept getting better and better!"
J. Dennis—Tiffin, OH

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a bit surprised," she said.

"Not a mite. Never object to surprising people. Always meant to call on you when I got around to it."

"I'm flattered," she said ironically.

"Calculate it is kind of a compliment," said Scipio. "It ain't every girl I'd give up an evening to."

"Is this," she asked, "business or pleasure? Have I something you want to swap for?"

"I hain't sure," said Scipio, "so I came to see. Meby you got something I'd swap a lot for, and maybe I wouldn't want to trade. Can't tell till I study you closer."

"Of all things!" exclaimed Polly. "What are you talking about?"

"You," said Scipio, "and me."

"Well, what about us—if there can possibly be anything about us at all?"

"It's like this," said Scipio. "I've kind of watched you and kept track of you. I've compared you with other girls—how you look and how you act and all. And I come to the conclusion there isn't another girl in the county can touch you."

"Oh, thank you, sir," she said ironically.

"So," said Scipio, as if his explanation made everything clear, "I came to call."

"Did you stop to ask yourself what I thought about you?"

"Not much," he said. "It don't matter in the beginning. I know about me. I know where I'm going and what I can do. I don't know that you'll ever like me or want to be friends with me, because liking folks is hard to explain. But I do know you got to respect me and take me serious. That's a start."

"Toward what?" she asked.

"Maybe getting married," said Scipio.

Polly gasped. "Do you mean to sit there and say that you have come to call on me uninvited, for the first time, and are going to propose!"

"Course not," said Scipio. "But I figure it out you're the best of all the girls in these parts, and I'm about as good as any of the young men. That's worth thinking about. Don't you see?"

"Scipio Mather," she said, and it is notable as the first time she used his christened name, "I think you're crazy."

"You won't in the morning after you've thought it over tonight," he said.

"I shan't think it over."

"You couldn't help yourself if you was to try," he said, and she knew that was the truth.

"I suppose then," she said, "that I am on probation?"

"No more than I am. It's fair to both sides. And so I'm asking you to go to the dance Friday night."

"You're asking me to go to the dance? Can you dance?"

"Wouldn't ask you if I couldn't."

"And you think I'd go with you?"

"Why not? Dress all right, don't I? Hain't bad-looking. Why not?"

"You might get me there and swap me off for two other girls," said Polly with a little laugh, but it was a nervous laugh and she hated herself for being shaken in her self-possession. And he *was* good-looking, in his lean, brown way.

"Well," he asked, "how about it?"

She found herself wanting to go—possibly because her curiosity demanded to know how he would behave and what would come of it, but she was not ready to surrender so much so easily. He must be baited first. But she was to discover he was a difficult person to bait.

"Suppose you found I didn't come up to your standards?" she asked. "Would you send me home? That would be terribly humiliating."

"I wouldn't send you home, but I wouldn't ever ask you again."

"It's a risk," she said. "Suppose I went mad about you. Then I'd be left heartbroken."

"Both taking the same chance," he said. "Fair for one as it is for the other."

"But you think—do tell me you think so—that you'll call again and ask me to other dances?"

"Wouldn't go as far's I have if I didn't think so," he said.

"In that case," she replied, "I'll go."

"Much obliged," he thanked her, "and now I'll be going. I got things to do."

It was next morning when Scipio was stopped by Polly's father on Main Street.

"Young man," said Mr. Chase, "you called uninvited on my daughter last night."

"Seems as though," said Scipio.

"And had the effrontery to invite her to a dance."

"Don't know about effrontery, but I invited her, and she said she'd go."

"She'll not go," said Mr. Chase.

"Say so, did she?"

"I say so for her. I've forbidden her."

Scipio looked at Polly's father unsmilingly and nodded his head a couple of times. "Well, much obliged," he said and turned on his heel. Mr. Chase stared after him, nonplused.

Scipio walked along the street contentedly. "All girls are perverse," he was saying to himself. "She didn't care if she went to a dance with me. Now she'll want to. She'll be bound to. Couldn't have arranged the deal better myself."

The Monday before the dance Scipio was pointed out to a stranger who had been spending a couple of days in Illium.

"Is this Mr. Mather?" asked the strange gentleman.

"It is."

"My name is Sides. I'm thinking of starting a woodenware plant in this neighborhood, and am looking to see what timber I can pick up. I understand you own a small patch."

"Hundred acres," said Scipio. "Mostly hardwood."

"You might get me to the dance and swap me off for two other girls," said Polly with a nervous laugh.

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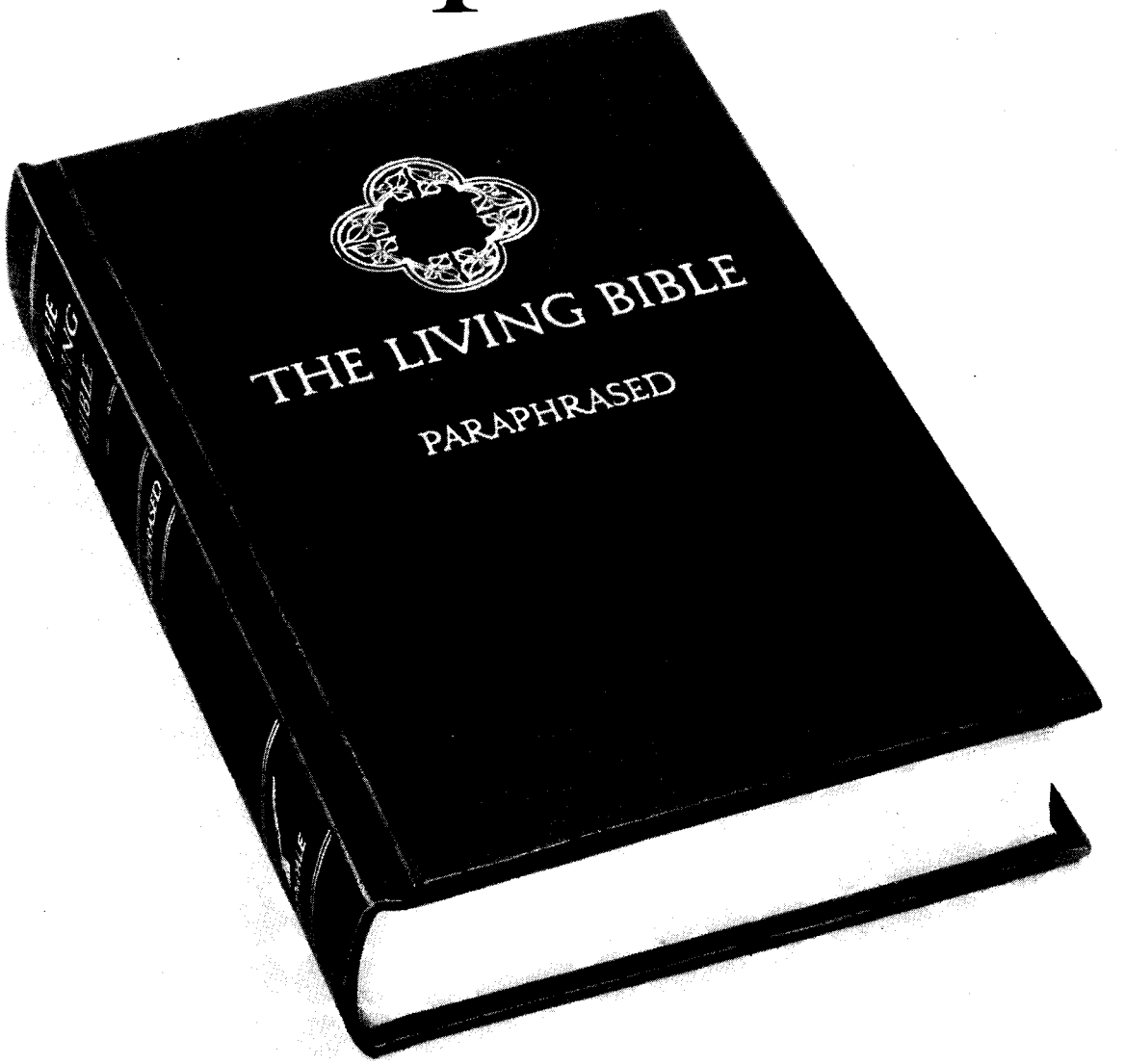

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"Of course it is on the market."

"It ain't on the market—just now."

"Not at a price?"

"What price?"

"Three thousand dollars."

"Don't sell much for cash," said Scipio. "Rather swap."

"I'm afraid I could make only a cash deal."

"Not for three thousand," said Scipio.

"What is your asking price?"

"Haven't any. Come to think of it, I calculate I'll keep it."

Nor could he be persuaded from that position by Mr. Sides, who raised his offer to $5,000 and was very eloquent indeed. Finally, giving the matter up in disgust, he had himself driven to Mr. Chase's mill, where he went into the office of Polly's father.

"I can do nothing with that young man Mather," he said.

"But he'll sell. He'll sell anything."

"Not this, and the whole matter depends upon it. I guess you'll have to step in. A local man like yourself will know how to handle this young man better than I. And, after all, it's rather up to you. If we are buying out your holdings—the mill and dam and riparian rights and what not—it's rather up to you to help us out—and yourself. Because if we can't get that location at the falls we shall develop the other branch of the river and let the future take care of this."

"I'll try," said Mr. Chase, "but I'm afraid the young man doesn't like me."

"I get 100 shares of bank stock and your permission to go to dances with Polly whenever she says yes. . ."

Therefore Mr. Chase set out presently, in no amiable frame of mind, to try to do business with the young man he had so painstakingly affronted but a day or two before. He found Scipio in Tom Wheeler's shop trying to swap a newly repaired typewriter for a dislocated phonograph and cabinet.

"Mather," said Mr. Chase, "I want to talk to you."

"Figured you would," said Scipio, "when the other fellow went away so hasty."

"Are you referring to Mr. Sides?"

"Him," said Scipio. "The feller that wants to build a woodenware plant."

"Yes," said Mr. Chase. "He has asked me to see if I couldn't make you change your mind about that piece of timber."

"No interest in it yourself?"

"How could I have?"

"To be sure you couldn't. Uh-huh. Closed your deal with him yourself?"

"What deal?"

"I suppose you don't want to talk to me, Mr. Chase," said Scipio.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean we got to talk out and out. I mean you got to lay your hand down where I can look it over. Mr. Sides isn't interested in woodenware mills. I know you have practically closed a deal with the power company for your mill site and the rest of it. But they won't go ahead till they get control of the river and the necessary place for their big power dam. Now let's go on from there."

"You seem to know a great deal."

"That," said Scipio, "is because I look around a lot. So your dicker don't go through unless they can buy my site. Isn't that the fact?"

Mr. Chase hesitated. "I am frank to say that you are right, young man. But that doesn't excuse a holdup."

"Got your price for your stuff, didn't you? Plenty full value. Well, I'm entitled to the same, and to something for guessing right, to boot. But I'm reasonable. I'll always swap."

"What have I, or the power company, that you will swap for?"

"Majority stockholder in the bank, aren't you?"

"I am."

"Last report the stock was worth $150 a share."

"But none is for sale."

"Too bad," said Scipio.

"Why too bad? What are you getting at?"

"There's your swap," said Scipio placidly. "That and nothin' else. Bankin's kind of dignified. What I need is some dignity for a spell. Calculate to be a banker."

"If you think I'm going to part with any of my stock——" blustered Mr. Chase.

"You are—or I keep my timber," said Scipio. "None of my business what you make the power company pay you for it when you get it, but you won't get it and neither will they for anything but 100 shares of your stock in the bank. And that is that. With a little something to boot that we'll take up in a minute."

"But that's $15,000! And it's advancing in value every day."

"Just my idea," said Scipio. "And I'm kind of busy. Price goes up in 15 minutes." He looked at his watch—one he had taken in trade. "In 15 minutes it'll be 125 shares. In half an hour it'll be 150."

Mr. Chase bit his lip, but there was no avenue of escape. "It's a deal," he said, and then hesitated. "But what about something to boot?"

"We'll come to that now. The other day you forbade Polly to go to the dance with me. That comes into this deal and is part of the consideration. I get 100 shares of bank stock, and your permission to go to dances with Polly whenever she says yes and to call on her whenever she wants me to. Yes or no?"

Mr. Chase scowled and then he smiled ruefully. "Scipio," said he, "as long as young whippersnappers must call on my daughter, I think I'll revise my opinion and say I'd rather you were cluttering up the house than any of the rest of them. You may have your shortcomings, but I'm inclined to bet on you for the race. I take it all back. Shake."

"Obliged."

Whereupon they shook hands and so completed the transmutation of one scraggly young sheep into a substantial interest in a growing bank.

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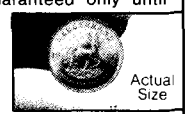
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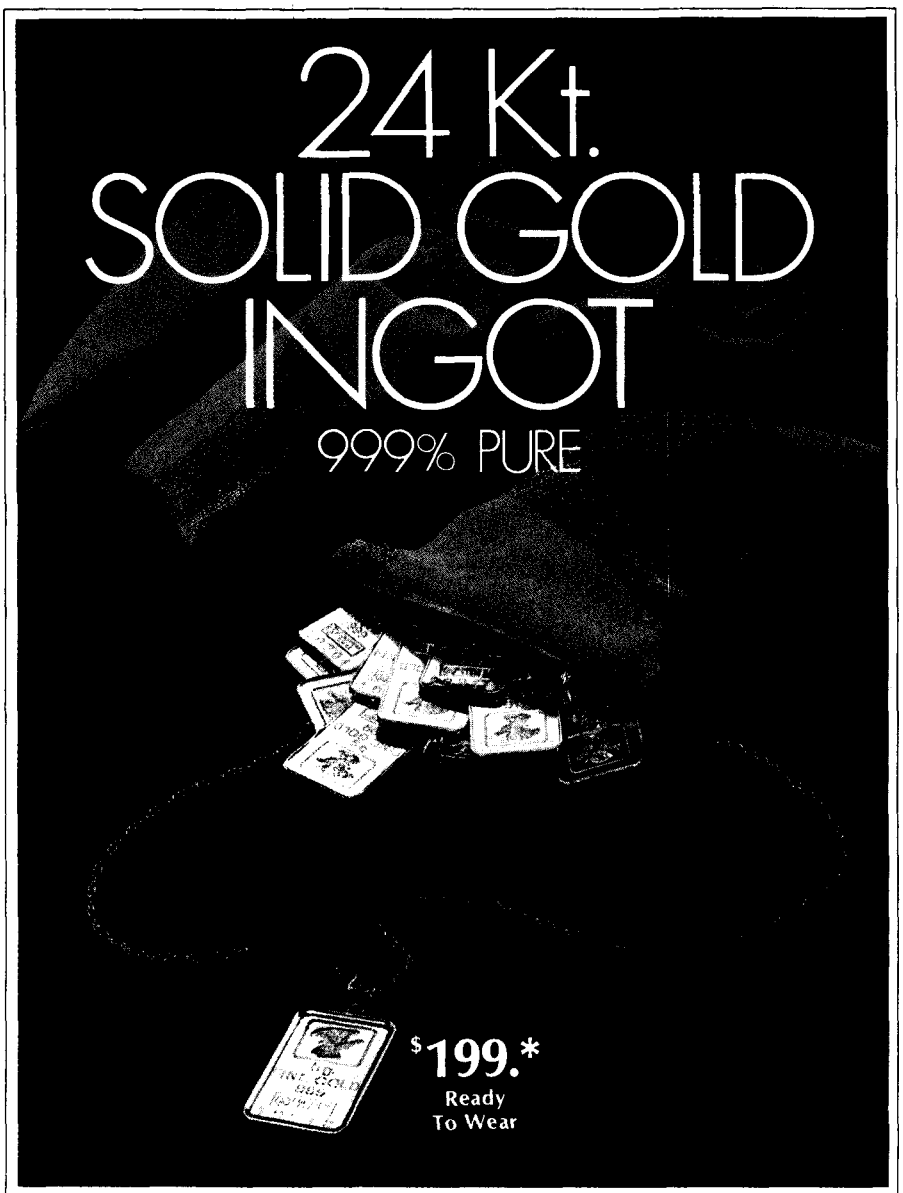

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HEADACHE: EARLY WARNING

Armed with today's sophisticated scanners, neurologists are making quick work of brain tumors.

by Jesse S. Manlapaz, M.D.

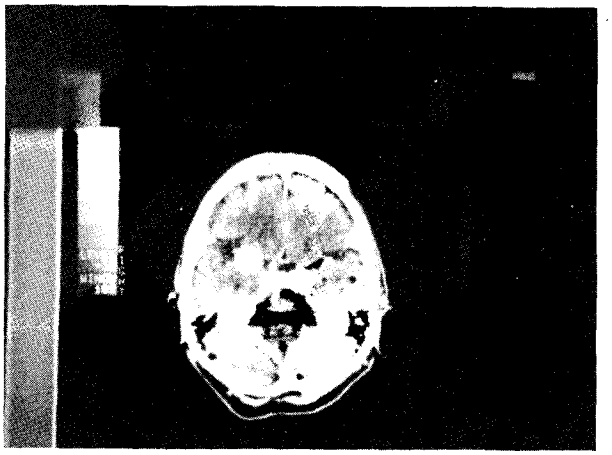
The woman had been increasingly cranky at work—arguing, snapping at her associates. I asked her what was wrong. "It's these headaches. I've been getting them for a long time, but lately they have been getting worse. It's the pressure in this demanding job. That's all." She had seen her family physician, who had found no specific cause for the headaches. "I have been taking Darvon," she said, "and that helps, but lately it hasn't helped quite as much."

"Let's take a simple X-ray," I said. The X-rays showed calcification near the right temporal lobe. "All right," I said. "Let's have a look on the CT scanner." She protested that there was no need; but at last she agreed. Under the scan, a mass inside the skull lit up like a bulb.

A tumor. "How in God's name did I get it?" she exclaimed. "How" did not matter. We agreed that it should come out. The operation took 45 minutes. The tumor proved to be benign. It was a meningioma of the sphenoidal ridge. She has not had a headache since.

The most significant point about this case is the patient's occupation. She is the director of nursing in a hospital: a highly qualified registered nurse with many years of experience. When a person with that kind of background ignores the possible implications of a severe headache, there is little wonder that many other people do so as well.

Dr. Manlapaz is a clinical neurologist-neurosurgeon who took his neurosurgery residency at Harvard University and Massachusetts General Hospital.



This neurologist's-eye view of a brain tumor was made possible by a CT scanner. The patient's recurring headaches were caused by the telltale white spot on the left-hand side of the picture.

Headache is a pain.

We all know that pain is a message that something is wrong. But many of us exempt headaches from this rule. We assume that the headache is an adjunct of modern life caused by worry, stress, the "rat race."

And of course this is often true—but it is not always true. Sometimes headaches are signals of specific masses within the cranial cavity. These are extremely important signals—because when the situation is caught in time, the condition can be cleared up completely.

But the signals are often ignored. Frequently, they are ignored even when the sufferer—for example, a director of nursing—knows what the implications may be. The dreaded words "brain tumor" have such an emotional impact that they override the sensible impulse to find out what's wrong. It's as if the patient doesn't want to hear about a tumor.

And this is tragic, because today neurosurgery has progressed to the point that removal of a great many tumors from the vicinity of the brain is a relatively simple and safe procedure. This is true even when the tumor is malignant. The essential factor is time. The tumor must be caught early enough. This can be done when the patient pays attention to the signals.

There are signals in practically every case of brain tumor. One of the main symptoms is headache which has certain particular characteristics.

The first characteristic is *increasing intensity.* "Lately they have been getting worse," says the nurse about her headaches. When head pain seems sharper every time you get it, tumor is a distinct possibility.

Another characteristic is *increasing frequency.* The patient is 20, a college student, male, an athlete . . ."Doctor, I can't concentrate. It's these headaches. They come and go. I've had a physical, and I've had my eyes checked. I take aspirin or Tylenol. But I keep getting them. It used to be no more than every month or so. Recently it's been more like just a few days between headaches. But I've been under a lot of pressure—exams coming up. . ." He had a tumor, an astrocytoma of the cerebellum. Once the possibility was realized, it was quickly located. The operation was successful.

A "complete physical" is by no means sure to detect this kind of problem. For example, there was the case of the 747 pilot. "I was on my final approach and suddenly I couldn't see the runway at J.F.K.," he said. "But I am fine: I passed my FAA physical with flying colors six weeks ago. A tumor? How

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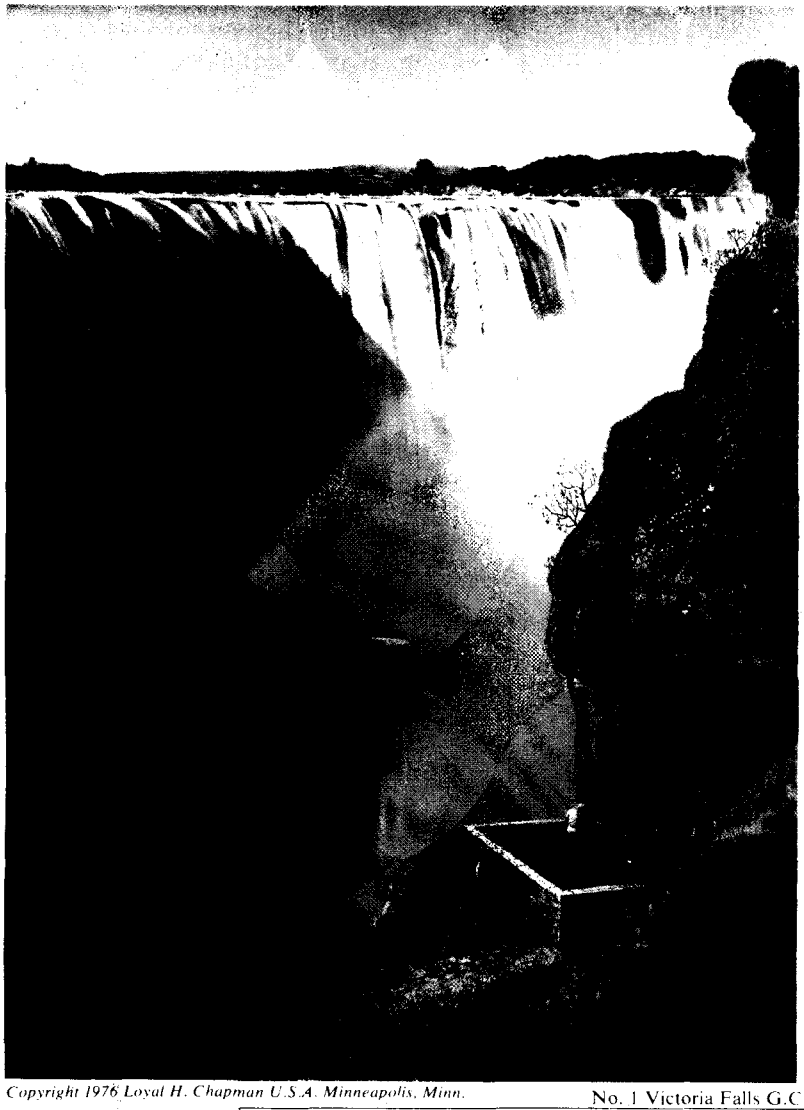

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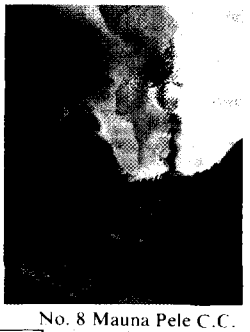

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could I get a brain tumor in six weeks?"

But he had a tumor. A look through the ophthalmoscope showed the typical pressure affecting the optic nerves. The CT scanner located the mass. It had not developed in six weeks. As a matter of fact, this patient had had the tumor since birth (he is now 53); it was a craniopharyngioma. A successful operation cleared his vision and ended his headaches.

Blurred vision, then, is another characteristic of the headache which is caused by a brain tumor. Yet another telltale sign is *nausea and vomiting* accompanying the head pain. Many people use fizzy antacid-analgesic preparations for headache and acid indigestion. The two often go together. A typical case was that of the executive vice president of a large manufacturing company. The firm was encountering economic squalls, and the vice president attributed his headaches and upset stomach to this. It got so bad that he would go out on a business lunch, hold up his end of the conversation with aplomb, even though he had a severe headache, and then go to the men's room and throw up.

He could not, however, continue to ignore these symptoms. He went to an internist. After physical examination and a GI series, the diagnosis was severe gastroenteritis. But the headaches and nausea did not improve under treatment. He was referred to a psychiatrist, who worked with him for two years.

At last he was referred to a neurologist. Within a few minutes a growth three centimeters in diameter was discovered near the hypothalamus in the brain. Within 72 hours the patient was operated upon and a colloid cyst of the third ventricle was excised. Two weeks later the patient was back at work, free of headaches and nausea.

Another characteristic of the headache which may be caused by a tumor is a persistent *throbbing*, rather than a steady, unmodulated ache.

Perhaps the most extreme extension of the throbbing effect I have seen took place in the case of a woman who, when afflicted with the headache, engaged in a rapid back-and-forth motion of her pelvis—what is called the "bumps" when performed by a stripteaser. The patient showed this pulsating movement whether she was standing, sitting or lying down. She was thought by the psychiatrist to have unrepressed desire for sexual activity during these episodes. The result was eight years of intensive psychiatric care with intermittent institutionalization.

But her problem, when at last correctly diagnosed, was a tumor. Why throbbing? Because of the nature of the tumor and the means by which it causes pain. Brain tissue itself cannot feel pain. One could drive an ice pick into the brain without causing a twinge.

The pain is caused by pressure. The tumor compresses or stretches the tangle of blood vessels which crisscross the brain. The pain increases as the blood vessels are stretched by the tumor, so the headache throbs in rhythm with the heartbeat.

Another cause of throbbing headaches from a brain tumor is the intermittent or continuous obstruction of the cerebrospinal fluid in the ventricles, ducts or cisterns located in the center of the brain. It is this pressure—due to the expanding tumor and its effect on the surrounding tissues—that accounts for such other characteristics as the swelling of the optic nerves that causes blurred vision.

In fact, this feeling of pressure or fullness during the headache is so

The brain is like an open book to a doctor with a CT scanner; it can be read backward or forward. If police could do the same thing with mug shots, they'd have little trouble nabbing the guilty party.

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much a part of the picture that we can designate it as one of the important characteristics which may indicate a tumor.

The pressure can take various manifestations. In one case—again, a case in which the problem was at first thought to be psychological—a patient got a sudden, severe headache every time he tried to have sexual intercourse with his wife. At last, in anticipation of the pain he was sure he would feel, he stopped trying.

The patient's wife did not respond with understanding to this variation on the "Not now; I've got a headache" ploy. She thought that her husband—a rugged, virile carpenter in his mid-30s—was "playing around."

Finally, she began to believe his protestations of innocence. The search for help led to two years of psychiatric treatment. But in this particular case, the cause was a brain tumor and the pain grew out of pressure. The onset of orgasm sets up a series of increasing pressures throughout the body. This pressure—exerted in conjunction with the pressure already being caused by the tumor—interrupted the flow of fluid within the brain. The headache was intense.

But the tumor near the right frontal lobe was operable. The procedure was entirely successful.

The necessity of heeding the signals.

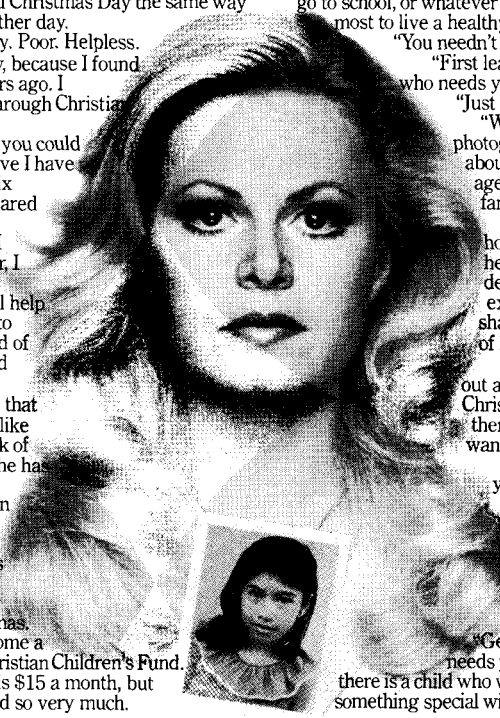
Most headaches, of course, stem from other, less serious causes. However, when one or more of these characteristics of tumor-induced headache can be detected, the possibility of a growth cannot be ignored. The characteristics are, once again: increasing intensity, increasing frequency, blurred vision, nausea, vomiting, throbbing, a feeling of pressure or fullness.

Modern diagnostic techniques and tools—notably the CT scanner—have made it easy to pinpoint brain tumors. It only takes 15 minutes to get a complete, computerized picture. What a fantastic machine! They could take a picture of your face and, after you go home, they could reproduce with the computer not just your face, but the back of your head, your profile and your ears. (Dr. Manlapaz's hospital uses a General Electric CT scanner.) It takes just a few minutes to determine whether or not a tumor is actually present.

In summary, the good news is that today a brain tumor can be removed without much trouble. Advances in neurosurgery have made the operation a relatively safe procedure. The bad news is that too many people fail to consider the possibility that their headaches are not just caused by "pressure" in the sense of emotional stress, but by the distinct physical pressure set up by a growth within the skull.

Fortunately, headache clinics have found a serious problem in only one out of every 200 to 300 cases, and even fewer of these cases are caused by tumors. A CT scan costs from $160 to $200, and it is performed only after a physician is reasonably certain from the symptoms that a tumor might be the cause of the headache. Hundreds of CT scanners are now in operation in U.S. hospitals. At a cost of about $500,000 each, they are among the most expensive—as well as the most useful—tools of diagnostic medicine.

Sally Struthers' Christmas Wish.



"Somewhere in the world there is a child who will spend Christmas Day the same way she spends every other day.

"Hungry. Poor. Helpless.

"I know, because I found such a child six years ago. I became a sponsor through Christian Children's Fund.

"I wish you could know the joy and love I have known these past six Christmases I've shared with Marites.

"Since I became her sponsor, I know Marites has daily meals, medical help and a chance to go to school. And the kind of love that every child needs.

"But all that I have given seems like nothing when I think of the new meaning she has given to my life.

"You can know the richness, the joy of giving to a child who needs your help.

"You can know it in time for Christmas.

"You can become a sponsor through Christian Children's Fund.

"All it costs is $15 a month, but you help give a child so very much.

"Regular meals, medical attention, the chance to go to school, or whatever that child needs most to live a healthy, productive life.

"You needn't send any money now.

"First learn about the child who needs you.

"Just send the coupon.

"We'll send you a child's photograph and tell you about her way of life—her age, health, interests and family background.

"We'll also tell you how this child can be helped, and give you details on how you can exchange letters and share a very special part of her life.

"After you find out about the child and Christian Children's Fund, then you can decide if you want to become a sponsor.

"Simply send in your check or money order for $15 within 10 days. Or return the photo and background materials so we can ask someone else to help.

"Get to know a child who needs your help. Somewhere there is a child who wishes she could share something special with you this Christmas.

Love."

Send Your Love Around The World.

Dr. Verent J. Mills NSAPDD
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc., Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261
I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl. ☐ Choose any child who needs help.
Please send my information package today.
☐ I want to learn more about the child assigned to me. If I accept the child, I'll send my first sponsorship payment of $15 within 10 days. Or I'll return the photograph and other material so you can ask someone else to help.
☐ I prefer to send my first payment now, and I enclose my first monthly payment of $15.
☐ I cannot sponsor a child now but would like to contribute $_____.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Member of American Council of Voluntary Agencies for Foreign Service, Inc. Gifts are tax deductible. **In Calif.: Write Worldway Postal Center, P.O. Box 92800, Los Angeles, CA 90009.** Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge St., Toronto, Ontario M4T 1Y8. Statement of income and expenses available on request.

Christian Children's Fund, Inc.

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AFTER-DINNER LAUGHS

England may no longer rule an empire—but the sun never sets on vaunted British humor.

Ever since Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* was published, collections of anecdotes have been popular, especially humorous ones.

This collection was gathered from leading British after-dinner speakers who were asked to contribute their favorite stories for the Oxfam charitable organization in Great Britain. It shows American readers (and speakers) that the English sense of humor should not be underrated but laughed with. This is especially apparent with after-dinner speakers, who always seem to spark up even the dreariest banquet or dinner party with their personal little jokes and tales.

Contributed by a professor verbatim from his three-year-old grandson:

A little boy ate a lot of cupcakes as a snack. He asked for another, but his father said:

"If you eat another, you'll burst."

"Give me another and stand clear."

A merry moment from a High Court judge:

A man was feeling very peculiar—so peculiar that he sent for the doctor. The doctor came and gave him a thorough examination. At the end of it he said:

"I have some bad news and some good news. The bad news is that you are in for a change of sex."

"My God," said the man.

The doctor quickly intervened and said:

"Now for the good news; this will entitle you to play off the ladies' tees."

Verse from a philosophical secretary of the admiralty:

The horse and mule live thirty years
And nothing know of wines or beers.
The goats and sheep at twenty die
With never a taste of scotch or rye.
The cow drinks water by the ton
And at eighteen is mostly done.
The dog at sixteen cashes in
Without the aid of rum or gin.
The cat in milk and water soaks
And then in twelve short years it croaks.
The sober, modest, bone-dry hen
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at ten.
The animals are strictly dry
They sinless live and swiftly die.
While sinful, ginful, rum-soaked men
Survive for three score years and ten.
And some of us, though mighty few,
Stay pickled till we're ninety-two.

An author spins a tale:

The chairman of the company called the managing director into the board room; he was then followed by the next director in seniority; then by another, and all the way down the line until, about half an hour later, the most junior and newly appointed director was duly summoned. He found his colleagues sitting around the board room table.

"Sit down, Charles," said the chairman. "Now then, have you been having an affair with my secretary?"

"Certainly not."

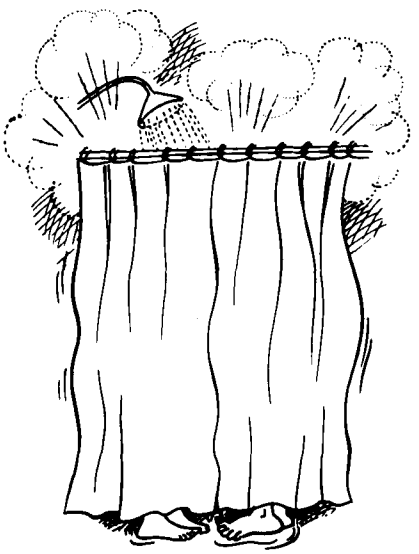
"Are you quite sure?"

"Of course I am. I never laid a finger on her."

"Are you prepared to swear to that?"

"Yes."

"Very well, Charles," said the chairman ominously. "Then *you* fire her!"



A veterinary professor advises:

The professor was addressing an 8 a.m. lecture.

"I've found that the best way to start the day is to exercise for five minutes, take a deep breath of air and then finish with a cold shower. Then I feel rosy all over."

A sleepy voice from the back of the room:

"Tell us more about Rosy."

A technical expert reports progress:

At a Harvard seminar on the future of profit and industrial relations, an American banking president, after listening to me on European movements towards industrial democracy and equity as opposed to the negations and drift in the United States, said:

"Jenkins, it isn't *all* bad here. The buffalo are breeding—and the railroads are becoming extinct."

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An agriculturist finds fun in the desert:

A detachment of the French Foreign Legion was trudging across the Sahara; they were hot and sticky, dusty and very depressed.

After a long time, the commander called them to a halt and addressed them. He said:

"I have two things to tell you. One of them is good news, the other is not so good, and that is the one I'll tell you first. We are absolutely and utterly lost and there's nothing to eat but camel droppings."

The second in command said: "Very well, mon commandant, now please tell us the good news."

The commander said: "Well, there's plenty of it."

A forestry specialist knows this:

Winston Churchill once said he was flattered when crowds came to hear him speak, except that:

"On reflection, the crowds would be even greater if they came to see me hanged."

An admiral reviews the feet:

An elderly man complained of a pain in his left leg.

"It's just old age," said the doctor.

"Can't be that," said the patient, "the other leg is the same age, and that don't hurt."

An author's prerogative:

A woman went to see her lawyer, taking with her a baby in arms and four other children under the age of five.

"And what can I do for you?" he said.

"I want a divorce," she replied.

"And on what grounds?"

"Desertion, sir."

"Desertion, madam?"

He looked from her to each of the five children in turn.

"Oh, don't take any notice of them," she confided. "He really *has* deserted me. Only every now and then he comes home to apologize."

A party leader defines the clerical code:

Lord William Cecil, Bishop of Exeter, was very vague. The wine was poured out for everyone (save an old lady on his left), who was given water.

"Could I have some wine, my Lord Bishop?"

"Apologies—I thought you were a member of the Temperance League."

"Oh, no—a member of the Purity League."

Bishop: "So sorry—I knew there was something you didn't do!"

A law professor likes this brief example:

A friend of mine, an American judge, has, like many such, a court in matrimony. He tells how, one Saturday afternoon, the chores of the week all over, he was taking it easy when a most charming young couple were shown in.

The boy, almost stifled by nervousness, said:

"Judge, we've come to ask you to marry us."

"Yes," replied the judge, "I should be delighted to do so," but he went on to explain that he could not do so before Monday, because the bureau which alone could issue a marriage license was closed until then.

The young couple, utterly crestfallen, retreated to a far corner of the studio and held a whispered, but obviously agitated, conversation.

They returned in a moment or two, this time with a most determined young woman drawing along an obviously reluctant young man.

"We quite understand, Judge," she said, smiling sweetly, "we quite understand you can't *really* marry us until Monday, but do you think you could say a few words that would tide us over the weekend?"

A political service official likes animals:

A vet went to a farm to perform artificial insemination on a cow. As he approached the cow, he asked the cowman if she was quiet.

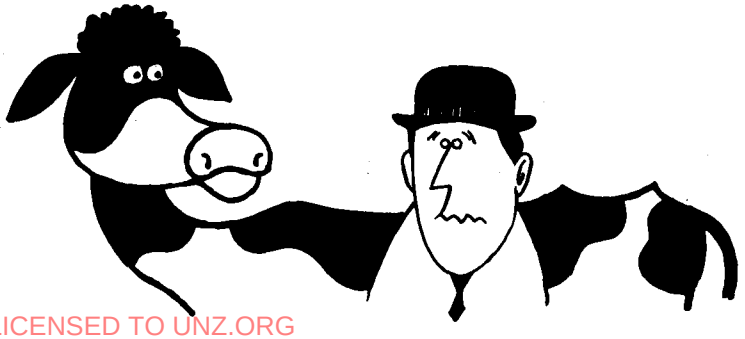
"Oh yes," he was answered.

As the vet ran his hand along her back towards the rear, the cow gave him an awful side kick.

"Oh, I thought you said she was quiet."

The old cowman looked puzzled and surprised as he scratched his head. Then light broke over his face.

"Ah," he said, "I guess she ain't seen a bull in a bowler hat afore!"



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AT HOME IN SPACE

Life in space will have all the comforts of Earth—but without snakes, mosquitoes or pollution.

by Isaac Asimov

The thing to remember is that a well-designed space settlement is a whole town, even a city; that to its inhabitants it will be a world.

When you think of a space settlement, there's no use in thinking of Skylab. That would be like thinking of Columbus' *Santa Maria* when you should be thinking of *Queen Elizabeth 2*.

There are objectives to be gained in nearby space: the collection of solar energy by power stations in orbit about the Earth; advanced satellites of all kinds; astronomical observatories; laboratories; automated and computerized factories—all in orbit about the Earth. There will be mining stations on the Moon which will supply metals, concrete, glass and soil needed for all these structures.

Very little of all this, however, can be accomplished by human beings based on Earth. The work will be too difficult and expensive if those performing it must commute from Earth's surface. Space settlements will have to be built to serve as bases for the miners, the engineers, the construction workers, the scientists and for their families as well.

To house them we will have structures half a mile or more across in the shape of cylinders or spheres or doughnuts. People will live in the interiors.

The prototypes of such settlements will be built with resources from Earth, but once we have a start, the space settlers themselves will build more space settlements out of Moon material. There will then be a rapid expansion as hundreds of space settlements, including quite large ones, are built.

Constructed of metal and glass, space settlements will be coated with soil on the inside, thickly enough to protect against cosmic ray particles. Settlements will be lighted by mirrors that accompany them in orbit and reflect sunlight through the windows which, by a louvre arrangement, can change the angle of light and close it off altogether, periodically, in order to mimic the day-and-night alternation to which human beings are accustomed.

Isaac Asimov, author of more than 200 books and countless science articles, believes that man's ultimate destiny is to conquer space.

The settlements will be set to spinning to produce a centrifugal effect that will press everything against the internal surface of the settlements. It will seem to people that there is gravity holding them against that internal surface, and the rate of spin will be chosen to make that feeling of gravitation a normal one, as on Earth.

The interior can be built up to suit the tastes of the settlers. There can be farms, houses, streams, trees, churches—all the paraphernalia of American small town life—if that is desired.

Not everything will be as on Earth, of course. In some ways conditions will be much better on the settlement. The ecology can be designed from the start with undesirable components omitted. There needn't be any poisonous snakes or noxious insects. The temperature can be maintained equable, the weather mild, with floods, droughts, storms, frosts, heat waves unheard of. Air, food and water will be carefully recycled and waste will be minimized.

Conditions can be modified to suit needs. Different sections of a settlement can be separated into semi-independence. In a section given over to agriculture, the period of light may be longer than usual, the atmospheric content of carbon dioxide higher than usual in order to promote plant life. There may be a section of continuous night for nightclubs, open-air movie houses and so on.

The first space settlements are likely to be American. Settlers will be American with American ways of thought and life and the settlements will reflect that. No doubt the babies born on such settlements will be considered American and the settlers will pay taxes to the American government, while their work will be strongly subsidized by that same government.

This, however, would be a temporary situation. There are likely to be Soviet settlements following and then, perhaps, those of other nations. In addition, the requirements for efficient work in space—the skills, the physical dexterity, the scientific knowledge—will not be terribly easy to meet, and people from any nation

Continued on following page

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White seat covers fitted on high back seats.

The Pride of New Zealand...

Thermostatic Seat Covers

As Optional Equipment On Luxury Automobiles, Sheepskin Seat Covers Have Brought Extraordinary Year Round Comfort. Likely To Become Standard Equipment By 1990.

by Archibald Mason

I am a wool merchant from New Zealand.

New Zealand has more sheep than people. And our sheep yield the finest wool available in all the world.

Most of the lambswool we produce is shorn, and made into soft woolen garments. But a few fleeces—a very few—are set aside. They are carefully crafted into sheepskin seat covers that New Zealanders have for years been using to increase the comfort of driving.

When I first thought of offering my sheepskin automobile seat covers in the United States, it occurred to me that skeptical Americans might not believe a simple statement that sheepskin seat covers are warm in winter and cool in summer. So I engaged the New Zealand Government's Department of Scientific and Industrial Research to tell me why sheepskin is more comfortable.

10,000 Resilient Fibers To The Inch

We learned that sheepskin has more than 10,000 resilient fibers every square inch. It cradles you in soft, natural wool, and holds your body up off the surface of the seat. There is always air around the fibers, circulating between you and the seat, carrying away the moisture given off by your body, and keeping you cool even on a hot day.

Cool In Summer: Warm In Winter

We compared vinyl and sheepskin in hot temperatures. Because vinyl is a fast conductor of heat, there is a surge of heat from the vinyl surface into your hand or back when you touch it. The result is an intense feeling of heat and discomfort. Wool, by comparison, is an excellent insulator, so a sheepskin seat cover gives off heat slowly, at a rate your body can handle comfortably. There is no discomfort as you sit down, even on the hottest days.

On a cold day, conversely, frigid vinyl literally pulls heat rapidly out of your body, so you feel cold. A sheepskin seat cover is a better insulator, adjusting slowly to your body temperature, while at the same time creating a feeling of warmth and well-being because of the soft, natural fibers.

An Anomaly: Stronger, Yet Softer.

Why buy New Zealand wool? New Zealand wool is stronger, and will outlast virtually all other wools. Yet it is softer than all other wool.

You see, most wool growing countries have harsh climates, with hot, dry summers and cold winters. The sheep can take it, but a brittle area develops in the wool fiber. You can't see the brittleness, but gradually the fibers break down and the wool becomes thinner. This doesn't happen to our wool.

New Zealand's generous rainfall is spread throughout the year, and our climate is mild. The green pastures which make New Zealand a favorite with tourists supply the sheep with good nourishment right through the year. So there are no brittle patches in our wool. Although it is softer, more supple and luxurious than other countries' wool, it will actually outlast all other wools. (This is also the secret behind New Zealand carpet wool, one of the world's strongest wool fibers.)

Seat Covers of Uncompromising Quality

After we select the best skins, they must go through a unique tanning process we call "chrome tanning". This produces a fluffy white skin which retains its softness, fluffiness and resilience, yet is fully washable.

Tanned sheepskins are then painstakingly crafted into our custom made seat covers. They are strikingly beautiful, and will enhance the interior of any automobile. We have models to fit all American and imported cars. The seat covers come in matching pairs, to suit the two front seats of your automobile. We can also supply singles. Colors are natural white, honey, and gray.

Archibald Mason with gray seat covers fitted on low back seats.

They can be easily fitted in just a few minutes, and are held firmly in place by expanding cords. They even have light friction strips on the back to ensure that the covers don't move on the seats. They provide you with rather delicious comfort, and, incidentally, protect your seats from scuffing and damage.

Should the covers ever need cleaning, simply remove them and wash them in a washing machine! Full fitting and washing instructions come with each seat cover.

No Risk Trial Offer

It may be difficult for you to imagine the softness, luxury and sheer practicality of my sheepskin seat covers. So I offer them to you on a no-risk trial basis, with a full money-back guarantee. Enjoy them, experience the luxury of the wool, relish the extra pleasure they bring to driving. You may even find you use less air conditioning, and thus conserve fuel. After a full month, decide. If for any reason you are not completely satisfied, send them back to us and we will give you a prompt and courteous refund, including shipping costs both ways.

Our seat covers are held in stock in Honolulu, so all U.S. Customs charges have been paid. United Parcel Service will deliver them to your address within a few short days of dispatch.

Call Toll-Free 1-800-367-6002 Ext. SP-12
(7 Day, 24 Hour Service)

Tell us the make, model, and year of your car, and tell us if your seats are high back or low back. Choose your color from white, honey or gray. Order a matching pair at $149.00 (plus $5.50 shipping and handling) or a cover for one seat at $76.00 (plus $3.50 for shipping and handling). You may, of course, charge your purchase to your credit card. If you prefer to order by mail and pay by check, our bank requests you include your driver's license number for prompt processing of your order.

MONARCH TRADING CO.
OF NEW ZEALAND
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Honolulu, Hawaii 96817
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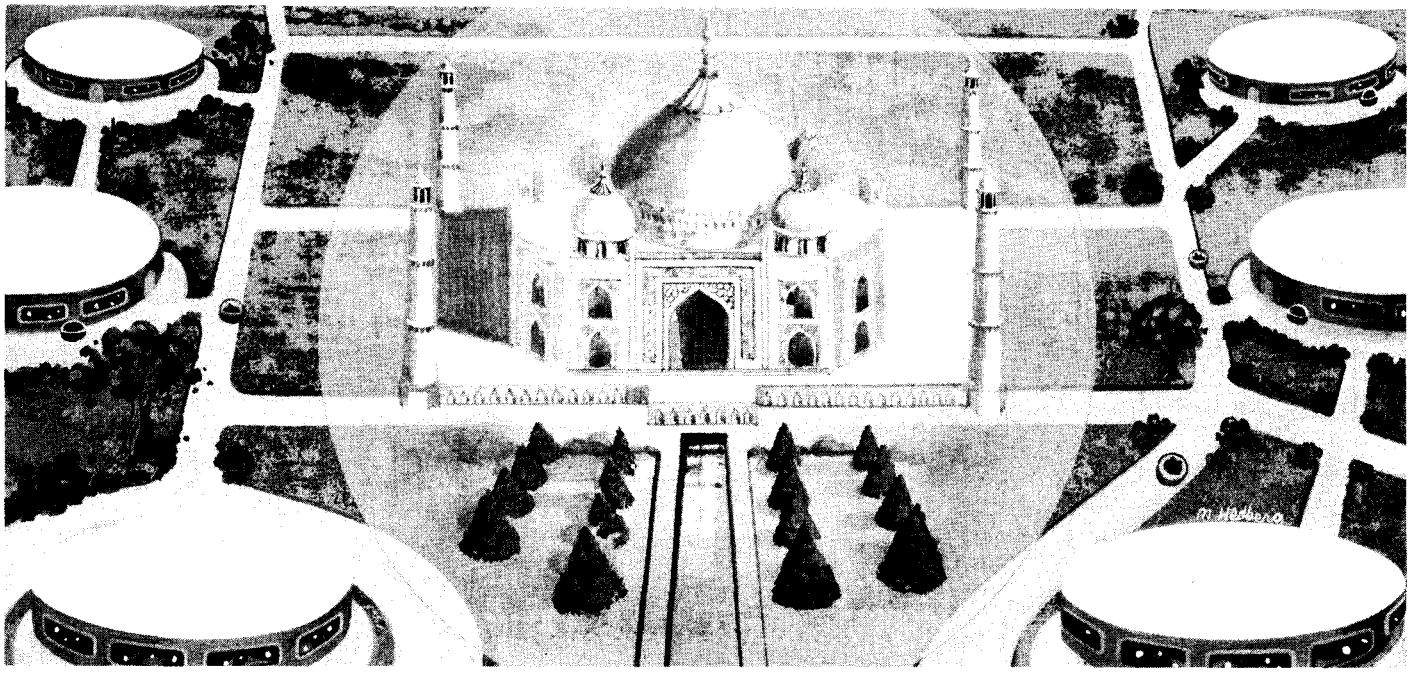

Earthly wonders, such as the Taj Mahal shown here, will be available to the space settlers through the use of three-dimensional holographic projections. The wonders of space, however, will be just an air lock away.

will be welcome if they have what is needed. The settlements are sure to become cosmopolitan.

Add to that the facts that power stations in space will become the chief source of Earth's energy; that factories in space will become major suppliers of high-technology products of all kinds; that observatories and laboratories in space will become the great originators of new knowledge and techniques for use by humanity. All this is bound to give rise to a feeling of planetary unity on Earth. All the nations will be depending on space and all will want to be involved in it. The Earth itself will become more cosmopolitan.

What's more, the intricate technological web that will support the human thrust into space will be easily disrupted in case of major disorders on Earth and the entire benefit of space development will be lost. So important will that development be that war on Earth will become unthinkable out of sheer self-interest.

How will the settlers adjust to their little worlds?

Worlds they may be, but they will be small compared to Earth. A good-sized settlement may have a population of no more than 100,000, and any settler can walk about this world without too much effort and explore its entire surface. There will be nothing hidden, no more nooks to discover.

Will there not be boredom? Even claustrophobia? Probably not. The settlements will tend to be in the Moon's orbit; some clustered before, some behind. In moving from one to another there will be very little need to fight the Earth's gravity. The Moon's gravity will interfere somewhat, but its gravitational field is much less intense than Earth's. People from one settlement can reach the next with almost no rocket power. It will be rather like gliding along an icy surface.

The common tasks of building structures in space, of servicing the various structures already built, of supervising the automated devices and of reprogramming the computers will make all the space settlers used to rocket travel. Small space-skimmers—low-powered, easily maneuverable—will be to the settlers what taxis are to New Yorkers or gondolas to Venetians. They will be a bonding agent and a means of travel so common as never to be given a second thought.

Indeed, increasingly the settlers would not think of themselves as belonging to one settlement alone. One particular settlement might be where the sleeping quarters of a particular family might be, but all the settlements together would be home.

In a world without war (which we may assume, or there will be no true space age) there may be rivalries and competition between settlements, but no deadly antagonisms. In fact, a common life and work is quite likely to produce a federation of space, a sort of "United Settlements" organization, which would supply a common citizenship for the settlers and be supported by taxes on them.

The fact that the various settlements might differ in culture (particularly in language) would make them all the more interesting to each other—rather like various ethnic neighborhoods of an American metropolis.

For that matter, it is possible that there will arise a common understanding—a common patois. Most settlers would be able to make themselves understood on any settlement.

Because of the constant travel from one settlement to another, the settlements would develop a common ecology, no matter how different they might have been originally. In fact, the great differences and difficulties would be between

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the settlements generally on the one hand and Earth on the other.

Visits from Earthpeople would surely be discouraged. Earthpeople would, after all, be very likely to carry parasitic life forms not wanted on the settlements. They might carry seeds and spores in their clothing.

Once a settlement is mature, its population would have to be carefully controlled so that no immigrants would be allowed. Population expansion would come about only through the establishment of new settlements, and there it would be advisable (perhaps even compulsory) to accept a certain number of Earthpeople. These would have to be quarantined and examined in detail for health and parasites before they could qualify as full-scale immigrants planning to live out their future lives on the settlements.

In fact, the chief duty of the United Settlements organization would be to regulate such immigration and to establish and enforce the overseeing of trade inspections.

To be sure, there would be Earthpeople interested in tourism, but they would have special settlements set aside for them where they could experience the amenities of settlement life. These settlements would be run by and for Earthpeople only, and the true settlers would avoid them.

Nor would travel go in the other direction, either. The settlers are not likely to want to visit Earth either on business or as tourists. Not only would they fear picking up infections unknown in the settlements, but they would not be eager to experience Earth's temperature and weather extremes, or to undergo the prolonged quarantines and treatments before they could return home. The chances are they would also find Earth psychologically uncomfortable because it would be a place where people lived on the outside of a world rather than on the *inside.*

To be sure, despite the difficulties of physical intercourse, Earth and the settlements would need each other. The settlers would make the products of space technology (including solar energy) available to Earth, while Earth would supply the settlers with those key elements—carbon, hydrogen and nitrogen—which are unavailable on the Moon.

And, of course, it is only physically that the settlers and Earthpeople would be apart. There would be complete information-contact by holographic laser beam. Any settler could see any of the impressive sights on Earth, from the Grand Canyon to the Taj Mahal to a rain forest to a sand desert in the quiet of his settlement home. Earthpeople could similarly visit the different settlements.

When relaxing in his home, a settler will find the sights quite different from anything Earthpeople would see. Since the settler lives on the inside of a small world, whatever its shape, he would see no horizon. Rather, the ground would curve upward rather quickly to his sight unless the settlement were specifically designed to break up long views.

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Indeed, if the settlement were properly shaped and small enough, a settler would see the other side of the inside-out world directly overhead. He could walk there without trouble, of course, for he would climb no hill. The small world would turn under him so that he would always seem right-side up. Then, when he was on the other side, he would see his own house upside-down overhead.

It would not seem strange or frightening to him; he would be used to it. It would, rather, be on Earth that he would be frightened, when he saw the ground level come to a visible end at the horizon.

What forms would leisure take on a space settlement? After all, there would have to be leisure; settlers can't always be constructing, maintaining and supervising. There are times off.

In many ways, settlers would spend their leisure time as Earthpeople would. They might garden, picnic with their families, watch television, play cards or chess, indulge in parties, conversation or sex.

All space settlements, however, have one characteristic Earth does not possess, something that would enormously affect leisure activity. Space settlements, of whatever shape or design, will have gravitational effects that vary in intensity from place to place; from Earth-normal in places where the settlers go about their ordinary tasks, to lower and lower values in other places—all the way down to zero gravity.

Traveling from one part of the settlement to another may often involve passage through falls and rises in gravitational effect. This would have to be allowed for. Thus, an elevator would be strongly pushed to one side as it rose, and to the other side as it fell, by something called the Coriolis force. These pressures would have to be allowed for in the design, and settlers would be acclimated to the feeling. Earthpeople, when subjected to this on their tourist settlements, would find it as difficult to get used to as landlubbers would to the pitching of a small vessel at sea.

On the other hand, changes in gravitational effect would have their uses. Mountain climbing on a settlement (and on the larger ones, mountains a mile or two in height could easily exist) would be a delightful exercise. There would be neither snow, nor cold, nor thin air, and the higher you went the weaker the gravitational effect is likely to be so that the easier it would be to go still higher. Of course, the element of danger would be gone to a large extent, but most people wouldn't mind that.

"I cleaned up my office. Can I go to lunch now?"

Ball games of all sorts would require new skills if played under lower gravity. Balls would arc higher, come down more slowly; on the other hand, so would players. There would be a slow-motion grace to tennis, for instance, and a longer period of suspense while you wait for a slowly rising racket to meet a slowly rising ball over larger playing fields.

At zero gravity, games would gain a total three-dimensionality. There would be air hockey in which the goals would be six in number at the ends of an invisible octahedron (or eight at the ends of an invisible cube). Players would have to swim through the air in pursuit of a ball. Each player might be outfitted with "keels" along his back and abdomen to give stability and keep him, or her, from tumbling when he, or she, tried to move. There would be "fins" on arms and legs to make air-swimming more efficient. No doubt it wouldn't be easy.

The same with dancing, particularly ballet, under these conditions. Or trapeze work. Or flying for the fun of flying, or calisthenics. Or playing tag. Or just horsing around.

All this is bound to be a wonderful sensation beloved by all settlers. There would be areas reserved in every settlement for people who want to play or fly at zero or near-zero gravity. Children would probably learn to fly as early as they learn to walk. (Children may try to fly or walk under inappropriate gravity conditions at first and be frustrated, but they will learn.)

Low-gravity swimming and diving into water would also have its special fun and skill. And, for that matter, so would low-gravity sexual activity.

At all times, to be sure, there would be the danger of misjudging the true effect of weightlessness. While weight might be little or zero, mass and inertia would not change. A tumble from a height or an unguarded collision with a wall can bruise, cut or even break a bone, regardless of how light we feel. Settlers will learn that early in life. Tourists from Earth on their tourist settlements would have to be carefully indoctrinated and, even so, there will be occasional accidents.

The low-gravity activity would, more than anything else, distinguish life on a settlement from life on the constant-gravity environment of Earth. And that low-gravity activity would have its uses. In addition to being fun and adding to the interest and joy of life, it would keep bodies fit even in

Continued on page 119

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You can look the sparrow straight in the eye from 250 feet and you can see it blink.

The breakthrough optical technology of Slim Jims Roof Prism Binoculars will open a whole new world of visual adventure for you.

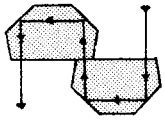
When you first look through *Slim Jims Binoculars*, you will gasp in delight. You have never seen the world so close and so bright, and with every detail so clearly discernible. It will seem almost unbelievable to you that a binocular as small and as light could hold that much optical power.

What makes this "miracle" possible?

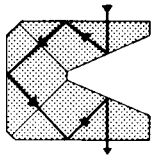
ROOF PRISMS: BREAKTHROUGH IN OPTICAL TECHNOLOGY.

One of the most important developments in optical technology took place about fifteen years ago. German optical scientists had been working for years on a totally new concept in binoculars. After many unsuccessful designs, they finally succeeded in creating the roof prism binocular.

The most visible difference between a roof prism binocular and a standard binocular is that of size and shape. A standard binocular has the ungainly "hippy" appearance that, for generations, had been associated with quality binoculars. The reason for this shape, and the substantial bulk and weight that goes with this construction, is the way in which a ray of light passes through the prism assembly. It looks like this diagram at left. In a roof prism binocular, the prisms are dovetailed in such a way that the axis of sight forms a straight line. In accomplishing that, it was possible to reduce significantly the size and weight of binoculars of any given power. Or, conversely, with this advanced construction, you can pack a whole lot more power and performance into a binocular of any given size and weight.



Standard "hippy" prisms.



Dovetailed prisms.

But there are many other advantages to roof prism binoculars, as compared to standard binoculars, besides the economies in bulk and weight. Here are some of the most important:

• Image quality is substantially improved over the entire area of the visual field. • Luminosity is greatly enhanced. • Resolving power is substantially sharpened. • Viewing area is much increased. • Chromatic correction is brought to near perfection.

So, quite obviously, the development of the roof prism binocular was a great improvement, you might even call it a "breakthrough." But there was one thing very wrong with it: German roof prism binoculars were so expensive that almost nobody could afford them. They were something for the super rich.

THE RESOURCEFUL JAPANESE MADE ROOF PRISMS PRACTICAL.

That's where the resourceful Japanese made their move. They had already established a great tradition in optical excellence. They had bested their German teachers in microscopes, telescopes, and 35mm cameras. So now they directed their talents to the further improvement of roof prism binoculars. One of Japan's finest optical designers developed a line of roof prism binoculars that in mechanical detail and optical performance compares favorably with its German prototype.

We introduced these superb binoculars in the United States and distribute them in this country. Our customers quickly nicknamed them *Slim Jims*. The name is appropriate and it stuck. It expresses well the slimness of the lines and the elegance of the styling.

Slim Jims are "8x21" binoculars. People often ask us what the numbers mean. "8" refers to the magnification. It means that everything looks eight times as large as it would through the naked eye, or that it looks as though you were eight times closer. "21" is the diameter of the objective lenses in millimeters. It is a measure of luminosity and of ability to view under poor light conditions. Lightweight *8x21 Slim Jims* are the perfect binoculars for almost any activity and for almost any viewing condition.

Slim Jims are so small that they fit easily in your coat pocket, and they weigh just 9 ozs. Yet they pack the "optical wallop" of binoculars twice their size. This is made possible by the advanced technology of roof prisms.

Slim Jims, as a result of their superb roof prism construction, are small and light. They measure only 4x3" and weigh just 9 ozs. You can slip them into your pocket or purse. And you'll use them for all occasions when you want to see things really well and close up — in the theater, in the great outdoors, and for any sports event.

YOU GET EVERY QUALITY FEATURE.

Here are some of the quality features that you will get with *8x21 Slim Jims Binoculars:*

• Rugged construction, sealed against dust and moisture. • All optical precision elements are hard-coated for maximum light transmission and for protection against scratches. • Chromatic correction is perfect. • Absolute planarity (absence of "pincushion" and "doughnut") and perfect alignment. • Superb resolving power and contrast. • Center focus, with diopter adjustment. • Fold-back rubber eyecups give maximum viewing angle to eyeglass wearers. • Amazing wide-angle field of 366 feet at 1,000 yards.

ALL THIS AT AN UNBELIEVABLE PRICE.

The best surprise, perhaps, about *Slim Jims* is the price. In performance, construction, and appearance, *Slim Jims* can hold their own with their German counterparts. Yet, *Slim Jims* cost only $99, less than a third of what you would have to pay for an equivalent pair of German roof prism binoculars. This low price is made possible by the superb production and control technology of the Japanese manufacturer, by the large production runs, and by the fact that we import these binoculars directly and sell them directly to you, the ultimate user. We eliminate approximately three levels of profit. But there is not the slightest compromise with quality. *Slim Jims 8x21* are as good as any roof prism binoculars you can buy — at any price!

$99

You can buy *8x21 Slim Jims* with full confidence. Order them today and use them for one full month. Take them to the theater, to any sports event, and to the great outdoors. Decide for yourself whether they are not everything we promised you — the most thrilling viewing experience, the greatest optical buy. If you don't think so, pack them up and return them to us in the same box we sent them in. Your refund check or your bankcard credit will be issued to you within 48 hours. That is a promise! So you can try these superb binoculars without any risk at all. But order them today! There are so many wonderful things to look at, so much to see, so many sparrows and other birds to observe, and so much else to enjoy. Why should you deprive yourself of all that visual adventure for even another day?

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ANN KIEMEL: RUNNING TO WIN SOULS

This 34-year-old Christian writer-speaker is running as if thousands of souls depended on it. . .and they may.

by Holly Miller

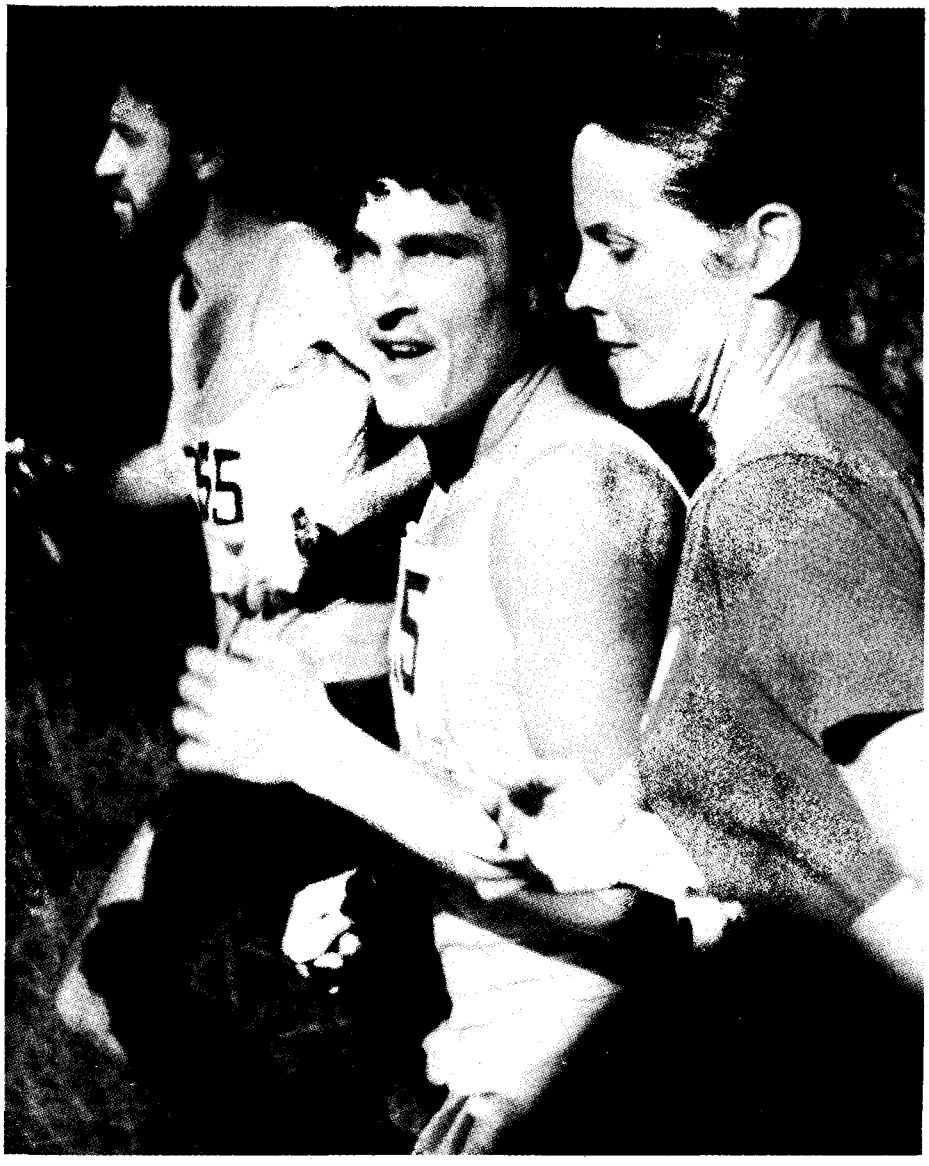
A few years ago when Ann Kiemel announced in her pleasantly squeaky, Sandy Duncanesque voice that she was out to change the world, people thought she was. . .well, *cute.*

And they were right. With hair cropped short around her shiny freckled face, she had enough determination to underwrite the tallest dreams and excess energy to fuel the impossible journey toward them. But no one—not even this born-again product of a Nazarene college—could change the world. Or could she?

Today, at age 34, Ann is more attractive and more determined than ever. Her dreams are still astronomical in size, but when she talks about them, people listen. Tens of thousands each year. Not only are her seven books phenomenal best sellers in the religious marketplace, but a feature-length film on her ministry (*Hi! I'm Ann*) is currently being shown around the country, and she is in such demand as a guest speaker that an airplane often seems more like home than does her Boston apartment.

"I fly every week of my life," she groans. "It's not unusual for me to board seven or eight flights a week. It's hard work, but I believe in my message and know if I don't travel, it won't be communicated as often or as warmly as if I'm right there in person."

Her format is simple: Without benefit of a typewritten speech or a single notecard, she faces capacity crowds across the country and mesmerizes them with her sensitivity and warmth. Sometimes she tells of her early years as daughter of a Nazarene missionary growing up in Hawaii with a brother and twin sister. She recalls the feelings of insecurity at being a rather plain, fair-skinned Christian in a neighborhood of beautifully exotic natives who shared neither her heritage nor her religion. Often she recounts the frugal days of college, made possible only through the aid of scholarships, grants and a job in the cafeteria lunch line. She might touch on her two years as a teacher in Kansas City, her tour of duty as a church youth director and a five-



Ann Kiemel (right), already a noted speaker, author, and movie subject, has added marathon running to her varied roles. "I think it's done more for my self-esteem," she says, "than anything I've ever done."

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year career as the country's youngest college dean of women. Her speeches are never limited to the past, however, and she always includes experiences from last week or anecdotes about the people she met only yesterday.

"My text is my life. There's a basic kind of feeling about it. I usually open with, 'Hi, I'm Ann. I'm one simple, young woman, and I live in a world of hurt and pain and fear and indifference, but I live with my back straight and my head high and with a giant of a God in me. Jesus and I and love are out to change the world.' Then I begin to share human experiences and some of my own human struggles of how I've tried to be a good Christian. My talks change all the time because experiences change."

Home base is Boston, where she rejuvenates herself by spending as much time as possible with her neighbors, keeping in touch with their cares and concerns. She never lets the pressures of her fast-paced "public" life bite into the hours of being just Ann, the nice girl down the street. She knows that thousands of people read her books and stand in line to hear her speak because they can relate to her. She's one of them. She makes the same mistakes they do, has the same problems and stumbles just as often. Her special gift is that she can talk and write about her experiences in such a way that others can identify with them.

"It's important that I have tea with the maintenance men in my building, ice cream with the ghetto children and lunch with young mothers and businessmen, and that I really understand that the most important thing in my life is going home to be a real person, to live in a real neighborhood and to spend time, one on one, truly caring about my neighbors. I can't just stand on a platform telling people things they ought to be doing that I'm not doing myself. I can't talk only about things I did five years ago, or three years ago, and am no longer doing. I have to tell them about what is real in my life today."

Currently, one of her favorite topics of discussion is long-distance running, a sport she adopted

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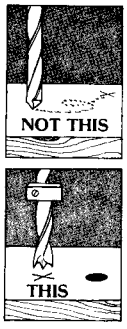

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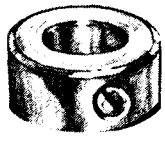

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as her own a year ago. Although she insists she was never an athlete before, she decided to become involved in running as a means to meet new people in her "world" and to bring her message to them. Again, her goals were enormous—to win souls, influence athletes and qualify for the Boston Marathon—but her approach was simple. She merely tumbled out of bed one morning, put on a pair of gym shoes, went outside and ran. From that day on she ran, no matter to which part of the country her speaking engagements took her and no matter how jammed her schedule was. In a year's time she'd run through rain, hail, sleet, snow and three marathon races, including the most famous, the Boston Marathon.

"I run ten miles every day. If my schedule is hectic, I'll get up at 4:30 a.m. if I have to, or I'll run at 10 at night. I know some athletes let running overpower their lives; it becomes the most important thing in the world to them. It can happen! I remember the first time someone told me I had natural athletic ability. Natural ability? Me? There I was: 34 years old and had been a motor moron all my life. I had never had praise in that area of my life, and it felt wonderful. I began to want to impress people with my newfound talent. But again, with Jesus at the center of my life, He helped me not to become overbalanced. He's my first priority."

By becoming a part of the athletic community, she's been able to take her ministry to people who might otherwise have never heard her message. Yes, she's won souls and influenced athletes, but she's also benefited from the experience in a personal way. She's learned the value of discipline and knows the feeling of contentment that comes from setting a tough goal and enduring pain, tears and blisters to accomplish it.

"I think it's done more for my self-esteem than anything I've ever done. More than writing books. More than addressing thousands of people. More than getting standing ovations. I think when you have discipline in your life in one area, it spills over into other areas as well. Pretty soon your whole life falls into better order. There's balance on every level—you become physically fit, you eat better foods and you even improve the quality of your spiritual life."

Solid proof of the physical benefits came during a recent stress test which Dr. Kenneth Cooper of the Dallas Aerobics Center conducted on Ann. Electrodes were placed on her body and she was instructed to hop aboard a treadmill which shifted to a steeper incline every minute. She was told that if she could endure the "walk" for 18 minutes, she would be among the top one percent of physically fit persons in the world. Some 24 minutes passed, and finally an amazed and impressed Dr. Cooper told her to step off the treadmill so he could check her pulse and heart rate. They were so even he admitted that she could have continued for several minutes more and probably would have broken a record.

"...and this is my wife. She kills all her own clothes."

Such high points—and the lows, too—are carefully documented in Ann's latest book, *I'm Running to Win*. Although it's an honest account of one woman's assault on the grueling world of long-distance running, it's so inspiring that the reader immediately wants to don Adidas and embark on a similar odyssey.

"It's written in journal form, beginning with the Boston Marathon of '79 and continuing to the Boston Marathon of '80. I explain why I decided to start running and all I went through to qualify for Boston. It's really a blood-and-guts book. When I read the finished manuscript, I burst into tears because I remembered how hard it was. The message is one of faithfulness—that being faithful is hard work and dreams can only live through determined people who not only carry a grandiose dream with them, but who are willing to carry it out, day after day after day, and are determined not to give up."

Such grandiose dreams are common baggage for Ann. She's been carrying them for years. Her original goal of changing the world is still with her, although now she's running, not just walking, toward it. She knows exactly who she is, what her talents are and how she can best use them to make her world a little bit better.

"I'm incredibly determined; it's hard to knock me down. I have a very strong will; I'm intense, but I enjoy life. I believe that one small person plus a great God can change the world. I don't just say that, I *believe* it. A total commitment can make an enormous mark on the world, and I'll go down yelling that message out: Don't give up; hang on to your dream!"

And what about *her* dreams? Where would she like to be in, say, five years? She claims she doesn't care.

"Today is all I have. I have no guarantees for tomorrow. I'm held accountable for today, and nothing I've done yesterday or at any time in the past is good enough for today. I don't need to worry about tomorrow."

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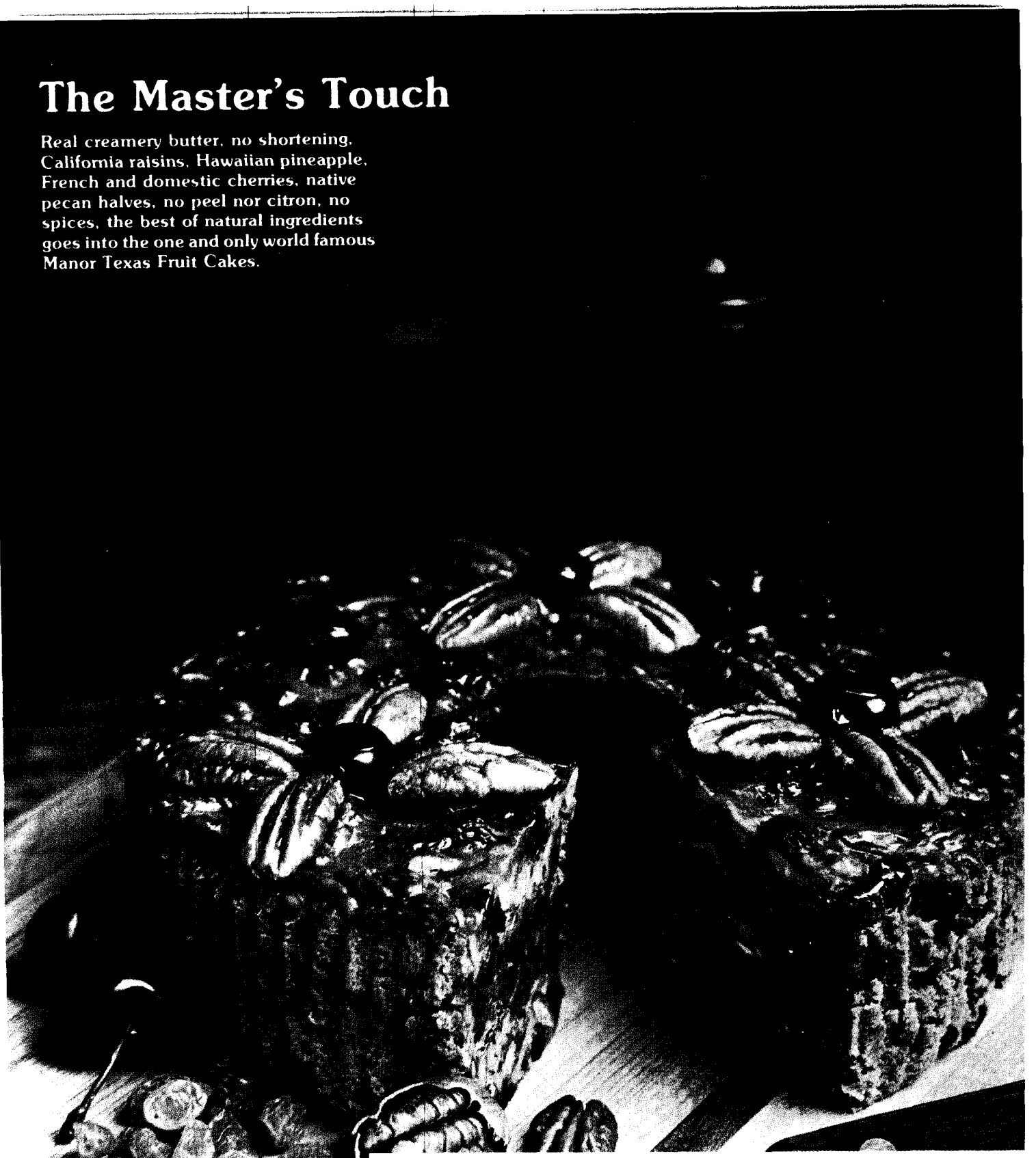

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PLANELY SPEAKING

When you fly the tender loving skies, you may find that an airport by any other name is still an ORDeal.

by Mark Russell

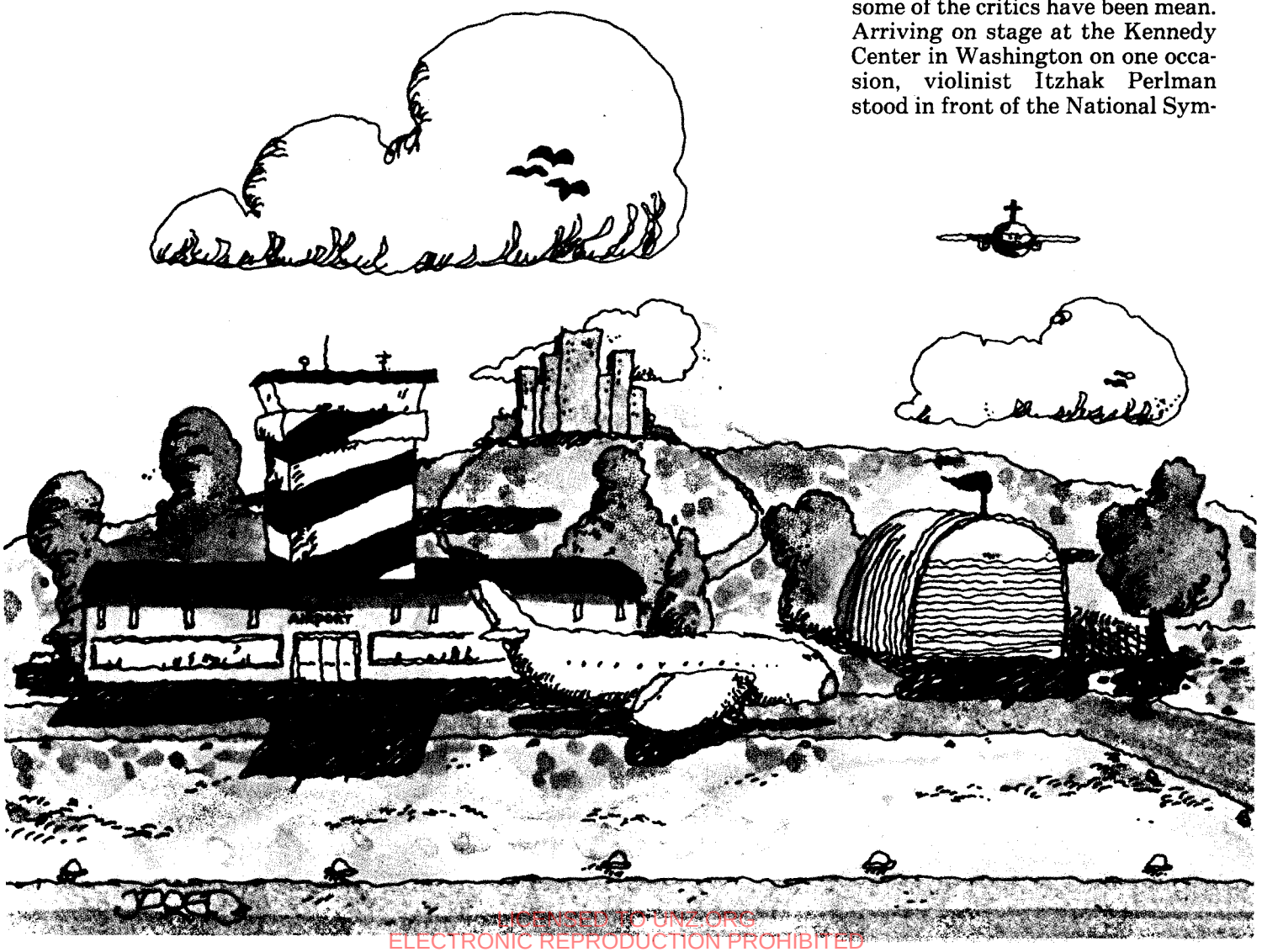
Illustrated by Jared Lee

We hope you understand why we must overbook flights. If we don't overbook, the hotels can't overbook.
—Airline Reservation Clerk

Having had a long love affair with aviation, I would rather not dwell on the fact that there are suitcases down there in the luggage compartment with Amelia Earhart's name on them. I honestly enjoy air travel, and I am at home in most airports.

Every once in a while on the late, late show, in movies made back in the '40s, you can catch a glimpse of America's first busy terminal—at least by '40s standards—LaGuardia Field. Known today, of course, simply as LaGuardia, New York's LaGuardia Field consisted of a modest terminal smaller than the average bus depot of today, decorated in the art-deco style of the time. In the movies, you could see William Powell running to greet Myrna Loy as she alighted from a twin-engine antique with aproned wheels, as a stewardess wearing a necktie, severe padded shoulders and a Joan Crawford hairdo waved goodbye. Anyone going in or out of LaGuardia was always a millionaire; in those movies, the taxi (readily available, driven by a smiling cabbie wearing a wicker hat, unprotected by a bulletproof divider) would always deliver Myrna and William to a penthouse apartment inhabited by servants and white telephones.

Present-day LaGuardia Airport, in the minds of millions of air travelers, is synonymous with the Eastern Airline shuttle between New York and Washington. Say what you will about the Eastern shuttle, *somebody* has to run an hourly service between these two citadels of fancy finagling. But some of the critics have been mean. Arriving on stage at the Kennedy Center in Washington on one occasion, violinist Itzhak Perlman stood in front of the National Sym-



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phony Orchestra dressed in jeans and a yellow sport shirt. The audience, immediately understanding his excuse for not being properly dressed, roared its approval when Perlman yelled out but two words—"Eastern shuttle!"

There are separate nations within our country. One is called ORD. ORD is, for some reason that escapes me, the airlines' baggage ticket code name for Chicago's O'Hare Airport.

ORD is a land unto itself. As the world's busiest airport, it has more human beings gathered within its confines at any given time than many a town does. ORD should have a mayor and city council, because it already has a police department, fire department, church, hotels, restaurants, bars and even a zoo, which best describes the hordes of transients jamming the terminal itself.

There are a few interesting diversions available to the weary traveler passing through the land of ORD. One of them is to go upstairs to the mezzanine balcony that overlooks the American ticket counters below. This is the one place in the entire complex where one can shut out the noise, because the glassed-in balcony is completely soundproof. That there is this vantage place over a troubled world confirms my theory that God is alive and is standing on the balcony in O'Hare Airport.

An eerie wind blows constantly over two rural mountaintop airports which, although hundreds of miles apart, are identical. They are the tiny airports serving Greenbriar, West Virginia, and Vail, Colorado. These places are worlds away from O'Hare or LaGuardia. Amid complete isolation, one man makes the coffee, processes your ticket, checks your luggage, carries it out to the plane, pulls out the wheel chocks before take-off; and after the plane leaves, I assume, he returns to his chair on the front porch of the terminal to whittle on a piece of wood. In going in and out of fields such as these, the modern-day traveler comes about as close as he can to the barnstorming days of aviation's infancy.

A few airports, displaying a certain pride, will feature something of distinction that sets them apart from others. There are some that, even though situated deep in the nation's interior, call themselves "international" airports. They may, of course, qualify for such a global classification because of a weekly mail run coming up from Juarez, but whenever I see signs such as "Welcome to the Enid, Oklahoma, International Airport," I always suspect that they achieved the status by serving English muffins in the coffee shop.

Tampa, Florida, has an airport where easy traveling is something they care about; a convenient little

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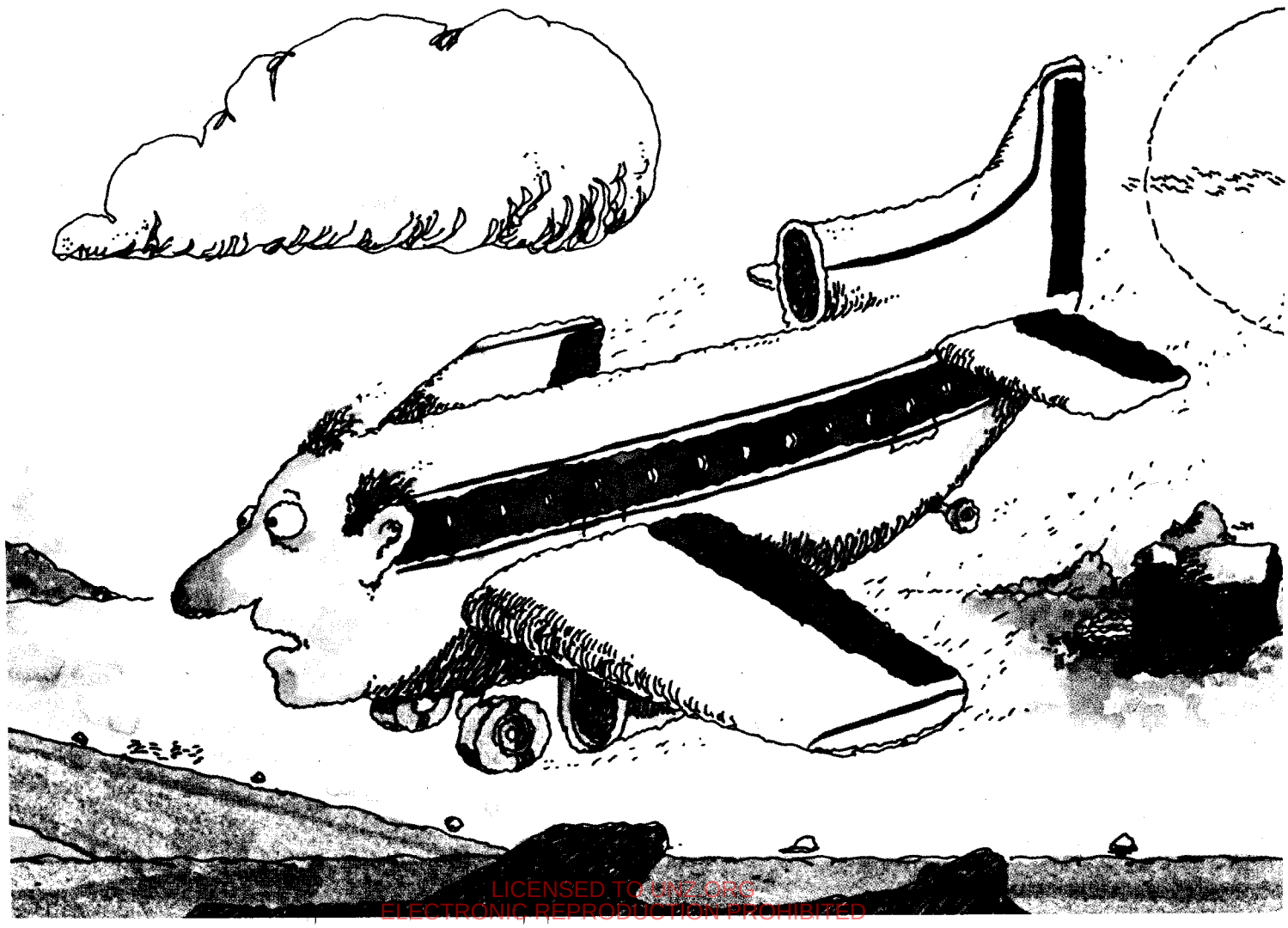

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THE MAN INSIDE ED ASNER

A behind-the-scenes look at the man behind Lou Grant that the TV cameras can't reveal.

by Don Freeman

We are seated at a table in Le Serre, which is a first-class French restaurant a short drive from CBS Studio Center out in the San Fernando Valley where the "Lou Grant" series is filmed. It is a homey restaurant that Ed Asner favors when he isn't facing the cameras as Lou Grant, the tough but compassionate city editor of the mythical Los Angeles *Tribune*.

Ed looks terrific in his gray slacks and stylish blue-and-yellow striped polo shirt, a man of substantial bulk with his bare arms as muscular as a steam fitter's. He has declined the hot, oven-fresh, marvelously crusty French bread—the gesture is a reluctant concession to what passes for a diet—but he is laying waste to the poached salmon nestled in a piquant sauce. He eats with the relish of a man whose enjoyment of good food is a deeply sensual pleasure. His mood is buoyant, the conversation lighthearted.

Just about then, a woman hesitantly approached the table. She introduced herself. Few actors are more polite to autograph seekers than Ed Asner. But she has no pen, no autograph book.

"Mr. Asner," she says, "I just feel that I should thank you for the quality of honesty that shines through your work."

Ed beamed and shook her hand. "Thank you," he said. "Thank you so very much. I can't tell you how much I appreciate those words."

As quickly as she had materialized at the table, the woman was gone, but her words seemed to linger, hovering pleasantly. *The quality of honesty that shines through your work.*

Ed was silent momentarily. Then he smiled, almost wistfully. "I can accept a compliment now," he said. "There was a time when I couldn't. But I've changed, I've grown, I've come out of myself. And much of that I owe to one thing—therapy."

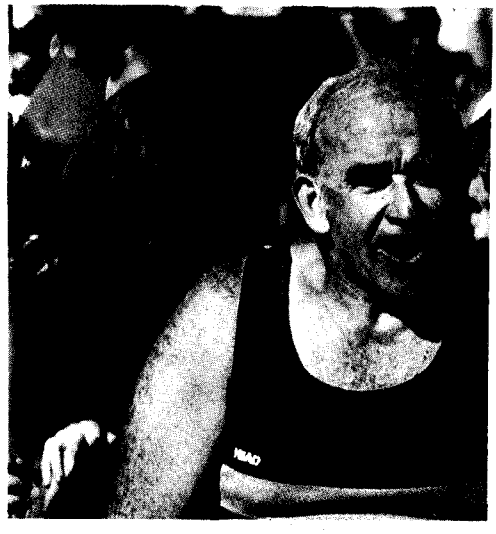
Therapy? The term runs counter to the very image of this man—the strength, the apparent inner resolve and self-assurance that his Lou Grant characterization has reflected for the last decade. Then one realizes that there is a human being behind the actor, and complexity and human frailty, too—and, most important, the strength to admit to that frailty.

"For about the last four years," Ed is saying now, "I've been seeing a therapist—a psychiatrist—and the demons inside of me are being stilled. We were having severe domestic problems—me, my wife Nancy and the three kids. I would go into screaming rages with them over little things. I would hate myself for being so devoted to my work and giving so little time to my family. I had fears, doubts, insecurities, a lot of pain. No amount of professional success could alter that. Finally, we went to a therapist for joint sessions, Nancy and me. It was our way of saying that our marriage and our children were important enough to really work at our relationship. We had to fight the emotional chaos of our lives."

After a time, Ed began going alone to the therapist—three times a week at first, now down to one visit a week. "I verbalized the nastiness of my real life," Ed says. "Family counseling had taken me only so far. Now I had to strike out on my own, because I have known a lot of paranoia. And I had a lot of temper. People tell me the temper is lessened, but I'll always take temper over paranoia—feelings of persecution which I don't think were total fantasy."

Even therapy instigated its fears. "I was afraid of making therapy a crutch," Ed says. "I rationalized that as long as I wasn't hurting anyone else I could stand the hurt myself. But then I realized that I *was* hurting others, the people dearest to me. I was also fearful of losing the magic of my acting. I didn't want to pull back the calluses and find some monsters underneath.

"As it turned out," Ed says with a rueful grin, "the fear of therapy was the biggest monster of all. But the damned therapist would drive me nuts. He'd sit there silently, waiting for me to say something—waiting, waiting. Finally, I had to talk. I had to let it all out, and when I would put up buffers to revealing myself—the way we do to sidestep the truth—he would insert the right word, the key to unlock what was hidden deep inside of me. Gradually, I began to find myself



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in a much better emotional place. I don't let the monsters into the gates anymore. What I have now is a good feeling about myself, my work, my family. I have security, a contentment that doesn't come from material things but from inside."

Did the therapist help his characterization of Lou Grant? Ed pondered the question. He nodded slowly. "In the first year of the show," he said, "I was getting all kinds of advice. We were constantly afraid the show was going into the dumper. We faced cancellation every week. We were stumbling. One day at therapy, I mentioned the agonies of what was happening, my career potentially going down the drain. 'I don't know why you grimace so much,' the therapist said to me. Oh boy, another critic! The key word was 'grimace.' Well, I had to admit he was right. I was trying to be the comedy figure that Lou Grant used to be on the 'Mary Tyler Moore Show' but without a studio audience to laugh at us. I stopped trying to be a comic figure. I grimaced less and less. And more and more, I became Lou Grant."

Ed Asner's metamorphosis from the comedy figure in **The Mary Tyler Moore Show** *to the Emmy-winning characterization of Lou Grant included four years of psychiatric sessions.*

The role of Lou Grant holds a special meaning for Ed Asner. Several years ago, when Ed received an Emmy award for his portrayal, he concluded his acceptance speech with: "Most of all, I want to thank Lou Grant for being me."

But Lou Grant is actually, in part, someone else. As Ed talks about his boyhood in Kansas City, Kansas, he dwells at length on an immigrant junk dealer, a man of great strength and resolve and shafts of sly humor. There are hints, as Asner summons up recollections, that in Morris David Asner lay the wellspring for the grumpy news director of that Minneapolis TV station on the "Mary Tyler Moore" series who would later return to his beloved print journalism as the wise, crusty city editor out in California.

"Is Lou Grant your father?" I asked.

Asner nodded. "Yes," he said. "Yes, in essence. My father had some of the sharp but benevolent quality of fun and teasing that Lou Grant has. My father had Lou Grant's healthy skepticism. He could be hard-boiled but also, like Lou Grant, poetic and romantic. My father had the same strong sense of morality and idealism.

"But Lou Grant is a creation of fiction. It's me, because I am my father's son, but it's also me as an actor fleshing out this creation, drawing on memories of people I may have known."

Asner remembers a boss, for example, that he had when he was a kid working for a drugstore in Kansas City. "I was about 13, and one time I pedaled my bike up a mile-high hill to deliver beer to some lady. It was a very hot day. I asked her why she didn't order her beer from another drugstore that was just around the corner from her house. When I left, she got on the phone and told my boss what I had said. He hollered at me and called me a 'dumb kid.' I think he was the first Lou Grant I ever met."

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Another rush of memory prompts this recollection: "When my father died in his 80s, my brother Labe took over the junk business, which is the business my parents wanted me to go into after I bombed out of college. It's a great business, dealing with steel and metal—the manly things of brawn and sweat.

"Instead," he continued, "I became an actor, and there were always certain tangled cords of guilt within me. My parents didn't discourage me, but an actor is not really what they wanted their youngest son to be. I remember some time ago I called my mother long distance to tell her I got an acting role I wanted badly. I told her about it, and I was very excited, and she was excited for me. Then she said, 'I just want you to know that we were wrong—and we are glad.'"

At Wyandotte High School in Kansas City, Ed Asner served as feature-page editor of the school's newspaper, the *Wyandotte Pantagraph*. "One day, I went to the teacher who was adviser for our paper," Ed says. "Overcome by all the glamour of the job I held, I said to him, 'I'd like to become a journalist.' He said, 'Don't do it.' And I said, 'Why not?' And he said, 'Because you can't make a living working on a newspaper.' So instead, I became an actor and starved."

He discovered acting in a curious way. "We were an Orthodox Jewish family, and there was a lot of anti-Semitism around. My brothers were always being beaten up by schoolmates. But as the youngest, I was always protected—overprotected, smothered by protection. My family's anxieties and fears were projected onto me. 'Watch out. Be careful. Stay away from those *goyim*.' I became completely unsure of myself, and I had no sense of identity. There was only one place I felt good and that was acting in Sunday school plays, pretending to be someone else, someone I wasn't."

Ed enjoyed playing football, and he was named to the all-city team as a tackle. He braved the taunts of his football teammates by enrolling in a school radio class in which he acted in weekly programs on a local station. "What I loved about radio," he says, "is that I could act without being seen. I had very little respect for my looks, but with my voice alone I could fulfill all my fantasies."

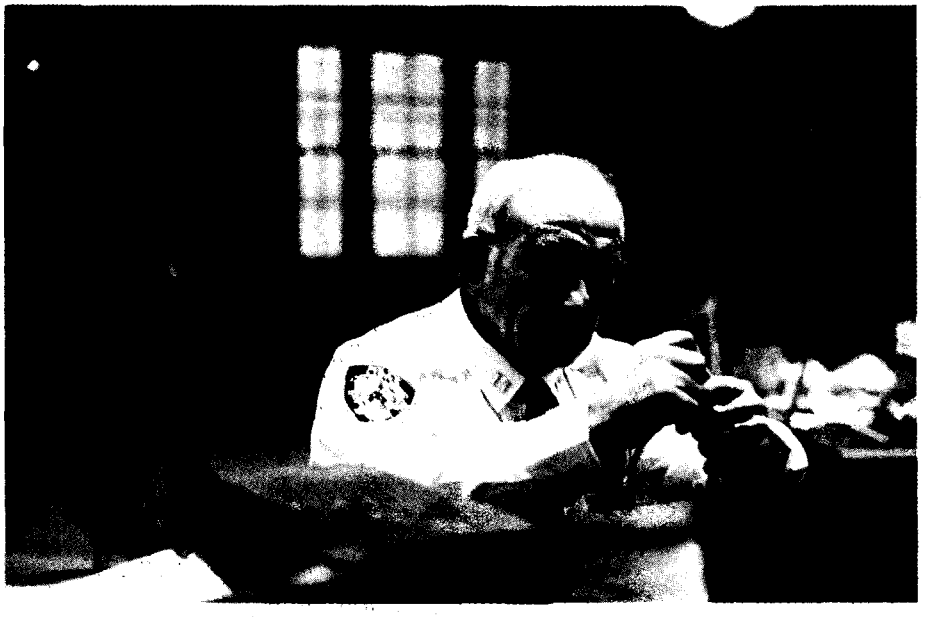
At the University of Chicago, he made his stage debut as Thomas à Becket in a campus production of T.S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral," and he performed in Yeats' "Purgatory," which was also the first stab at directing for another raw newcomer, Mike Nichols. After two years, he dropped out, knocking about in a variety of jobs.

In 1951, Asner was drafted into the army and was shipped to France with the Signal Corps. Always fond of sports, he managed an army basketball team that became the second highest-ranked service team in Europe. Soon after his discharge, he joined the newly formed Playwrights' Theater Club in Chicago. Over the next two years, he appeared in 26 plays, working again with Mike Nichols. Zohra Lampert, Tom O'Horgan and Barbara Harris were also in the troupe.

By 1955, Asner was in New York, where he was tapped for the cast of an off-Broadway production of Bertolt Brecht's "The Three-Penny Opera." He remained in the show for nearly three years, with a salary of $65 a week, and found occasional work on local television. His Broadway debut came in "Face of a Hero," starring Jack Lemmon. The play ran for only a month. Meanwhile, Asner appeared at the Shakespeare festival at Stratford, Connecticut, and the New York Shakespeare Festival's Central Park productions. He also met and later married Nancy Lou Sykes, a literary agent. Despite the difference in religious backgrounds—she was raised an Episcopalian—the marriage has endured for 21 years. Their children—the twins, Matthew and Liza, now 16, and Kate, 12—have been raised in the Jewish faith.

In the spring of 1961, the Asners moved to Hollywood, where Ed's career flowered in a variety of TV-series roles, such as "The Naked City," "Slattery's People," "Medical Center," "Name of the Game," "Mod Squad" and "Ironside," among others. He was spotted by Grant Tinker, who was then Mary Tyler Moore's husband, playing a foul-tempered police chief in a TV movie called "Doug Selby, D.A." Tinker, whose company was about to produce a new series known as the "Mary Tyler Moore Show," sensed that Asner might be well-cast as the irascible news director, Lou Grant.

"As soon as I read my first 'Mary Tyler Moore' script, I knew who Lou Grant was," Asner says.



Under therapy, Ed Asner unlocked what was hidden deep within. "I soon had a good feeling about myself, my work and my family," he says. . . "a contentment that comes not from material things but from inside."

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"I wanted very much to become that man—this tough, hard-drinking ex-newspaperman who had gone into television but whose heart still grandly reminisced about the good old days on the Detroit *Free Press*. When I read for the role, I fumed and hollered, and the producers, Allan Burns and Jim Brooks, laughed. Nobody—nobody!—had ever laughed before at my fuming and hollering. What they saw was something I had never pictured myself as—a funny boss."

For Ed Asner, the avenue was new, uncharted. Before encountering Lou Grant, a comedy character, Ed was known mainly as a villain of fearful menace. "I used to attack those heavy roles with firmness and savagery," Ed says. "I had never been terribly interested in comedy. When you've got this sinister look I've got and the bulky build, you tend to play a lot of heavies—rotten guys who snarl a lot. I was very good at snarling. Comedy was not a part of my acting life."

With all of the funny antagonisms he created, Asner was the perfect Lou Grant; the wonder was, in view of his success on the "Mary Tyler Moore Show," that his brushes with comedy had been so infrequent. Bouncing off Ted Knight, playing the peacock anchorman, Ted Baxter, as the strutting emperor of dim-witted egomania, Asner developed the most eloquent slow burn since Edgar Kennedy was practicing that noble art in the old movies.

They were rewarding years, with critical acclaim and various awards, including an assortment of Emmys. He played other roles, among them the embittered German immigrant, Axel the baker, in the TV adaptation of Irwin Shaw's *Rich Man, Poor Man*. The reviewer for *Variety* commented about Asner's portrayal: "His power and emotional shadings made the other performances seem shallow and mechanical."

"It was a jewel, that role," Asner says. "I think I'd have driven a team of horses over people just to do it. Yet a strange thing happened. After six years of 'Mary Tyler Moore,' people saw me in 'Rich Man, Poor Man,' and they said, 'I didn't know Asner could act.' Very strange."

A year later, Asner added another impressive performance in "Roots," the miniseries based on Alex Haley's book, playing the bedeviled captain of the slave ship that carried Kunta Kinte and the other captive Africans to America. And in a TV film biography, he portrayed the Louisiana politician, Huey Long, who was murdered in 1935. Critic Harriet Van Horne wrote: "Asner grows into the part, builds it, varies it with bravura touches and sudden stabbing insights."

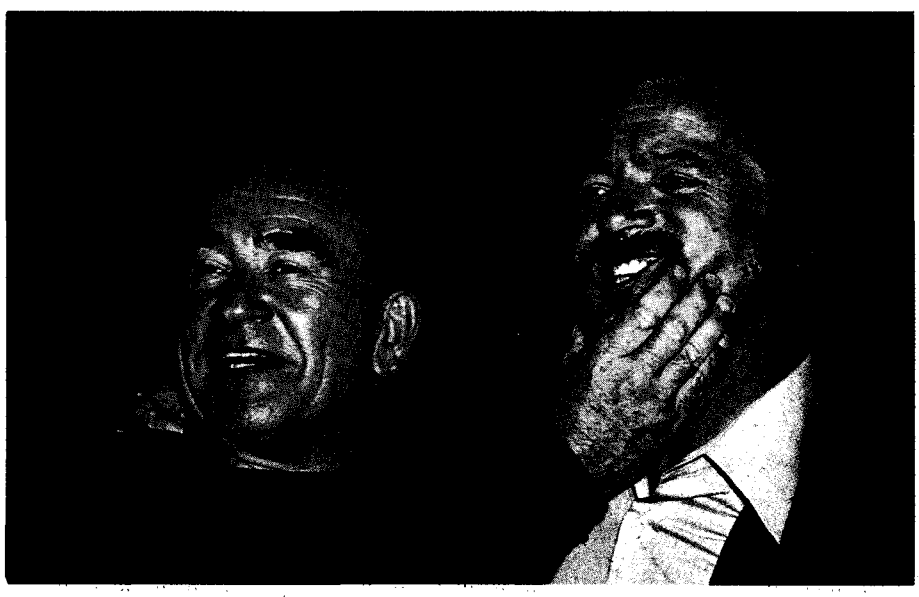
The triumphant seven-year run of the "Mary Tyler Moor Show" ended with an episode telecast on March 19, 1977, in which Lou Grant, along with other series regulars, was cashiered from his job as chief of the WJM-TV newsroom. A bizarre conclusion, perhaps, but it enabled Asner to move logically into a new locale, Los Angeles, and a new job, which spurred Karl E. Meyer, the *Saturday Review* TV critic, to note: "He seems more at home as city editor of the *Tribune* than in his old job as the producer of a television news program in Minneapolis. It seems clear that Grant is a print journalist and was only a temporary exile in the land of tubes."

On the "Lou Grant" set, a remarkably accurate reproduction of a modern big-city newspaper, Asner is the warmly benevolent *paterfamilias*. If there is a birthday, he provides the cake and enlivens the festivities. "We all look up to him," says Nancy Marchand, who plays Mrs. Pynchon, owner of the paper. "He cares about people. He isn't some vain actor always checking himself in the mirror every five minutes. He is a star, but he is, foremost, a man without pretense."

Recently, while he was in New York filming a movie, Ed was dining with his wife in another favorite French restaurant. A visiting California newspaperman and an ABC television reporter noticed Asner and elected to send their respects to the city editor of the Los Angeles *Tribune*. They summoned a waiter and gave him their business cards and a note which read: "As fellow professionals, we admire your work."

Asner read the note and his features erupted into a huge grin. He wrote a note in return: "Dear fellow professionals, thank you very much. Won't you please join us for an after-dinner liqueur?"

The compliment from the two newsmen was important to Ed Asner, but it was just as important, in winning the battle over his inner demons, that he could accept it now and that he could respond to it with the grace and style of a man he greatly admires—namely, Lou Grant.



Devotion to his work robbed Ed Asner (shown earlier this year with singer Robert Goulet) of time he should have spent with his family. To fight the resulting chaos, he began sessions with a therapist.

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THE CHRISTMAS WINDOW

It was only a star on a rooftop, but through the window it became Bethlehem's message of faith for the little girl in braces.

by Jim and Allan Bosworth

Illustrated by George Garland

After everybody but the janitor had gone home, Johnny Greer sat at his typewriter and gazed for ten minutes without punching a key. Outside was San Francisco, softened by a thin drifting fog that blurred the street lamps. The bells of St. Patrick's chimed "Silent Night, Holy Night," but Johnny heard only the surly undertone of traffic beneath the windows, where drivers forgot that Christmas Eve is a time of good will even toward other drivers. Inside was the *Evening Gazette* city room, a long and cluttered space permeated by that odor which is popularly supposed to get into a man's blood—the smell of printer's ink.

Johnny's nostrils failed to quiver at the scent, because he was an old and disillusioned hand. Six evenings a week, with tongue in cheek, he turned out a column called "A Line of Cheer From Johnny Greer." It was full of corn and platitudes and Pollyanna philosophy. Thousands who read it pictured Johnny as rotund and jolly, benevolent and wise.

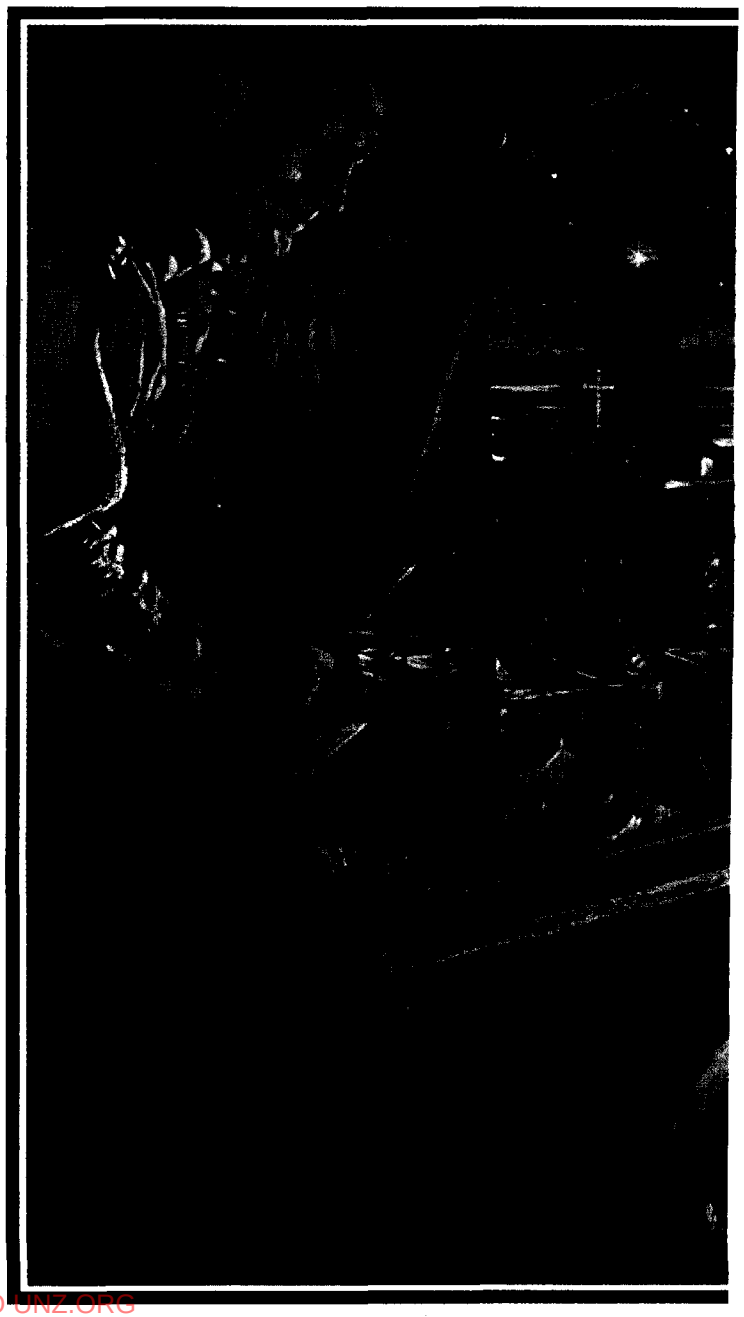
They were very wrong. He was a lean and cadaverous man, grown cynical in a profession noted for cynicism and given to grouches. What wisdom he had was a shrewd, hard kind, learned in a hard way. The column, therefore, was intellectually dishonest. It was a living, but Johnny hated it. Tonight he could afford to dislike it more than ever. He had just come from a barroom meeting with Big Bill Carnahan, a building contractor with political aspirations. Over three highballs, Carnahan had offered Johnny the job of handling his mayoralty campaign, and there was to be further discussion that evening at Carnahan's home.

Drinks made Johnny garrulous, but a man can't be garrulous alone. He saw Dominick wheel a cleaning truck into the far end of the room and begin sweeping briskly; and he speculated idly on Dominick's way of life and how many voters like the little man it would take to put Carnahan into office. Then he sighed and rolled paper into his typewriter.

Tomorrow's piece had to be written. A Christmas column. He could look back on seven Christmas columns, and, before that, on twice seven years on rewrite desks. Working every Christmas to grind out pap about Yuletide cheer and jolly old St. Nick. Writing salivary salutes to roast turkey and plum pudding and yelling, "Boy! Run over to Dinty's and get me a hot dog with mustard!"

He stared at the unsullied paper and took time out to examine a stack of mail. It was mainly Christmas cards. He pitched them unopened at the nearest wastebasket. "A damned commercial racket!" he muttered, and then sat up straight. Why not? For once, why not drop the Pollyanna role and write what he thought? The managing editor would see it in galley proofs tomorrow. If he didn't like it, he knew what he could do.

He bent over the typewriter and was oblivious of



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Dominick, who moved nearer industriously. The lead took shape:

" 'Twas the night before Christmas, and up from the pressroom came three ink-stained retches—burp, burp and burp. Those succinct sentiments, translated into what a lot of solid citizens really think about Christmas, would——"

"Happy Christmas Eve, Mr. Greer!" a voice said.

Johnny looked up. Dominick had a thin, dark face and eyes that reminded him of a spaniel's.

"Dominick," Johnny said, "did you ever hear of Old Scrooge?"

"No," Dominick said respectfully.

"Well, he had something. I am about to write a column advocating organization of the OSS—Old Scrooge Society. All you have to do to join is to be sick and tired of Christmas. Just admit that it is a pagan custom, fast degenerating into a commercial racket, and you're in our lodge."

Dominick did not understand all the words, but he leaned on his broom and shook his head. "Oh, no, Mr. Greer!" he said earnestly. "Christmas is a fine, good, happy time. Last year was bad, yes. But now, it's justa fine!"

"Name one good reason," Johnny said.

"I gotta work," Dominick said simply. "Last Christmas I was very sick for a long time. No work, no money. No presents." His eyes showed how bad that was, and then he smiled. "What'sa matter, Mr. Greer? You gotta good job, too!"

Johnny laughed. "Dominick, you've been seeing movies. You don't realize that newspaper business is monotonous drudgery, and that only once in five or ten years does a good story—a really good story—come along. And you will be shocked to learn that the once-vaunted power of the press is no more. Look at the last election!"

"Yes," Dominick said, bewildered.

"Take my advice," said Johnny. "Don't work for a newspaper. Quit, like I'm going to do." He opened a drawer and produced a bottle that had been sent him by a press agent. "We'll drink, Dominick. Not to Christmas, which is a day I ignore, but to a new job. I am escaping from this shabby and ill-ventilated house of journalistic prostitution."

"I justa drink wine, Mr. Greer."

"This calls for stronger brew. Drink to next November and the race for mayor. Remember, the 'Man with the Plan is Carnahan!' "

Dominick took a token taste. "He's a good man?" he asked. "He's honest?"

"Let us be frank," Johnny said. "With me to help him, Carnahan can win. How'd you like a job sweeping out City Hall?"

"I like this job," Dominick said, emptying a wastebasket. "Mr. Greer, I got a big hurry. Excusa me. Giannina, she's waiting to see Christmas."

"If she's your wife, Dominick, don't let her give you a necktie."

"My wife, she'sa dead," Dominick said. "Giannina, she's my little girl."

"That's different," Johnny said hastily. "Well, I have to

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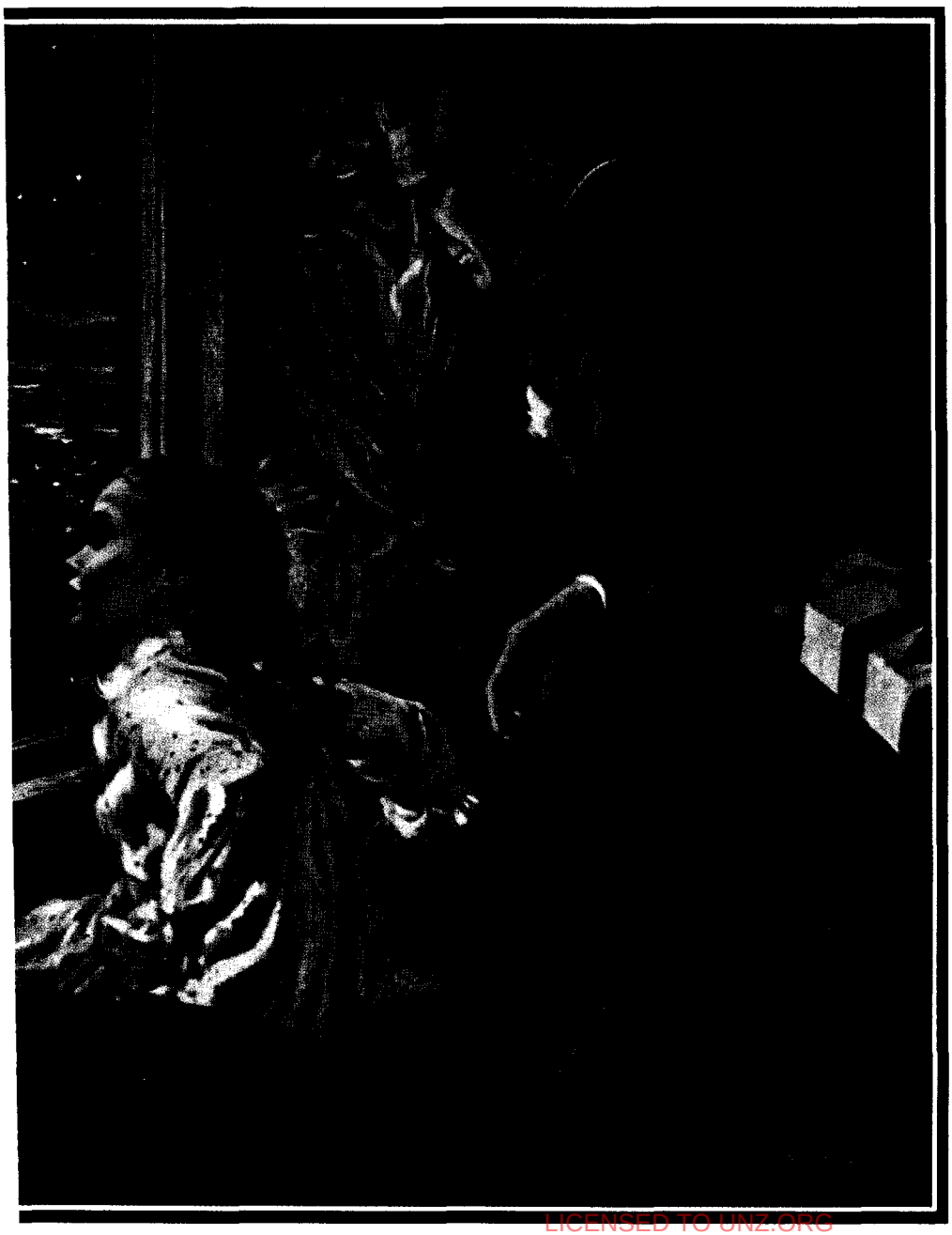
"It is beautiful," she said. "It is like the star the Wise Men followed."



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JERRY FALWELL'S MARCHING CHRISTIANS

Washington is taking note of Jerry Falwell and his army of followers—whose political clout is growing.

by Clint Confehr

America is taking notice of Lynchburg, Virginia's, Jerry Falwell—educator, pastor, conservative theologian. His voice is like a conscience, stern and strict, the embodiment of this nation's fundamentalist values. His "Moral Majority" has become a movement to contend with, an army of Christian voters demanding candidates who embody biblical morality as well as legislative finesse. Loved or hated, the one quality which does not describe Jerry Falwell is "ignored."

The first time I was in Lynchburg I asked a friend what made Lynchburg what it is. My friend, a radio news director there, gave a succinct reply. "Jerry Falwell," he answered.

Lynchburg is an antebellum industrial town of about 70,000 souls, more than a quarter of whom attend Falwell's Thomas Road Baptist Church. The slower life in the Southern community seems to lend itself to a strong neighborhood grapevine that supports a bumper crop of Falwell stories.

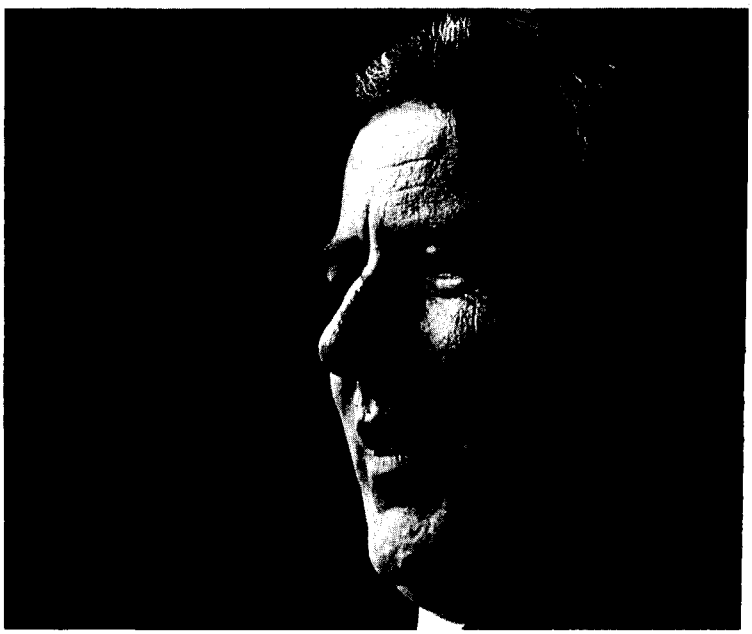
Among the first things people tell you are tales about the seemingly glaring contradictions of this man of the cloth. "Did you know his family money came from moonshine?"

Jim Moon is one of Falwell's long-time friends and partners. The local gossips love to claim Falwell and Moon were mischievous young men and that Falwell never would have taken an interest in church had his mother not believed he would be too lazy to get up and turn off the radio on Sunday mornings. The radio preacher then was Dr. Charles Fuller on the "Old-Fashioned Revival Hour."

A few perennial Falwell stories keep cropping up wherever you go in Lynchburg. While he did buy the 7-11 convenience store next to his church for right-of-way access and more office space, the story persists, despite emphatic denials by the church attorney, that it was because Falwell disapproved of the store's operation—complete with pinball machines and hang-out atmosphere. There is also a recurring tale about Falwell buying the teen-age rock and roll hall, Knight Gallery, in order to close it. He hasn't, and the disco that closed in town wasn't bought by Falwell either.

Whatever the stories—some true, some blatantly fictional—Jerry Falwell is a funny, personable, courageous human being who will always be plugged into the Lynchburg grapevine. But he is a serious man when it comes to his goals.

"We are crusading against abortion on demand, against pornography, against sex and violence on television and against attempts by the Internal Revenue Service to control religious schools," Falwell said in a public relations press release issued before he led a rally in Washington to "Clean Up America."



One of America's leading religious figures, evangelist Jerry Falwell believes that God will solve our economic crises—but only after we resolve our spiritual crisis by returning to time-honored fundamentalist values.

"This country is ready for a moral revolution."

The revolution can trace its roots to June of 1956, when Jerry Falwell, a recent graduate of the Springfield, Missouri, Baptist Bible College, returned to Lynchburg and, with 35 others, formed a church which has since grown to include "The Old-Time Gospel Hour;" the Liberty Baptist College and seminary/graduate school; the Lynchburg Christian Academy; the Treasure Island Summer Camp; the Elim Home for Alcoholics; the Transportation Ministry; the Jolly Sixties (for the elderly); the Hands of Liberty Deaf Department; and—of course—a Sunday school.

After the first year, the congregation numbered 864 members. In his book, *Capturing a Town for Christ,* Falwell writes: "The largest Sunday school since Pentecost is said to have met at Thomas Road Baptist Church on June 25, 1972, when 19,020 people assembled for the 16th anniversary of the church." For

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Falwell, saturation ministry is a daily creed. First and foremost, Jerry Falwell is a Christian—a pastor who wants to bring the world into Christ's fold.

But the evangelist has taken to politics and world affairs as well. He is determined to exercise his constitutional rights as an American citizen in a positive, effective way, mobilizing what he calls "The Moral Majority" to become politically active and politically aware. He reaches for the common denominator in American life and tells us to shape up and take charge again. A conservative, Falwell boasts a message that remains steadfast and constant: Vote for the man who stands with the Bible.

Falwell believes that the turmoil in this country is a direct result of our moral degeneracy, and he quotes from the book of Proverbs (14:34) to support his contention. "Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people."

Last year, Falwell launched a series of 50 "I Love America" rallies, one to be held in each of the state capitals. In Richmond, the rally resembled a thank-you visit for people who helped the church win exemption from state licensing of church day-care centers. In other state capitals, the rallies are opportunities for state leaders to become acquainted with the Christian school movement, which is growing by leaps and bounds and is one of the primary Falwell causes. "There were only 14 *hundred* Christian schools 18 years ago," Falwell smiles. "Now there are 14 *thousand.*"

Those who attend the rallies include Christian school students, other preachers, the public, the press and the political leaders in the cities where the rallies are held. They are reliable voters and, presumably, an influence on their neighbors.

These rallies are also a way of attacking America's spiritual crisis, a way to start getting our house in order so that God will solve America's energy crisis. According to Falwell, the energy shortage is "a direct result of a nation forgetting God." The Ayatollah Khomeini said last Christmas that the struggle between Iran and America was a war between Islam and paganism. Falwell argues that Christians have let the pagans run our country for too long.

"I certainly don't think God is finished with America. I'm optimistic about our future, but our spiritual awakening will precede the renaissance of American life," he explained one quiet afternoon in his second-floor office at the Lynchburg Academy.

Besides solving our spiritual crisis so that we may convince God to help us with the energy problem, where does Falwell think the battle lies? What should we be fighting?

"The legislation for homosexuality," says Kathleen Lind, liaison between Falwell and the youth groups in the Christian schools. "They're breaking up the family and teaching the kids to disrespect their parents. There are social workers who have taken children away from their parents without good reason."

Falwell is a traditionalist, too, in his views on faith healers. Cheryl Prewitt, Miss America of 1980, claims her left leg, which had been crushed in an auto accident, grew two inches because of prayer. The born-again former Miss America doesn't hide her faith in God and His power to heal. What does Falwell make of this phenomenon?

While not believing in faith *healers*, faith *healing* is another matter. "God can heal today as in biblical times," affirms Falwell. "But while I believe in divine healing, I do not believe in divine healers. It's not always the will of God to heal a person. If that were the case, no one would ever die. But there are instances where miraculous healing occurs with prayer."

Falwell's church on Thomas Road specializes in prayer, both on the premises and on the air. Daily prayer requests are received and distributed. The names range from the members of the church's audience to those of rock and roll stars and political figures.

But to Falwell, being a good Christian means more than just praying, whether the prayer is for healing, for guidance or just for something to happen to show the will of God. Falwell believes in taking steps, because it has long been said that the Lord helps those who help themselves.

Recently, some evangelists in Africa asked that he visit their continent. He did. On the way, he stopped to visit Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin to reassure him of America's support for the state of Israel.

Closer to home, another Falwell endeavor began when the Internal Revenue Service attempted to impose racial quotas on Liberty Baptist College and the Lynchburg Christian Academy, threatening to withdraw the tax-free status of those schools if they were not fully integrated. Falwell's schools *are* integrated, and the rule was rejected with the help of Virginia's Senator Harry Byrd.

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Shown here with his wife and three children, Rev. Falwell is a champion of the traditional American family, "which is essential," he says, "to our survival."

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SHOOTING TRAP

It may be open season for trapshooting, but at least the shooter doesn't come home with a mess of trap to be cleaned and cooked.

by Curt Smith

It is the oldest, most popular and fastest-growing shotgun sport, one in which clay discs are thrown at unexpected angles from a traphouse directly in front of the shooter—and in which targets, not animals, are struck down by guns.

It resembles basketball (the lead can shift recurrently within several minutes' span) and baseball (the timing needed to smash a moving target rivals a batter trying to hit a pitched ball).

Unlike either, though, it is predominantly participant—not spectator—inclined; last year more than 50,000 contestants were involved in registered tournaments on the North American continent, and an estimated ten times that number shot more informally, many of them at local clubs.

It, of course, is trapshooting, the sport—suggests Douglas T. House, president of the Amateur Trapshooting Association—"that requires a greater degree of skill and accuracy than any other. Where else do you aim repeatedly, pull the trigger and gun down objects hurtling through the air?"

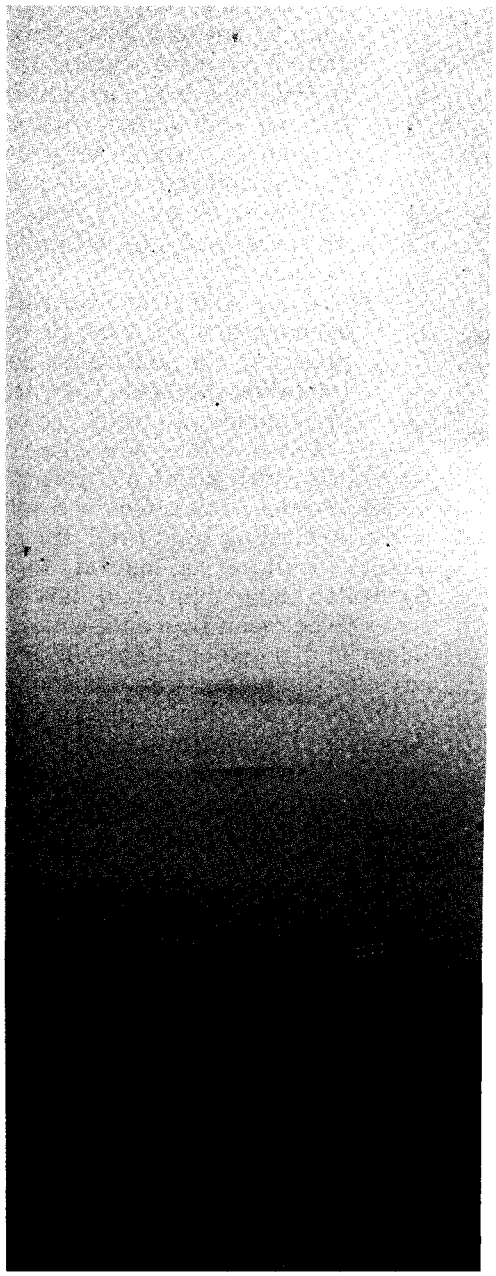
Though its popularity is relatively recent, the sport arose late in the 19th century, following a search for an inanimate, stable target that would simulate a bird in flight. Glass balls were tried late in the 1860s; some had feathers inside that drifted to the surface when hit. Tin targets were also used, but just as fragility hampered glass, so did erratic flight doom tin.

Ultimately, in 1882, George Ligowsky, an unknown Cincinnati machinist, created an inverted, saucer-shaped target. Composed of pitch and powdered limestone, accompanied by a trap from which to throw it, the target—legend vowed—was inspired by Ligowsky's children, who skipped seashells at Coney Island as their father watched. Returning to his shop, Ligowsky developed an object grounded upon similar principles of flight.

Utilizing Ligowsky's targets, registered shoots today form trapshooting's soul. Officially sanctioned by the ATA, many shoots boast—literally—contestants from ages 10 to 90. "Some participants have shot for more than eight decades; some began last month," says veteran trapshooting expert Betty Ann Foxworthy, editor emeritus of *Trap & Field* magazine. The litany of association members is richly varied. Several one-armed shooters have compiled respectable averages—and in the early 1970s, a man on crutches (competing in the Vandalia Handicap of the Grand American Trapshooting Tournament) tied for runner-up.

"No tournament is more sacrosanct," Foxworthy continues, "than the Grand American," the sport's World Series, where each August thousands of enthusiasts gather in Vandalia, Ohio. Here, in over a mile and a quarter of 72 traps, all built on the permanent homestead of the ATA, trapshooters engage in ten days of competition. Encircled by friends and parties, cookouts and exhibits, rivals vie for $114,000 in silver and pewter prizes, the championship of the oldest continuous participant competition staged in North America and for supremacy over the largest shooting event held in one day in one place anywhere in the world.

During the 1920s Annie Oakley attended the Grand American, amusing visitors (and, presumably, her husband, Frank Butler) with yarns about the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show. In 1887, Oakley broke 100 straight targets in a match race in London, eclipsing the club record. The Prince of Wales gave her a solid silver cup bearing the inscription, "You are the best shot I have ever seen." Indeed, during 30 years of shooting, she captured numerous trophies, fired more than a million shells and won about



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$100,000—considered exorbitant 100 years ago.

Other notables attending the Grand American include conductor and composer John Philip Sousa, honored by a trophy in his name; actor Fred Stone; Tris Speaker of the Cleveland Indians, a member of baseball's Hall of Fame; and movie/television star Roy Rogers, who—while visiting the Grand American in 1959—broke 199 of 200 disc objects in the North American Clay Target race.

Now in its 81st year, the Grand American has welcomed competitors from Germany, Australia, Brazil, the Canal Zone, England, Thailand, South Africa, New Zealand and Japan. In 1900, only 74 competed; by 1920, the number was 682; and 20 years later, 820 competitors were involved. This year, 4,396 men and women clashed for Grand American dominance, firing a fraction of the 700 *million* shells manufactured each year in the United States.

Since 1890, many of their exploits have been detailed in *Trap & Field*, the official publication of the ATA. Formerly called *Sportsman's Review* and widely known as the sport's bible, it is the only publication in the United States and Canada to cover nothing but trapshooting. The magazine includes the ATA's official "Shoot Directory" (a list of upcoming shoots), official scores from each registered shoot, features, interviews, coverage of major tournaments and news about products, firearms and ammunition.

Foxworthy, indelibly linked with *Trap & Field*, says trapshooting targets are $1\frac{1}{8}$ inches high and $4\frac{5}{16}$ inches in diameter. Using a 12-gauge shotgun, trapshooters aim at objects traveling about 60 feet per second. The quarry has soared between 30 and 45 yards out of the traphouse when the shooter breaks it, depending on how quickly he shoots and how far behind the traphouse—site of the trap machine—the solitary artist stands. Both in doubles (two targets released simultaneously) and singles competition, all contestants remain at least 16 yards behind the traphouse; in handicap events—so termed because of handicaps based on average, known ability and performance in previous shoots—the distance varies between 18 and 27 yards.

"One of the prominent things about the sport," says Ray Dome, chairman of the Central Handicap Committee, "is the philosophy which allows us to handicap a person to that yardage whereby he can still win. First he shoots 1,500 targets to get his permanent handicap score. Then his handicap is constantly reevaluated. Why? As in golf, say, where handicaps also exist, they're the great equalizer. They give everyone, no matter what his past ability, a chance to win—a big reason, I think, for the growth in trapshooting's appeal."

A decade ago, professional and self-employed persons comprised the bulk of trapshooting's constituency; today, statistics show, hourly-wage workers rank second to the self-employed. "The sport has become less expensive," says Chuck Knickerbocker, now in his third year as Grand American tournament director, "and more people from different income levels are joining." Ohio now boasts the largest number of trapshooters, with California second and Pennsylvania third.

Knickerbocker, associated with the Vandalia festival since 1967, works several months annually preparing for the event. "I'm a schoolteacher," he says. "When classes end in June, I switch

The romance of trapshooting is a major reason for its surge in popularity. Nearly 600,000 Americans participate in the sport today.

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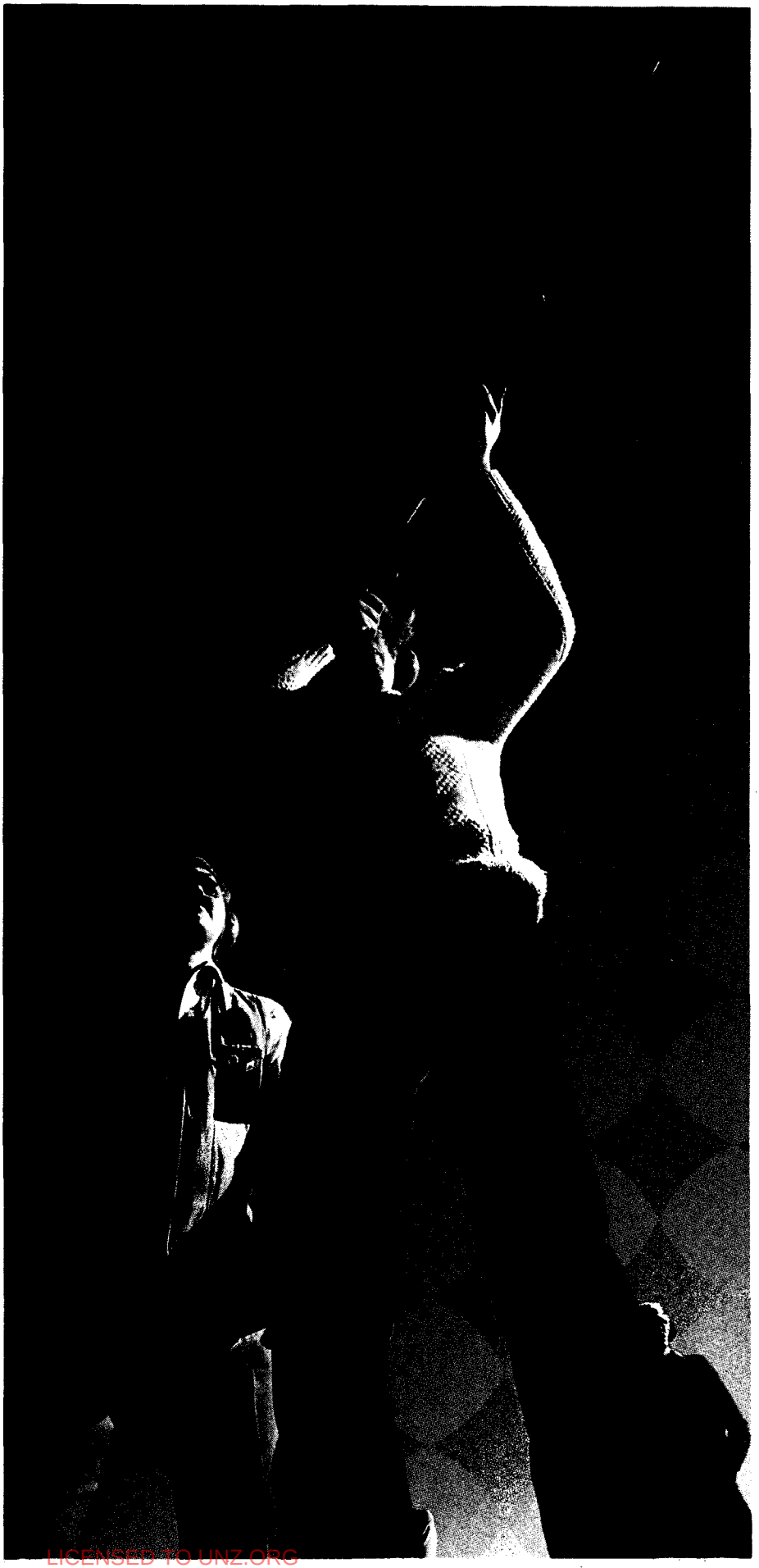
roles." Knickerbocker must orchestrate the responsibilities of the 500 people who work for the tournament, help ensure that safety procedures are followed by employees and participants (there has never been a trapshooting fatality in the United States) and oversee the details of a shoot which forces him and other workers ("There's so much going on. We have to be there.") to toil from 6:30 a.m. to past 11:00 at night.

In this year's Grand American—"For the first time ever," Foxworthy notes—two women (Nora Martin and Twinkle Pringle) shot perfect 200 scores on the same day; the five-man team of Kay Ohye, Larry Russo, Jr., Gerald Russo, William Anzaldi and Gene Pepe tied a tournament mark by downing 997 of 1,000 discs. Another team, Jim Hunter, Steve Carmichael, Dan Bonillas, John Hall and Britt Robinson, also shot 997—Robinson, ironically, missing his last target and a possible new Grand American team record.

At Vandalia, too, hailed as the most-admired man in trapshooting, was Dan Orlich. A former lineman for pro football's Green Bay Packers, Orlich is a 20-time All-America team member, winner of 37 Grand American trophies, record holder of 21 200s at the Grand (15 of these in consecutive years), holder of the highest average (.98826) on 100,000 singles targets and owner of the highest yearly singles average (.9982 in 1968). "He's the biggest name in the sport," says Foxworthy, "and some of his marks will never be beaten."

As trapshooting has surged, so have its offspring. Chief among them is the Youth Trapshooting Program, unveiled four years ago at the Grand American—an effort to create competitive shooting between schools, to establish accredited trapshooting courses in institutions ranging from junior high to junior college and to help found safety and hunting courses on gun training and supervision.

Another fledgling is the Hall of Fame and Museum, opened during the Grand American of 1969. Located in—where else?—Vandalia, the building contains memorabilia etching the history of the sport.



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Here, sawdust lingers in a wooden barrel once used to ship targets; a carved statuette of Miss Oakley (one of the Hall's first inductees) resides; and on the building's first floor stands a research and learning center, its material culled from old newspaper files.

This year, four figures were inducted into the Hall of Fame—Karl Maust (posthumously), Rudy Ethen, C.E. Barnhart and Betty Ann Foxworthy. In their remarks, the recipients spoke of qualities trapshooters cherish—survival, endurance, victory. One of the sport's old-timers, reminiscing at the Grand American, told of how at a Pennsylvania state shoot, firing stopped briefly while lightning engulfed the field, tearing off part of a concrete traphouse and knocking a trapboy out cold. When the thunder (but not the rain) faded, the trapshooting resumed. Another time, the man recalled, a Louisiana broadcaster—listing all the sports events halted or postponed because of high wind and surging rain—ranged from golf to baseball to track and field. The cancellations concluded, the announcer then listed the trapshoot results.

With a 12-gauge shotgun as their weapon, trapshooters must aim at objects traveling about 60 feet per second. How far away the targets are depends largely on the quickness of the shooter's release and timing.

Each year, thousands of Americans congregate in Vandalia, Ohio, (above) to watch contestants perform (left). Unquestionably, the Grand American tournament is trapshooting's major annual event. "It is," says one shooter, "what the Super Bowl is to the National Football League."

Vignettes abound of shooters' persistence: of Emory Moyer of Dayton, Ohio, who, standing on crutches and firing amidst showers on an unpaved station, saw his crutch sink further in the soft ground every time he pulled the trigger (and still broke 174 of 175 targets); of Earl Johnson of Norman, Oklahoma, a victim of spina bifida and survivor of 17 operations, who, during 1966, led all shooters in the ATA handicap; of Homer Clark, who was almost 80 years old when he downed 200 straight targets; of 72-year-old Ohmer Webb, who, this year, broke 400 consecutive targets (defeating 43 other shooters in a playoff) to win the Clay Target championship; and of Adolf Nelson, the inventor of the synchronized machine gun built into all American aircraft during World War I, who, ten years ago (nearing age 83), shot at his 400,000th registered singles target, a record shattered neither before nor since.

"Yes," says Chuck Knickerbocker, "in this sport, you rarely have to go looking for human interest—usually it comes looking for you." As trapshooting multiplies, interest—human or otherwise—seems likely to rise. Why? Because, perhaps, the sole opponent is not another team, or an individual, or even the Bambis of the world. Instead, the rival is exceedingly familiar—stealing from Oscar Hammerstein II's lyrics in *The Sound of Music*, "that all-absorbing character, that fascinating creature, that super-special feature. . .me."

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'TWAS THE NIGHTMARE BEFORE CHRISTMAS

"Easy-to-follow" instructions might be easy for the draftsman who dreams them up, but for the average five-thumbed father, they might as well be written in Swahili.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Marcus Hamilton

"Can I help?" asked Lois, making no effort to conceal a yawn as she mounted the stairs on her way to bed.

"No, thanks," I responded haughtily, though with not as much haught as I'd have liked. "It's only a simple kid's desk." She paused. "Okay, make that a kid's simple desk. Whatever; I'll have the thing together in no time. Just see that the kids are asleep."

The box with the big, lying "EASY-TO-FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS" across the top had been hidden at the back of the hall closet. Hacking

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my way through the jungle of coats, umbrellas, scarves, rubbers, galoshes, folding chairs, extra leaves for the dinner table and miscellaneous household jetsam, I dragged it forth and looked at my watch. Ten o'clock. I would still get to bed at a reasonable hour. I went into the kitchen and pulled out the "junk drawer" to assemble my tools.

I happen to be one of those five-thumbed men whose genes for dealing with things mechanical were somehow lost in transfer. Thus my tool inventory consists entirely of a Kresge saw with a bent blade, a screwdriver with half a handle, a lost hammer and a pair of wobbly pliers. I once owned one of those gadgets with jaws you can screw down until they fit over the target object, with a lever between the handles that cracks you across the knuckles and causes you to drop the thing and start over. But I gave it to my brother.

Anyway, this was only a simple kid's—or kid's simple—desk, with "easy-to-follow instructions." I ripped open one end of the box, being careful not to let the blood from my knuckles pour onto the carpet, and slid the contents out in the center of the living room.

The first task was to distinguish and separate what the easy-to-follow instructions referred to as pan-head screws, truss-head screws, pan-washer head screws and flat-head screws. Which, to the best of my ability, I did. And I was just nicely beginning the identification of the runner tubes and the runner clips, the cabinet stretcher and the drawer support stretcher, the slab end panel and the right and left cabinet end panels, when I heard the patter of little feet in the hallway. Much of the problem I was to later encounter, I still believe, was the direct result of having to scoop up all that stuff and throw it back into the closet. Trying to find it again in that mess was like looking for a lost golf ball in a cotton field. I never did find the corner table plates, whatever the devil *they* might be. And we were still finding screws and runner clips in our rubbers and boots well into spring.

The patter turned out to be Michael on his way to the refrigerator with an acute case of dehydration, of which he recovered sufficiently to check beneath the tree to see if anything had been added to the packages since his last check at bedtime.

Two hours later, more of a thud than a patter told me it was Lois coming down to see if "you aren't finished *yet*!" Having just finished segregating the large drawer sides, fronts, bottoms, backs and runner tubes and the small drawer sides, fronts, bottoms, backs and runner tubes, with the drawer-support stretcher and the drawer side clips positioned between the two piles because the easy-to-follow instructions had neglected to instruct me as to which stack they belonged, I was in no mood to respond. But I forced myself.

"Of course I've finished," I responded. "I just took it apart again to see if I could better my time." She thudded back upstairs even more thuddily than she'd come down.

"The best way to 'see' the completed desk," read the E-T-F instructions, "is to picture the component parts as separate units." No kidding. "Thus you have a slab that sits on legs." Pure genius. "To attach slab. . ."

By the time Lois made her second appearance to inquire "if I wasn't *ever* coming to bed," I had not only pictured the slab sitting on the legs, it was actually there. I *was* having a little trouble getting it to stay there. Especially whenever I tried moving it out of the corner.

Viewing my four-hour effort with eyelids at half-staff, Lois yawned and said, "If you'd put your two-inch lag bolts where you've got those pan-washer head screws, you might get the thing to stand alone." And if *she* thought I would give her the satisfaction of asking what in the blue blazes was a lag bolt, she had another thought coming. Halfway up the stairs she couldn't resist adding, "And those cap nuts you've got on the cabinet baseboard came off the kid's tricycle."

With fat-lip (but I'm getting ahead of myself) back in bed, I exchanged the—whatever she called them—and began assembling the drawers.

These were the well-known (evidently to everyone but me) "rabbet-and-dado joint drawers" with your common everyday "stopped housing." The housing alone stopped me until well after three o'clock. By 4:30 I had figured out that what was preventing the drawers from sliding into their respective openings were the little sticks running along the sides. At 5:15 a.m. Lois came down to alert me that the kids would be waking soon and casually inquire as to what in the world could I possibly have left to do.

"I'm all done but sawing the sticks off this other drawer," I said. "How about some coffee?"

"Those sticks," she said, bumping her head against the wall, "are what the drawers slide on."

"Those sticks, for your information"—and I was struggling to keep my superiority from a night of pan-washer head screwing from showing—"are *preventing* the drawers from sliding in."

"You lift the drawer up and fit the runners into these grooves," she said, lifting the drawer up and fitting the sticks into the grooves. (Just between us, I thought those grooves were defects.) "Where are the runners for this other drawer?"

"I sawed them off."

"You didn't!"

I handed them to her.

"You did!"

She disappeared into the kitchen,

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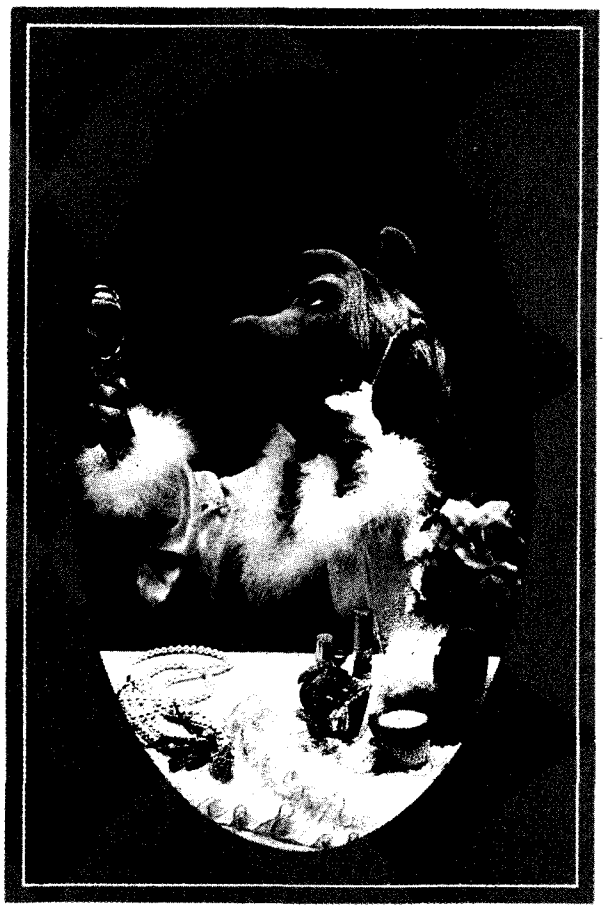
MUPPETS ON THE MOVE

Hollywood called, Miss Piggy answered. . .and only creator Jim Henson could have stopped this porcine siren from taking his delightful troupe of Muppets to the big screen.

by Hank Nuwer

It's hard to believe, but it's been more than a quarter-century since a string bean Muppeteering genius named Jim Henson showed television audiences just what he had up his sleeve. Now, as the 20th century plays out its last two decades, Henson clearly has emerged as the same fantasy-world guru that Walt Disney was to earlier generations.

Henson was out of the country on location for a yet-untitled sequel to the much-heralded *Muppet Movie*, but 39-year-old company art director Michael K. Frith of New York was pleased to discuss the Muppets' success. "The Muppets bring a certain optimism into what is not necessarily an optimistic age," muses Frith. "Besides being magical and humorous, the show is actually reassuring for many people." Just how many people? At last count, more than 325 million in 106 countries are addicted to Henson's homely heroes and heroines.



The "blonde bombshell," Miss Piggy, rose to the top of the Muppet heap through a combination of porcine pulchritude and a pulverizing left hook.

Such mind-boggling mass market appeal has made a multimillionaire out of the 6-foot 1-inch, 145-pound Henson, but exactly how many millions the company refuses to disclose as detrimental to the Muppets' overall image. However, some idea of the empire's worth may be assessed by recalling that profits roll in not only from TV and movie rights, but from sundry commercials, Fisher Price toys, games, books, puzzles, clothing deals and food endorsements. There is talk of starting an amusement park to rival Disneyland and Hanna-Barbera's Southern California Marineland, which promises instant prosperity. Some in the entertainment world would argue that Henson's Kermit the Frog has already eclipsed Disney's famed mouse and Hanna's extraordinary Jellystone-based bear. A recent boon to all Muppetkind has been the creation of a Muppet line of greeting cards through Hallmark, which Frith says has resulted in "delightful and surprising concepts."

One reason for Henson's sustained appeal is his refusal to stick with the status quo. Once something shows the slightest trace of stagnation, it is immediately dropped or revamped. "Next year," offers Frith by way of example, "will be the Muppets' last season on television after five full seasons" because of the difficulty of coming up with fresh concepts annually. Instead, the Muppets will capitalize upon their initial success with the silver screen for the next few years.

Frith himself is testament to Henson's ability to snare loyal, talented people onto his payroll. As a teen-ager, the Bermuda-born art director had his own television show on the island. "I would have gone on even sooner," he jaws, "but school got in the way." He came to the United States to enroll at Harvard College and wound up snagging the editorship of the prestigious *Lampoon* humor magazine.

"This," he recalls, "led directly to a position at Random House, writing and illustrating children's books." Quickly he worked himself into becoming Dr. Seuss' chief editor—an experience he treasures—calling America's beloved ditty-dealing doctor "one of America's greatest geniuses."

But after 12 years, he continues, "I became involved with the Sesame Street people, which led to Jim Henson and the Muppets. As the Muppets began to go more heavily into publishing, Jim asked me to look over things for him." With "no little regret," Frith went from Seuss to the "Zeus of the puppet industry," Jim Henson.

Frith's memory of his first days of employment contains consid-

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With years of rough sledding behind them, the freewheeling Muppets are ready to trade in their TV show for another trip to the silver screen.

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erable insight into Henson's brand of creative genius. Remember, it was Henson who pioneered the use of puppet close-ups on television, as well as dared to develop an astonishing 400 individual cloth characters in "The Muppets" and its long-lived predecessor, "Sesame Street."

"The first drawings I ever worked on were characters for 'Saturday Night Live,'" recalls Frith. "The Muppets did regular segments for a season featuring characters about as far removed from 'Sesame Street' as you could get. Jim asked me to come over one day to talk about creating Muppet personalities—specifically strange, mossy, warty creatures. Instead of traditional ones with cartoon eyes—round, white and black—he had become fascinated with using taxidermist eyes: cow, camel and tiger eyes. Around this simple concept of a different eye evolved a whole new concept which led to the creation of the crazy-eyed loonies we enjoy today." Hence, the evolution of the Muppets. Even the term itself is an innovation, a hybrid form of the words marionette and puppet.

Frith is characteristically modest when discussing his own involvement with the Muppets, preferring to laud the merits of Henson and 34-year-old former San Francisco journalism student Frank Oz, who created both lovable Fozzie the Bear and the swooning swine, Miss Piggy. "All I do is doodle something on an envelope on the subway while coming to work," he understates. "It's the puppet builders who are true geniuses in coming up with personalities. Working with them is an experience you can't begin to describe. Every artist is fascinated by the Pygmalion dream—to carve Galateas and get living, breathing creatures. Part of the excitement is a sense of collaboration. Every conceivable background in the fine arts and elsewhere is represented—sculptors, painters, theater people—even electrical engineers."

Frith is quite specific when discussing how a man of cloth like Kermit and polyurethane Piggy have managed to entrench themselves into the hearts of people everywhere. "The creations are so lifelike—extraordinarily alive," exults Frith. "The magic of inanimate objects that are alive reaches an atavistic place in our hearts; you know, stones that can speak and trees that have voices."

Jim Henson once told the *Post* that he forces his psyche not to become too attached to his lovable characters. "I treat them with gentility," he told *Post* writer Don Freeman, "but I never forget that they are made of fabric with polyfoam and a little wood. I don't want to break them because they're difficult to make, but I'm not at all sentimental about them. I'm fond of them as characters, but not necessarily as puppets. My emotional attachment is to the people they've become. To me, the Muppets are a medium of expression. They are, in a sense, my palette. They definitely aren't alive, but they do have a life of their own."

To make these characters demonstrate this life on TV and cinema, a highly talented crew of 20 beneath-the-scenes puppeteers scrunch down like contortionists while studying video monitors as they laboriously maneuver lifeless heads and limbs. Until the Muppets' success, the art of puppetry heretofore had been limited to Howdy Doody and Kukla-like characters in a Punch-and-Judy stage or an oversized dummy like Mortimer Snerd sitting atop ventriloquist Edgar Bergen's knee.

"What the Muppets have done," intones Frith, "is to do more than had ever been attempted or dreamed of in mass media. Puppets, of course, have been around forever, but it took a child of TV like Jim Henson to use the art he was most familiar with to bring this ancient form into the homes of those who had never previously experienced it."

So new was the Muppet concept that despite numerous successes in TV guest appearances and on the PBS network, Jim Henson strove vainly for years to interest a major network in carrying his show. Finally, back in 1975, the legendary Sir Lew Grade invited Henson to bypass the establishment stations and hook up with his internationally syndicated ACC group. Henson was given all-important artistic control to do 24 shows a year, and Muppetmania had begun.

At present, during its final television season, "The Muppet Show" continues to exploit the

John Denver's talent and popularity may be undisputed, but the crooner will have to be wide awake to keep from being upstaged by his Muppet guests when the Denver Christmas special revisits ABC-TV this December 23.

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The major networks once scoffed at the Muppets. But now that the menagerie has signed to do another movie, everyone takes them seriously.

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"The creations are so lifelike—so extraordinarily alive. The magic of inanimate objects that are alive reaches an atavistic place in our hearts: you know, stones that can speak and trees that have voices."

central characters of Kermit, Miss Piggy and Fozzie, but what excites art director Frith the most is "the whole new personality of Gonzo." According to Frith, "Gonzo has finally blossomed as a character." And in the *Muppet Movie* sequel, Gonzo is rewarded with a central starring role, along with other key Muppets and human stars. "Gonzo," says Frith, "plays a news photographer who prefers taking photos while falling down elevator shafts to doing his assignment."

The shift to full-length film presents further challenges to Henson, Frith and company, but it also offers more opportunities. Real locales may be intermingled with painted sets. A living, breathing bear can hold a conversation with the Teddy-like Fozzie. As in the first *Muppet Movie*, Kermit can launch forth a discourse in a real Georgia swamp, while Jim Henson hovers beneath him in a specially built tank to supply his character's movements and voice.

Truly, things have come a long way for Jim Henson since his undergraduate days at the University of Maryland, when he maneuvered himself into a short-lived but Emmy-winning local TV show in Washington, D.C., called "Sam and His Friends." Yet some things are the same today as they were then. For one thing, one of the show's minor creatures even then was a slippery, froglike creature named Kermit, who possessed a heart of gold—despite a rather barbed tongue. For another, Henson linked up back then with another student who was interested in puppets: Jane Nebel. The two hit it off —personally *and* professionally. Their marriage is one of show business' more solid unions, despite Jim Henson's absence from their Bedford Hills, New York, home for up to six months a year because of filming commitments to London-based Lord Grade.

Henson and his buddy Kermit waited 17 years for their *big* television break, but before that happy event came, they enjoyed fame and fortune from a consistent series of *little* breaks. Kermit's first national exposure came in 1957, when he wore a Jayne Mansfield-style blonde wig and crooned "I've Grown Accustomed to Your Face" to a purple monster (a predecessor of "Sesame Street's" Cookie Monster) who was maneuvered by wife Jane. The highlight of that night was when the monster tried to devour the frog and then chomped on its own face. So successful was the episode that additional TV guest appearances followed on Ed Sullivan's variety show, the Jimmy Dean Show and, finally, in the late '60s, on the "Sesame Street" children's show, which garnered two Emmy awards. *Voila*! Overnight success had come in just 18 years for Jim Henson, a country-born boy from Greenville, Mississippi.

Now, of course, the biggest names in show business vie for guest appearance spots on the Muppet TV shows and movies. Few of Tinseltown's leading ladies can match the *Who's Who* of leading men who have played opposite the hammy heroine, Miss Piggy. Those lucky enough to share top billing with Kermit and Company read like the Hollywood Wax Museum's celebrity Murderers' Row: Bob Hope, Raquel Welch, Ethel Merman, Dinah Shore, Dean Martin, Telly Savalas, Orson Welles, Roy Rogers and John Denver.

Since turnabout is fair play, last year John Denver invited the Muppets to guest star on his Christmas special, "John Denver and the Muppets: A Christmas Together," which proved so popular that ABC-TV is rebroadcasting it again this December. The program, with its show-within-a-show format, is complete with script conferences, rehearsals, theatrical feuds, a fine display of backstage scheming and the "I'm-a-star-and-don't-you-forget-it" ego of the porcine siren, Miss Piggy.

Although Denver's popularity is undisputed, his talent as a seasoned trouper was put to a rigorous test in order to avoid his being upstaged by the Muppet menagerie.

Lily Tomlin said it best when asked by *Time* magazine what it was like attempting a role opposite an inanimate object. Tomlin thought for a while and summed up her feelings. "When you break the scene, " she quipped, "you don't both go out for coffee. It's sort of sad."

Tomlin's reaction speaks unquestionably for the Muppets' millions of fans—75 percent of whom, by one estimate, are adults. These little open-bottomed sacks with outrageous expressions have taken on genuine personalities and are much more humanly genuine and complex than the stock police, hospital and soap opera series which clog our networks. The Muppets—with their eternal good humor, compassion, resiliency and mockery of human foibles—have succeeded in uniting a worldwide audience.

Thus, despite the fact that 1981 spells the end for "The Muppets" on television, there is no doubt the critters will live on, even if Henson never puts out another book or movie. Witness the splash of "Kermit for President" bumper stickers which have enlivened the current election.

Perhaps comedian Steve Martin said it best when he uncorked this comment in a recent interview. "Pretty soon you don't want to talk to people any more," lamented Steve. "You just want to talk to the Muppets." ★

Although she vies for top billing with Kermit, Miss Piggy leaves no doubt what she'd like under her tree this year. But Jim Henson's not telling what's in the cards.

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Among the rugged ranks of professional football, there are names one remembers long after the final gun has sounded.

John Hannah

J Hannah, Guard. When Hannah, the New England Patriots' all-pro guard, autographs now, he puts 8:32" after his name. look up Romans 8:32 in Testament, it reads: spared not his own Son, ered him up for us all, how ot with him also freely things?"

s 8:32 pretty much cap- t I believe about life," explains. "All it says is d loved us so much that His own Son to suffer ment for us, you know to provide for every- you need.

ple would only try to un- hat, I think we'd have a er world today."

annah is a reborn Chris- wife Page influenced him n this direction several Hannah turned to hen he realized he wasn't er peace.

now spends his free time o various churches and y centers, delivering his testimony. Invariably, will ask Hannah how a can go out and knock on the Sabbath.

y is attitude," Hannah don't judge according ion but on the attitude e action. Football is an game; for me, the object a man out of the way so a can go through.

o do my job—and that's y job—without harming

oot 2-inch, 265-pound considered to be one of guards in the National eague. He has played in e last four Pro Bowls.

an excellent football ys former Patriots head ick Fairbanks. "He can own with anyone. He not s with consistency but exceptional play."

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After the 1977 season, Hannah was voted the winner of the NFL Players Association's Mack Truck award as the league's top lineman. No prize ever was better-named.

Hannah is the oldest of three football-playing brothers. His father once played for the New York Giants. He was an All-American at the University of Alabama.

Walter Payton, Running Back. Walter Payton, the Chicago Bears' superstar running back, is an elusive figure—both on and off the football field.

Payton led the National Football Conference in rushing in the four seasons from 1976 through 1979. He was named the NFC's most valuable player in 1977, becoming the youngest man (24) ever to win that honor.

He set a league re for 275 yards a against Minnesota 1977. He might ha Simpson's mark of same year if he ha an ice storm the in York.

After just five Walter Payton ha leading rusher in history, and he ha the NFL's all-time

Payton possesse talent. At 5 fee pounds, he can be pounds and run the onds. He can wa hands. He can le pecting 6-foot ass assistant coach. He to break the mono practice.

Yet, to the pu mains an enigma. H who has kept his pr wraps. He sel pearances, and h views when he can ing the streets recognized.

Payton is descri man, a gamer, a little for personal g big games, he gra to share the glory sive linemen.

When he went o yard mark for the 1976, he presented lineman with a gol back was inscribed quent message: "1,000 Yards."

"Walter is so h guard Revie Sorey jump off a bridge the water was to of us."

"Walter loosens teammates," says Adamle, "because t for who he is. He lo out in public, where over him.

Chicago Bears
Portrait by Bart Forbes

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...t like interviews be-
...n't see what all the
... He once said, 'How
... a football player say
...th printing?' "
...uld I be famous?"
... once asked. "I can't
... All I do is carry a

... the way he does, it's

...ls, Middle Linebacker.
... Reynolds was a senior
...rsity of Tennessee, he
... up for the annual
... with Ole Miss. To
...ynolds got fired up is
... a redundancy. His ap-
...football game never has

... was quarterbacked by
...ning at the time, and
... were ranked nationally.
... number on Tennessee,
... a 38-0 victory.
...olds did not take the
...ly. He went home,
...acksaw and began cut-
...r in half. The proc-
...several days, but Rey-
... it until he worked off
...den. And that's how the
... "Hacksaw" Reynolds

...ck Reynolds is the mid-
...er for the Los Angeles
... does not carve up auto-
...more—certainly not
...ep—but he remains one
...rcest competitors and
...ders in football.
... was the Rams' first-
...t pick in 1970, and he
...de a name for himself on
... teams.
...erstudied two veteran
...backers, Myron Pottios
... McKeever, before tak-
...e starting job in 1973.
... the Rams in initial hits
...ince.
...s, a 6-foot 1-inch,
...r, plays a primitive
...e middle.
...'s game is played at the

line of scrimmage, filling gaps and slamming holes shut in the faces of startled running backs. His style is blunt and exceedingly direct. If you think he is lacking in finesse, that's too bad.

Reynolds is widely respected—some say feared—by other players. He was named to the 1976 NFC Pro Bowl squad.

Reynolds scored his first pro touchdown in 1979. It was late in a nationally televised game against Denver. The Rams were losing, 9-6, and the Broncos had the ball deep in their own territory.

The Rams called a safety blitz on third down. Dave Elmendorf hit Broncos quarterback Craig Morton from the blind side, and the ball popped loose. Reynolds scooped it up and stumbled four yards into

Jack Reynolds
Los Angeles Rams
Portrait by Mort Gerring

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the end zone.

It wasn't a beautiful play, but it won the game. It was, in a sense, a lot like Jack Reynolds.

Drew Pearson, Wide Receiver. Drew Pearson's career is like a collection of great paintings, each one a masterpiece moment hanging in the gallery of the mind.

Who could forget the pass he caught from Clint (Mad Bomber) Longley to win the famous Thanksgiving Day shootout against Washington in 1975?

Who could forget the game in Philadelphia when he caught four consecutive passes to bring the Cowboys upfield, then caught the game-winner with just seconds to go?

But, most enduring of all, who could forget the "Hail Mary" pass in the 1975 NFC divisional playoffs?

It was an overcast, 27-degree day in Minnesota. The Cowboys trailed the Vikings 14-10 with just 44 seconds remaining. They had fourth down, 16 yards to go at their own 25.

"I wouldn't call the situation hopeless," Roger Staubach joked later. "It was far worse than that."

Staubach hit Pearson at the sideline for 25 yards and a life-sustaining first down. On his next play, Staubach threw incomplete. It was second-and-10 at midfield, and just 22 seconds remained.

Coach Tom Landry sent in a play that called for Pearson to go deep on the weak side against cornerback Bobby Bryant and free safety Paul Krause.

"The odds of hitting on that pass," Pearson admitted later, "are very long. The Vikings knew what we had to do. They were playing well off the line. I just had to run and hope Roger threw a perfect pass."

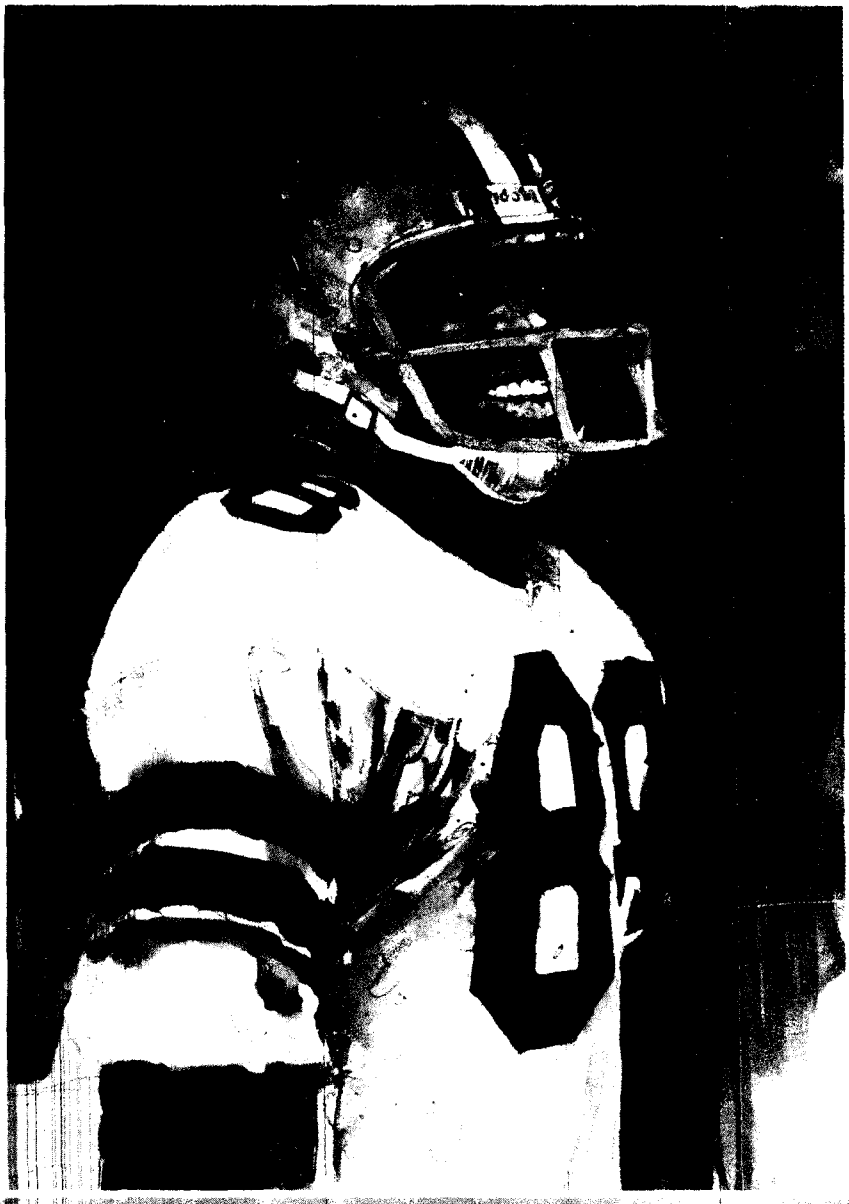
What took place in those next few seconds occupies a prominent place in Cowboys history. Pearson beat Bryant down the sideline, and Staubach almost led him too much.

Pearson trapped the ball one-handed against his hip at the 5, then carried it into the end zone for the touchdown that helped put Dallas in Super Bowl X.

Pearson played quarterback as a junior at Tulsa. He switched to wide receiver as a senior, but the team had a 4-7 record, and the pro scouts didn't pay much attention.

The Cowboys signed him as a free agent after studying him on film.

"The first thing that impressed me was his enthusiasm," Landry said. "Anyone who works as hard as he did has a great attitude. The more I watched him practice, the more I realized he had great talent. Put the two together and you have an all-pro receiver." ★



Dallas Cowboys
Portrait by Larry Johnson

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SILENT NIGHT

The story of a marvelous misfortune which inspired two young Austrians to write the immortal hymn of joy.

by Paul Gallico

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse...
—Clement C. Moore

But on the night of December 23, in the year 1818, in the little Austrian village of Oberndorf by Salzburg, on the banks of the frozen River Salzach, a mouse did stir.

He not only stirred; he invaded the organ loft of the old church of St. Nicholas, and there, because he was a cold mouse and a hungry one, he perpetrated a deed and initiated a chain of events that were to resound to the farthest corners of the earth.

Erected in memory of Franz Gruber and Joseph Mohr, a memorial chapel stands on the site of the old St. Nicholas Church in Oberndorf, Austria.

It was the following morning, crisp, cold and clear, that an important gentleman in a black frock coat and stock let himself into the church of St. Nicholas and sat down at the organ.

His name was Franz Gruber, and he was a dark-haired, pleasant-faced man 31 years of age, with a longish nose, cleft chin and friendly eyes. The world never heard of him, but in the small ponds of the neighboring villages of Oberndorf and Arnsdorf he was a very large frog indeed. For in Arnsdorf he was the schoolmaster and in Oberndorf he was the organist of the church.

Now he flicked his long coattails out of the way, adjusted the organ bench, trod the pedals and pressed the keys. But no music issued from the pipes—only a soft, breathy sigh.

Before Herr Gruber had time to investigate this unhappy phenomenon, he heard a sound by the door and turned to see his friend, Joseph Mohr, himself a musician and utility priest, who had been sent to Oberndorf on a temporary basis until a permanent pastor for the church could be found. Gruber cried, "*Grüss Gott,* Joseph. What has happened?"

The young priest—he was then 26, with merry eyes and a gay air—raised his arms in a helpless gesture and beckoned for his friend to follow.

He took Gruber to the loft behind the keyboard, where the leather bellows supplied the wind for the instrument, and pointed to the hole in the worn fabric of the leather. "I discovered it this morning. A mouse must have gnawed it, and at the first tread the whole thing gave way."

Gruber inspected the damage. A Christmas Eve Mass without music was unthinkable. He cried, "*Donnerwetter!* Here is a fine fix. What is to be done?"

"Well," Father Mohr said somewhat shyly, "I have written a little poem." He coughed and corrected himself. "Actually some words for a song."

The schoolteacher smiled at his friend and said, "I'll wager you have. You were always more of a poet than priest. I can't imagine why you ever chose the cloth."

Father Mohr replied with some asperity, "It isn't *that* kind of song."

Herr Gruber smiled again at the vehemence of his friend, for it was known that Father Mohr did enjoy *that* kind of song, the kind of song you sang with the peasants and rough rivermen when the new wine flowed and the zithers twanged. This was what caused grumbling among the more pious parishioners and brought frowns to the brows of the church fathers.

It was no wonder, Gruber thought, that his young friend was a bit wild. His mother had been a poor seamstress of Salzburg, abandoned by her husband, and she had no one to sponsor her infant boy Joseph for his baptism. Eventually, it was the public hangman who agreed to stand up for the child. Later one of the cathedral monsignors had the boy educated and inducted into holy orders.

Gruber glanced down at the poem and read the first stanzas. A strange chill ran down his spine. It was indeed not *that* kind of song. It seemed to lay its hand upon his heart and speak to him gently, simply and movingly. Gruber was stirred by the words as he had never been before. Already he was beginning to listen

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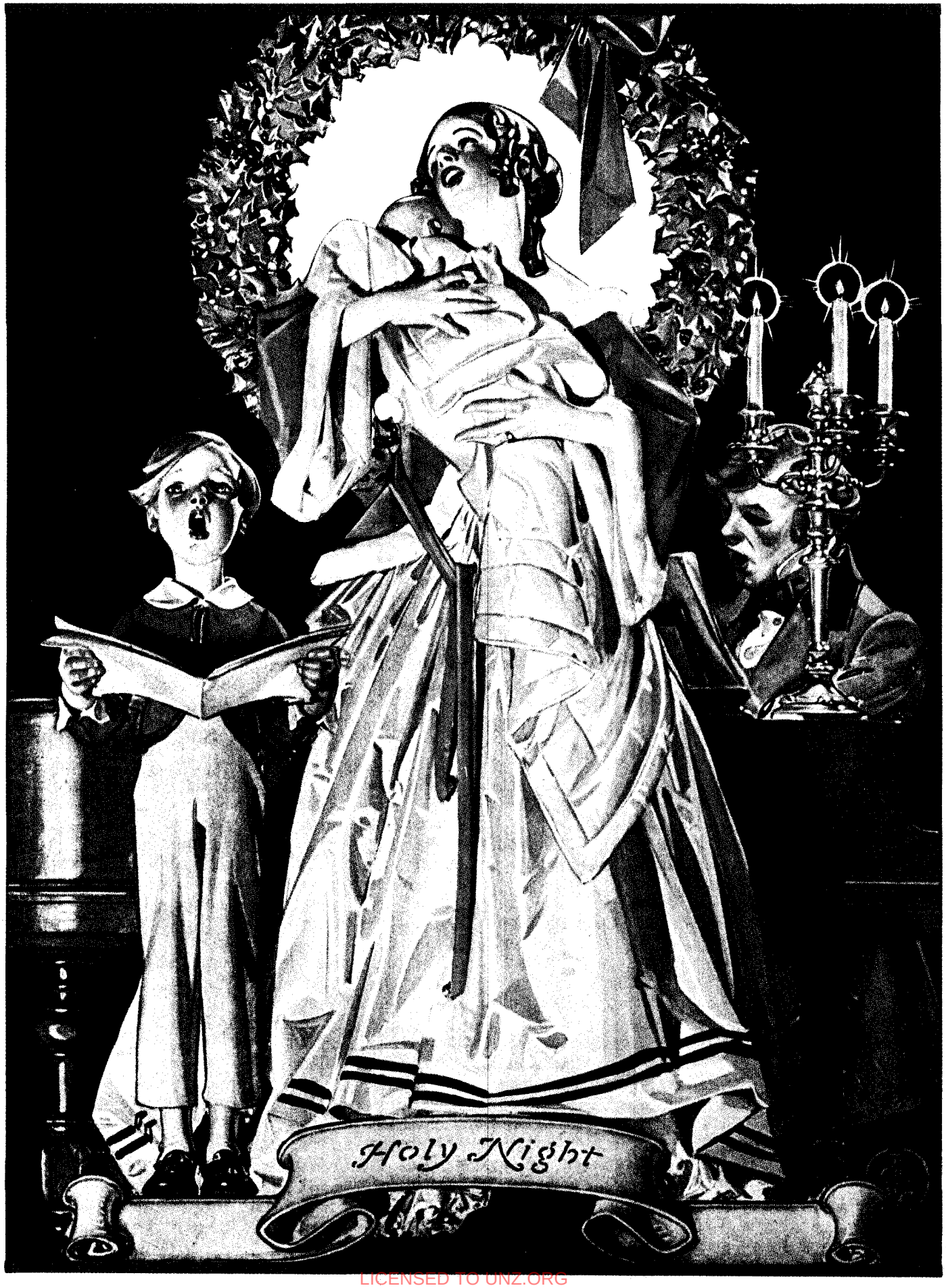

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to distant music waiting to be born.

Father Mohr said almost apologetically, "I only thought, since there is not a tone to be had from the organ, that you might be able to arrange something for our guitars with perhaps a simple chorus for the children."

Gruber said, "Yes, yes, perhaps we could. Let me have it; I will take it home and see what I can do."

All through the hour-long trudge homeward through the snow to Arnsdorf, Gruber was composing. He passed three Christmas mummers in the guise of the Three Kings and didn't even see them. Words and music were already beginning to blend.

Silent night, holy night;
All is calm, all is bright.

Like deaf Beethoven he was hearing all of the notes inside himself.

Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

The chorus he would write for the children's voices rang through his brain.

He sat at his spinet in his simple room with its scrubbed light pine floor, porcelain stove, few pieces of furniture of painted pine and crucifix on the wall. The words unlocked melodies, and the music flowed forth.

"Genius burned for a few hours in two simple men who never would be heard from again."

That afternoon, there were collected in the priest's study, beneath the wreaths and garlands of evergreen, 12 little boys and girls, scrubbed and shining in their warm woolen stockings, jackets and pinafores. The two men strummed their guitars and rehearsed their charges.

"So, now, Hannes, Eva, Peterli, you sing like this—'ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta!' And you, Gretel, Liesel and Johann, you sing, 'da di, da di da, da.'"

The two men looked at one another with satisfaction. A little rough. A bit of trouble in the third section but easily remedied. It was going to work.

Christmas Eve! There was a crust on the snow. Beneath, it was so dry that it crunched and squeaked under the heavy boots of the churchgoers. Their cheery "*Grüss Gotts*" rang through the still night. The air was sharp and crystal-clear and hurt the nostrils when inhaled. The stars seemed to hang from the sky and glitter like Christmas-tree ornaments.

Bells pealed from the tall, whitewashed tower of St. Nicholas' church. Within, hundreds of tapers and candles reflected from the golden plates and chalices, softening the stiff, Gothic-carved Madonnas and endowing them, for all their woodenness, with gentle grace. The church was decorated with pine boughs, evergreen and holly berries. The congregation sat packed on the hard benches, the men in their lumpy woolen garments, the women in bright aprons and colored shawls.

There was a rustle of surprise as the 12 children, with Mohr and Gruber carrying their guitars, appeared before the altar. The sour-mouthed pious noticed with disfavor the gay streamers of red and green hanging from the necks of the instruments. Ribbons of the same colors were woven into the corn-colored plaits of the little girls and tied to the stockings of the boys.

Gruber nodded. The strings vibrated, and the tenor of Father Mohr and the basso of schoolmaster Gruber filled the old church.

Thus the Christmas hymn, *Silent Night*, was heard for the first time—and the next day it was forgotten. No single, solitary soul of that congregation, least of all the minor poet and the minor musician who had put it together, could guess that it was to sweep the world. No one dreamed that genius had burned for a few hours in two simple men who never after would be heard from again, and that through the magic of their collaboration on a Christmas Eve in a tiny Austrian village, something deathless had been born.

It was an accident that saved the masterpiece from oblivion. The master organ repairer, Karl Mauracher, who came up from the Zillertal that spring to repair the damaged bellows, asked what they had done without music for the Christmas Mass.

Gruber told him. "It was just a trifle," he said. "I wouldn't even know where to lay my hands on it. Mohr is not here any longer. Wait. . .if it were anywhere it would be——"

There was a small cupboard at the rear of the church, and there, crumpled and dusty amidst old papers and records, he found the song.

The organ repairer's lips moved as he read the score, and a deep humming of the melody came from his massive chest. "It has something," he said softly. "Do you mind if I take this home with me?"

Gruber laughed, pleased that their little effort had this belated moment of approval. "By all means have it, for no one will have any further use for it once you have mended our organ."

Herr Mauracher shouldered his bag of tools and leather patches and departed. Franz Gruber forgot the incident. And in this manner, the words and music of *Silent Night* journeyed to the lovely Zillertal Valley, thus beginning its never-ending encirclement of the world.

The song spread from Austria to Germany as folk music. Only in later years were Mohr and Gruber acknowledged the creators, though not a penny did they ever earn. It crossed borders; it went to sea with German emigrants.

Mohr and Gruber died as poor as they were born. But Gruber's old guitar still sings for him, for it was preserved and handed down in the family. Now, each Christmas Eve, it is brought to Oberndorf and the children's chorus gathers around the Christmas trees in the snow before the memorial chapel which stands on the site of the old St. Nicholas church, erected to the memory of the two men. There, once more, it sounds forth the background melody of one of the most famous and best-loved songs in all the world.

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Silent Night

pp C G7 C
1. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, All is calm, all is bright.
2. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, Shep-herds quake at the sight.
3. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, Son of God, love's pure light.
pp
F C F C
'Round yon Vir - gin Moth-er and Child Ho - ly In-fant so ten-der and mild,
Glo - ries stream from heav-en a - far, Heav'n-ly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia;
Ra-diant beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,
G7 C G7 C
Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
Christ the Sa - vior is born, Christ the Sa - vior is born.
Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

Joseph Mohr *Franz Gruber*

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ALL FOR THE FAMILY

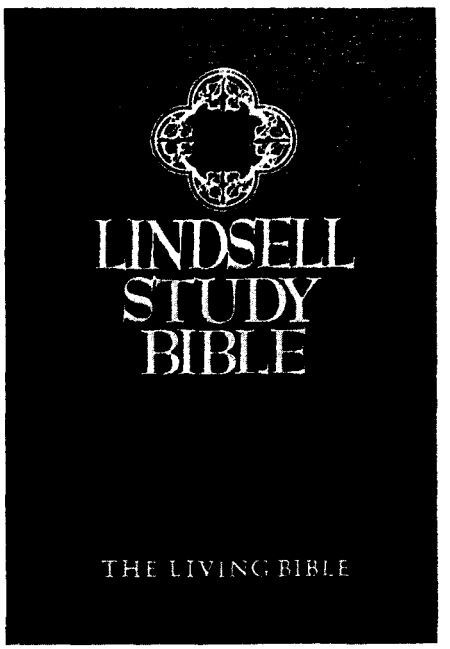
*One of publishing's all-time success stories—*The Living Bible*—owes its origins to a father's love for his ten children.*

by Curt Smith

When America remembers the 1950s, varied images engulf the mind. Ike and Checkers. Elvis and McCarthy. "I Love Lucy" and Uncle Miltie. Richard M. Nixon and rock 'n' roll.

For Ken Taylor, though, the decade that gave us hula hoops, bomb shelters and Edward R. Murrow retains a different, more elevated tinge. "I can't think of it," he says, "without recalling what we happened upon—discovered, if you will." His discovery helped change religion. Its afterglow helped change his life.

Taylor's creation, *The Living Bible,* has become nothing less than the fastest-growing book ever published. Released in 1971, this year it sold its 25th million copy—a phenomenon, Taylor admits, he would have believed impossible when the idea first surfaced in 1956.



Ken Taylor (second row, fourth from right), shown with his ten children and other family members. "The basis of the Christian religion is the family," he says. "I hope and expect that our efforts will strengthen both."

Now being translated into more than 100 languages, *The Living Bible,* its author says, was inspired by his ten children—seven girls and three boys, now ages 24 to 38. "The thought came to me on a hot afternoon several hours before dinner 24 years ago," Taylor recalls. "I was thinking of the family devotional reading we had each night—and of a problem which had long troubled me.

"The problem was simple—my children couldn't understand the greatest book in the world. They found it almost impossible to read. They were turned off, bored, lethargic about passages which should have thrilled them." Taylor longed, in short, for a Bible whose prose and tenets were clear.

"Suddenly," continues this son of a Presbyterian minister, "an idea hit me; it was as if God had been preparing me for this afternoon. Instead of a word-for-word translation from the original Hebrew and Greek—as most translations had been—I thought that a thought-for-thought translation might be more accurate—and it certainly would be easier to comprehend. So I opened up my Bible, wrote out a few verses this way, and what we now call paraphrasing was born." So, also, was *The Living Bible.*

That evening, as sunset encircled his Wheaton, Illinois, home, Taylor—reading from the penciled manuscript—told his children of the paraphrased translation. "As they listened to the thought-for-thought verses, they weren't bored, as they usually were. They listened all the way through. And when I asked them questions about what I'd read—I always did after

Continued on page 89

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"AMERICA'S FAVORITE RESTAURANTS AND INNS" is actually six books in one:

(1) IT'S A GUIDE TO BUDGET DINING ON THE ROAD ($3 to $5 category) Reports on thousands of small towns as well as the 200-plus major U.S. cities. The restaurants include a patchwork quilt of Americana, down-home eating. The authors found such places as Mrs. Wilkes Boarding House in Savannah, Georgia where honest-to-goodness food is served in her home, family-style — at down-to-earth prices. There are still places in every state where you'll find meals cooked in the old-fashioned way — smoked barbecued ribs, skillet fried chicken 'n country gravy with hot baking powder biscuits, garden fresh vegetables, homemade apple, strawberry and peach pies or melt-in-your-mouth cobblers topped with 16% butterfat ice cream or gobs of real whipped cream. All ingredients from nearby farms! Imagine your frustration after a very ordinary deep-fried meal in a plastic, fast-food emporium to learn one of these inexpensive family restaurants was just a few minutes away! Another example among hundreds are the group of Farmer Jones Family Kitchens in the South. They will feed your family royally for $3.50 a head for adults, ½ price for kids. Daily lunch and dinner always featured and all-you-can-eat buffets complete with meats and farm-fresh salad bar, all the desserts — even ice cream — you can devour and all the beverages you can drink! Everything included in the $3.50 price! This is what every family hit by inflation is looking for. The 110 editors have sought out similar family-style budget dining in nearly every state so that travelers will have a wide choice and price range at their fingertips. Natural Foods restaurants with fresh ingredients and made-from-scratch breads and soups, as well as all-you-can-eat buffets and prize-winning cafeterias are listed— most without tipping!

(2) MORE EXPENSIVE RESTAURANTS (average tab per person $10 to $20) include the best seafood steak and prime rib houses in each locale—ethnic and gourmet, along with restaurants in the grand style from Windows on the World — 110 stories high in New York City to Empress of China — with a view of San Francisco Bay along with hundreds of other "winners" in the cities between are all listed. Full details are reported: addresses, phone numbers, hours, days open, price range, specialties, atmosphere, credit cards, happy hours and even the most lavish all-you can drink Champagne Brunches for $5.95 such as MGM Grand and Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas.

(3) THEME AND NOVELTY RESTAURANTS Bobby McGee's Conglomeration and Magic Time Machine to name just two—have many branches. Diners have a choice of dozens of "fantasy" rooms where they are served by waitresses in amusing costumes. Other restaurateurs offer dining in railroad stations, many with railroad cars, authentic British double-decker buses, restored stage coach stops, Victorian houses, converted firehouses and scores of other one-of-a-kind restaurants with great food to match.

(4) BUDGET MOTELS ($11.95 to $18 single, $15 to $25 double.) Most are new chains in operation only a few years.

The editors give a fact-filled run-down of facilities on each of the thirty budget and budget-luxury motel chains in all 50 states. The authors emphasize advance information is the keystone to a great trip at the right price. As you drive down the highway with this guide you'll know in advance what's ahead. If you're on a budget, think how you'd feel having just paid $40 or more to sleep and then in the morning drive past one of the 2000 exceptional value motels listed in the book, such as Motel 6 and seeing their sign — $11.95 SINGLES—NATIONWIDE. They have over 300 properties, most recently built. Keeping in mind that many students and families are strapped for vacation funds, the authors tip them off to where they can find dormitory accommodations and Youth Hostels from Maine to Alaska and even Hawaii — for as low as $3. Also, tourist homes that are ideal for families that can't afford the higher motel tariffs.

(5) MODERATE TO EXPENSIVE MOTELS AND INNS ($30 to $40 and up — Double) Toll-free numbers are included for over 5,000 first class hotels/motels/inns as well as the "Budgets." For the discriminating who demand the best and price is no object, there are details on hundreds of famed and award-winning internationally known resort hotels such as The Homestead in VA, Greenbrier in WV, Mountain Shadows in Scottsdale, AZ, The Breakers in Palm Beach, The Plaza, N.Y.C., etc.

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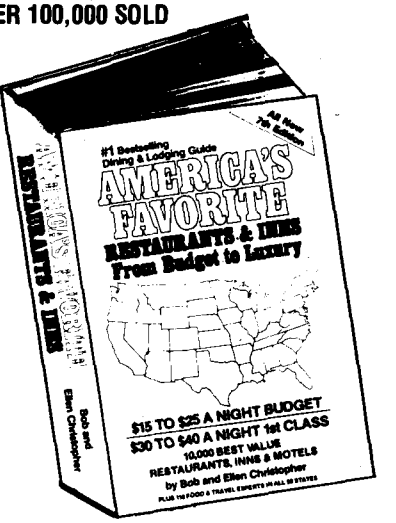
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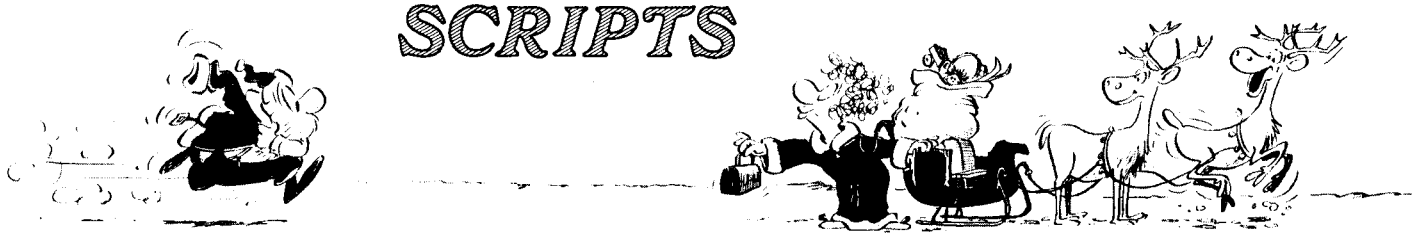

Fair Housing

Some housewives in a small Indiana town pick up extra money during the tourist season by renting rooms to tourists. One husband says he doesn't mind, as long as the tourists are good-looking. "If there is one thing I can't stand," he says, "it's ugly roomers."

—Herm Albright

Eyewitness

Tommy and his brother, Billy, had a fight. When Tommy came into the house, his mother folded her arms and asked angrily, "Well, what happened this time?"

Tommy pointed to his black eye. "This is Billy's side of the story. Wait until you see mine!"

—Lawrence E. Miller, Sr.

"Fred doesn't like you, Mr. Rampco, and if Fred doesn't like you it means you're guilty as sin!"

Best Sellers

Going Out of Business! (Someday.)

Low, Low Prices! (High, high profits.)

Back-to-School Specials! (Help put my kid through college.)

Marked Down! (Moved from the top shelf.)

20% Off! (Off what we'd charge if we could get away with it.)

Fire Sale! (If this stuff doesn't sell, we're burning down the store for the insurance.)

—Dennis W. Nicks

An Hour Later...

Daffynition: All-night Chinese restaurant: Wok around the clock.

—Mike Bracken

Stage-Stuck

Two actors were discussing their latest successes. "During my act last night," said one, "I had the entire audience glued to their seats."

"Good show!" exclaimed the second actor. "Marvelously clever of you to think of that!"

—Lane Olinghouse

Then Yule Be Mine

Madam, I see your face aglow
Beneath the gleaming mistletoe,
But I'd be more inclined to kiss it,
If you were slightly less explicit.

—W.W. Watt

Following Orders

In the aftermath of a loud and long argument, husband and wife were not speaking to each other. Upon retiring for the night, the husband handed his wife a short note—"Call me at seven in the morning."

When he awoke, it was 9:30. As he hurried to dress, he spotted a note on the bedstand: "It's seven o'clock. Get up."

—Lucille J. Goodyear

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"No smoking, sit up straight and pay attention! Here are your tickets!"

Many Happy Returns

To this, ere the Yule snows come swirling,
I know that I'm sure to be fated:
The gifts that I give will be sterling,
While those I receive will be plated.

—Richard Armour

Not Rat-tled

A gangster rushed into a bar, shooting right and left and yelling, "All of you no-good rats get out of here!" The customers fled in a hail of bullets—all except one man who stood at the counter calmly finishing his drink. "Well?" snapped the gangster, waving his still-smoking gun.

"Well," remarked the man at the counter, "there certainly were a lot of them, weren't there?"

—Carolyn Gilbert

Vatican III

Priest, explaining his part-time job as a karate instructor:

"I teach you what to do after you've turned both cheeks."

—Doris Dolphin

Last Supper

The small boys at Sunday school paid rapt attention as the teacher related the story of "The Prodigal Son." Putting considerable emphasis on the disagreeable attitude of the stay-at-home brother, the teacher described the family's joy at the return of the prodigal.

"In the midst of the celebration, however," she said, "there was one who did not share in the happy spirit. Does anyone know who that was?"

One little hand shot up quickly, and the teacher invited its owner to answer her question.

"The fatted calf!" was the answer.

—T.J. McInerney

Honestly, Now

Diogenes was looking for an honest man on the streets of New York.

"Had any luck?" inquired a passerby.

"Oh, some, I guess," replied Diogenes. "I still have my lantern."

—Jay Tillman

Small Business

Sign on a factory bulletin board: "To err is human—to forgive is not company policy."

—Nora Leigh

Braking Him Up

A woman was waiting for a traffic light to change when an ambulance bumped her car from behind. The driver seemed relieved when she was able to get out of her car and walk over under her own power, but her comment left him speechless. "Tell me something. How do you stop when I'm not here?"

—Dorothea Kent

Screen Test

Whether films are rated "G" or "PG,"
Or "R," even "X," I decry
Only those so witless and poorly done
They should have been rated "Why?"

—Bert Murray

Election Concession

A little girl of about three accompanied her father to the polls on election day. She went with him into the booth and watched with interest as he pushed down the individual levers for various candidates and then pulled the big lever to record his selections.

The last maneuver puzzled the toddler because apparently nothing happened following it. She looked up at her father and asked: "No gum, daddy?"

—T.J. McInerney

Snow Job

"Partly cloudy," the forecast said
Shortly before I went to bed.
When I awoke from my night's sleep,
The "partly cloudy" was three feet deep.

—Marie Mischke

End Result

A young man reluctant to blend
With the current horse riding trend. . .
Soon learned with dismay,
While riding one day,
The sport got to him in the end.

—Raymond A. Schoeder

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BOOK SHELF

Michelle
by Carolyn Phillips
Regal Books
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by Phillip J. Martin

How do you tell an eight-year-old child she has to lose her leg? That was the problem facing Dick and Laura Price; only it was much worse than that. For Michelle, their youngest daughter, had cancer—and the doctors had little hope for her recovery. How does one cope? Where does one find the strength? For the Price family, the answer was simple: faith.

It wasn't the first time Dick and Laura had faced the potential loss of a child. Six months earlier, their son Rick had lain at death's door. Then it was only prayer and a simple, heartfelt trust in God that pulled them through the crisis. Now they faced a new trial. And Michelle—innocent, trusting Michelle—faced an even greater one.

"What she's got," the doctor told them, "is osteogenic sarcoma, a very fast, very deadly kind of bone cancer. You have to understand, her chances of beating this are extremely slim, less than 4 percent."

To many, the situation would look hopeless. Many might have succumbed to the desperation of the moment. But Dick and Laura had their belief in God to sustain them. And Michelle?

"Oh, Daddy," she cried..."I don't want to be a *cripple*!" A few long moments passed. Shelly stopped crying and took a deep breath....She reached up, taking her mother's face in her two small hands.

"I'm going to be OK, Mommy," she said soothingly. "Don't cry anymore....I was scared when Daddy told me, but Jesus made me feel safe inside. I'm gonna be all right, you'll see."

And so she was. Throughout the loss of her leg and the 18 months that followed, during which she had to endure chemotherapy, Michelle never wavered in her courage or in her belief in God's ability to bring her through her trial. Her presurgical adjustment was so startling that the doctors felt the need to explain the situation to her themselves, convinced that she really didn't understand what was to happen to her.

When they realized that her understanding was complete, they could only marvel at her amazing inner strength and calm. When told after the operation that Michelle had drawn a happy face on the bandages around her stump and had named it "little leg," rocking it in her arms and humming a lullabye, Dr. Reuben, one of the physicians, could only shake his head in wonder.

"That's incredible," he said. "It's usually a period of weeks before an amputee even begins to accept the changes in themselves. Three days! It's really hard to believe. She's accepting everything so quickly. It's almost as though she accepted it before it happened." A smile crept across his lips....."This is one little girl who's going to make it!"

Dr. Reuben didn't realize the half of it. Not only did Michelle "make it," her life became a witness, a living testimony to others that they, too, could make it, when they trust in the Almighty to see them through. It was as singer Wayne Newton realized two years later when he was on hand to present Michelle with the 1977 Victor Award for excellence in skiing: Michelle was a giver, not a taker. And as she gave to others—her courage, her strength, her example—the ancient biblical adage was fulfilled: "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over..."

Few figures have shown the courage amid adversity that has epitomized the life and triumphs of Michelle Price. "This is one little girl," said one of her physicians, "who's going to make it."

The reader will thrill with Michelle's boundless bravery as she struggles to overcome her handicap and to live a normal life. Her story will often bring a tear to the eye and a lump to the throat even as it bolsters the spirit. How this remarkable little girl goes on to turn weakness and loss into strength and gain is truly a heart-warming story—a profile in Christian courage.

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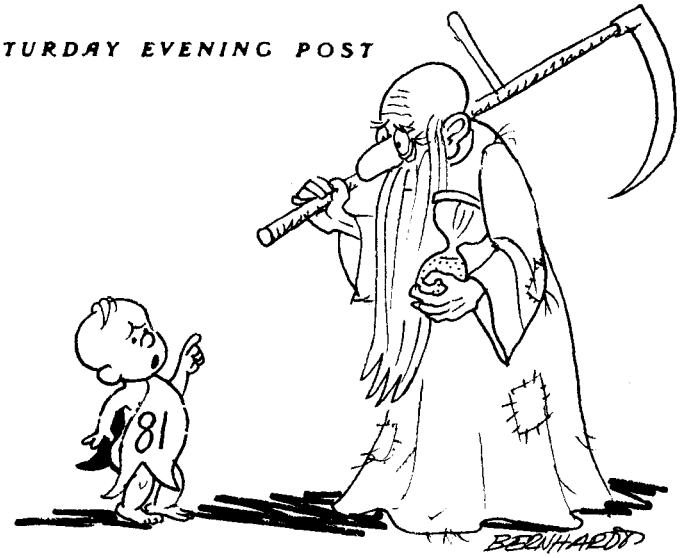

"If the job ages you that *fast I'm not sure I want it."*

"Excellent work, Briggs—you've come up with a zinger of a contract."

"Monsignor, I would like to be the world's greatest humble parish priest."

"You think your neighbor is tough—mine is going in for a repeat autopsy!"

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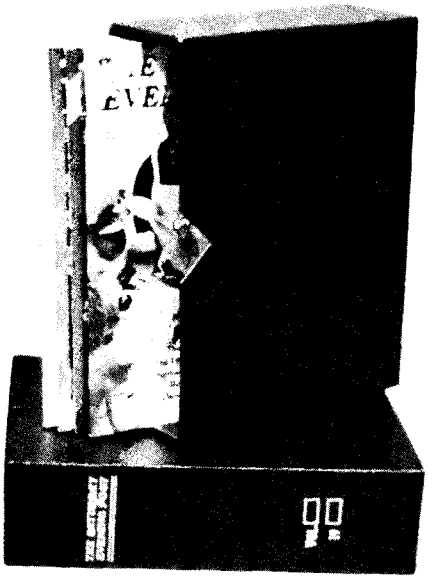

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–Muriel H. Powers
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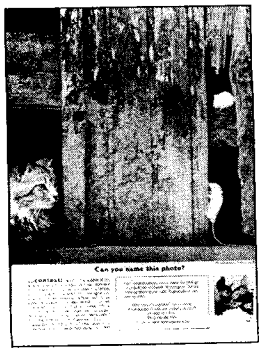
Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Darrell H. Bartee of Wichita, Kansas, for the winning entry in our October photo caption contest.

These days a cat must think twice
Before going after the mice;
Researchers collect them
And often inject them
With things that don't taste very nice.



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'Twas Nightmare

continued from page 65

returning later with the Elmer's Glue-All and a pot of coffee, setting both down on the desk. I mean *both at the same time*! And there isn't a newly erected desk made that'll take that kind of punishment. As it pitched forward, I grabbed the coffee, missed the glue. Then I propped the desk up in the corner and told her to keep the kids upstairs for a while.

"And how do you propose I keep two kids upstairs on Christmas morning?" she asked with what I thought might be a touch of sarcasm.

"Tell them Santa's stuck in the chimney."

"We don't *have* a chimney." By golly, it *was* sarcasm.

"How about the bathroom ventilator pipe?"

"And how about giving yourself up to Indiana University's School of Psychiatry for their lab work?"

And that's where our marriage stood when Michael came running down and got his first look at my night's labors. In his excitement all he could say was, "What is it?" After a second look he exulted, "Oh boy, a doghouse!" and began looking around for the puppy he had been asking for. Whatever my faults, one of them certainly isn't disappointing a kid on Christmas.

"Tomorrow we'll go to the animal shelter and you can pick out your very own puppy."

Lois's ears shot straight up. But before she could get in her nickel's worth (up from two cents, due to inflation), Michael yelled, "Wait'll I tell Ronnie I'm getting a puppy—and it'll have a house with a drawer!"

The doghouse, unfortunately, had to be disassembled (which Michael did in five minutes) to get it outside. And when Lois reconstructed it, she converted it back to a desk. I spent until midnight New Year's Eve building a doghouse. And the puppy won't go near it.

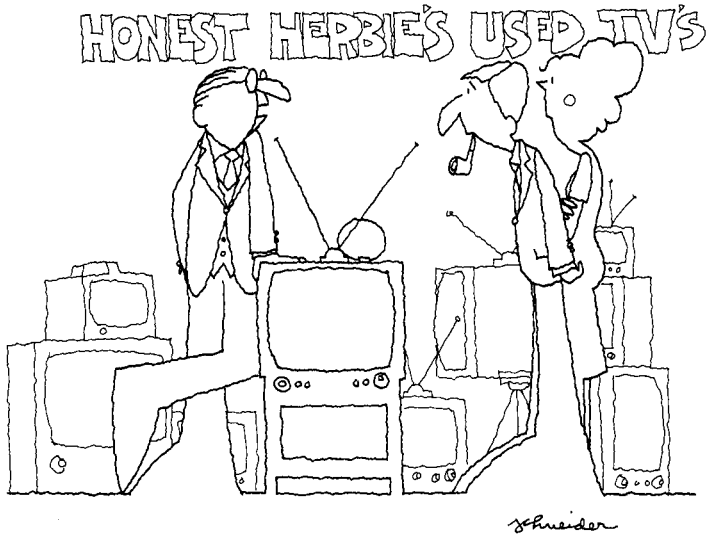
I have since tried to recover the cost of the pup and its pupkeep by selling an article, "How to Make a Doghouse Out of a Desk," to *Mechanix Illustrated*. It was returned without comment. At least they could've admited it was too technical for them. ✱

All For Family

continued from page 80

the devotionals—a strange thing happened. They'd understood what I'd read."

During the next six years, riding the 45-minute commuter train from Wheaton to downtown Chicago, Taylor—then employed as director of publications for Moody Press—used that daily time to paraphrase the Letters of Paul and other New Testament writers in "thought-for-thought" conversions. "Even then," he says, "I never thought I'd do the whole Bible—just parts. And it wasn't until several months had elapsed that it dawned on me that *other* families—not just mine—would benefit from a biblical translation that everyone could understand."



"Now here's a really super buy—it was owned by a little old lady who only watched The Boston Pops on PBS."

As the paraphrase unfolded, still restricted to the New Testament epistles, Taylor took his manuscript—now entitled *Living Letters*—to a publisher. "This was," he recalls, "in about early '58." The response? Rejection. Taylor submitted his work to a second publishing house, then a third. "No one was interested. They thought the public would turn the idea down."

Ultimately, in early 1961, *Living Letters* was published—subsidized by the savings of Taylor and his wife, Marjorie, and aided by a sympathetic printer who told the Taylors, "Pay the balance when you can." Public reaction to the *Letters* was wavering, hesitant, mute; within a year, only 800 copies had been sold. Then, in late 1962, sales unaccountably rose. "I took the big pledge and reordered," Taylor says. "I think it was for 5,000 copies." Four months later, a reorder for twice that amount was placed.

Even so, Taylor's watershed moment occurred the following year, when evangelist Billy Graham— having read the book while recuperating from an illness in a Hawaiian hospital—decided to use *Living Letters* "as a giveaway," he remembers, "on his crusade telecasts." The Billy Graham Evangelistic Association ordered 50,000 copies; eventually, they used ten times that sum. "As I saw the demand," notes Taylor, "I paraphrased the Gospels, then the entire New Testament and, as the '60s rolled on, the entire Bible."

The Living Bible was published by Tyndale House, founded by Taylor and named after the man who made the first English translation of the Bible ever printed. In the 27 months following publication, 13 million copies were sold.

Available in hardback, self-help, indexed, reference, large print and children's editions, the book is simple and contemporary and has become one of the success sagas of publishing history, secular or otherwise. "I probably don't have to say," notes Taylor, "that on my way from Wheaton to Chicago 20 years ago, never in my wildest fantasies did I imagine anything like this would occur."

Royalties from *The Living Bible* are received by the Tyndale House Foundation, which makes funds available to Christian organizations around the world. The foundation currently assists Living Bibles International, created by Taylor in the late 1960s to paraphrase the Bible in languages other than English.

"After all," Taylor observes, "most people in the world don't speak English, and they need the Bible in their languages just like we do. What our people do is not to translate the *Living New Testament* word for word into the foreign language, but instead to carefully express the meaning of scripture in modern, idiomatic terms in the new language."

Weaned from childhood on God's Good Book, Ken Taylor—soft-spoken, modest, engagingly articulate—hopes to do in the 1980s what he has realized since 1956: lend new meaning to religion; make the Bible come alive. ✱

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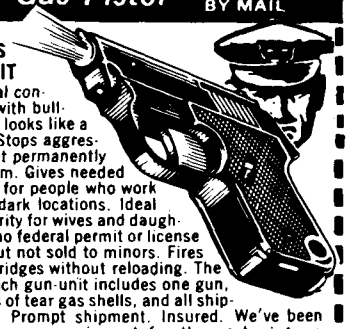

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- ☐ Holsters . . . . . $2.88 ea.
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Enclosed is ☐ Check for $_____
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or charge my ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard

Card Number _____

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Signature _____

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FREE OFFER TO COLLECTORS

People who collect plates, bells, sculpture, figurines, stamps, and coins now can have free no-obligation membership in Calhoun's Collectors Society.

This free membership offer brings with it information about current selections in the leading collectibles. New members often get a *free gift*, such as a fine porcelain collector's plate or a desirable philatelic issue, when they subscribe to their first limited edition series. Subsequently, members may acquire other distinguished collectibles at *special prices*, often 20% to 35% below issue price. Some offerings are available in the U.S. to *Society members only*.

Stafford Calvin, director of Calhoun's says, "I invite collectors to join the Society now, while several choice limited editions are still open".

To obtain information about your free no-obligation membership, mail the coupon below to:

Calhoun's Collectors Society, Inc.
Calhoun Center, Dept. EBAT
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55435

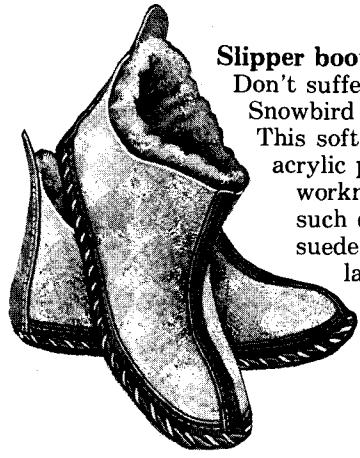
Name _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

POST SAMPLER

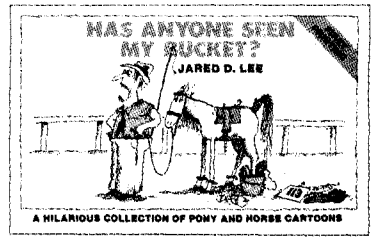


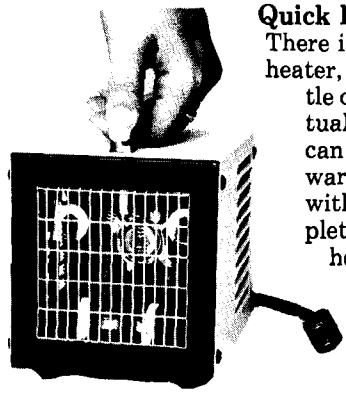
Slipper boot

Don't suffer through another winter with cold feet! The Snowbird is returning for another foot-warming season. This soft suede boot is deeply lined with fleecy plush acrylic pile—so cozy on those chilly nights. The fine workmanship that goes into the Snowbird shows in such details as the padded soles, easy-on heel tab, suede trim and hand-lacing. Available in beige in ladies' full sizes 5-10M for $17 plus $1.95 postage and handling. For extra savings, order 2 pairs for $30 plus $2.95 postage and handling. Sent $1.00 for our new full-color catalog. Old Pueblo Traders, Dept. SBDSB, 600 S. Country Club, Tucson, AZ 85726.

Horse and pony cartoon book

Jared D. Lee has created a hilarious cartoon book for the horse enthusiast. Jared's knowledge of horses and his knack for seeing the humorous side of things make this the ideal gift for any horse lover. Send $2.95 + $1.00 p&h. (Ohio residents add 4½% sales tax.) Jared D. Lee Studio, Inc., Book Dept., 2942 Hamilton Ave., Lebanon, OH 45036.





Quick heat anywhere

There is a lot of heat in this little package. The microheater, which measures 4¾" x 5" and weighs only a little over 3 pounds, warms as if it were 10 times its actual size. The fan-forced heat is easily controlled and can be set at any level you desire, enabling you to warm an entire room at once. It is UL-approved and with the 6-foot cord, you can use it anywhere. Completely safe to use with a tipover switch and overheat protector. 21-day home trial—money-back guarantee. Send check, money order or VISA, MasterCard number with expiration date to: The University Store, Inc., 4313 Dogwood Drive, Greensboro, NC 27410. Or call toll-free 1-800-228-5000.

The secret of lasting memories

This beautiful child's cup is truly a gift which will be cherished for a lifetime. Crafted in fine silverplate; stands 2¼" high. Engraved with the child's first name and birthdate. The cup's capacity is 6 ounces. . .just right for juices, milk, etc. $18.95 + $2 p&h. Gift catalog—$1. Robert Manley, Dept. SPK80, 4126 Rosewood Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90004.

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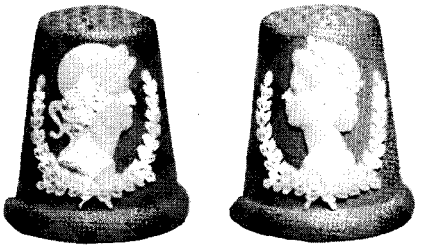
Royalty thimbles

First thimble collection in the history of Wedgwood will feature the period of succession from William the Conqueror to Queen Elizabeth II. The limited-edition Jasperware thimble series will be available from Calhoun's Collectors Society, Inc., Minneapolis, MN 55435. Original issue price: $19.75 per thimble.

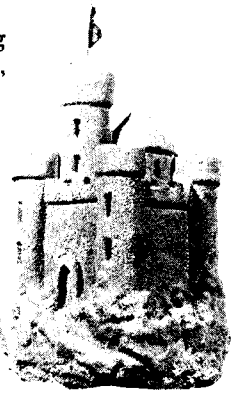


Rockwell porcelain miniatures

Dave Grossman Designs announces the addition of 6 new styles in its growing collection of Norman Rockwell porcelain miniature figurines. Each is inspired by one of Rockwell's *Saturday Evening Post* covers and is accompanied by a miniature *Post* cover tag. These charming figurines will certainly become collectors' items and are ideal gifts. Anyone who treasures Rockwell's vision of America will love them all. The new styles are: "Friends in Need," "Springtime 1933," "Summertime 1933," "Baseball," "See America First" and "Take Your Medicine." Prices range from $22 to $40. Dave Grossman Designs, 2383 Chaffee Dr., St. Louis, MO 63141.

Enchanting sand castles

Remember lazy days at the beach, long hours dreaming of castles made of sand with this individually finished, *real sand*-textured castle that won't crumble or wash away. This decorative conversation piece comes complete with handcrafted flag and is styled to please any romantic. Castle shown, approximately 7" x 5", $20.00. Deluxe castle, slightly different, approximately 10" x 5", $30.00. 21-day home trial—money-back guarantee. Send check, money order or VISA, MasterCard number with expiration date to: The University Store, Inc., 4313 Dogwood Drive, Greensboro, NC 27410. Or call toll-free 1-800-228-5000.



Take a soothe-a-bath

Enjoy the incredible, amazing, patented fleur-de-lis bath pillow. Cradles your head and shoulders on a heavenly cushion of air to make bathing a whole new thing. This king-sized pillow is a giant 16" x 20" for the ultimate in comfort. Four suction cups hold the pillow securely in place against your tub wall, and it's waterproofed to keep your hair dry. The beautiful gold fleur-de-lis pattern on a white background will enhance any bathroom decor. Send $5.98 plus 50¢ postage and handling to Better Sleep, Inc., New Providence, NJ 07974.

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more than 90 breeds
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1935S	36P	36D	36S	37P	37D	37S	38P
1939P	39S	40P	40D	40S	41D	41S	42D
1942S	43P	44D	44S	45D	45S	46D	46S
1947P	47D	47S	48D	48S	49P	49D	49S
1952S	53S	54P	54S	68S	69S	70S	71S

50S 51S 52P
72S 73S 74S

Circle dates wanted. 12 @ $2. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
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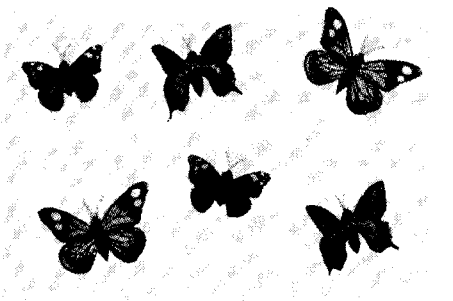

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Colorful, magnetic, hand-painted butterflies are free-spirited designs to light on a refrigerator, metal lamp, window frame, doorknob, etc. 3¾", 3", and 2" approximate wing span.
Set of three, $9.95 ppd.
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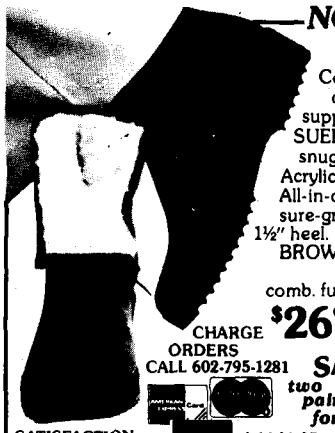

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CHARGE ORDERS CALL 602-795-1281
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Arts & Crafts

Original *Post* covers, ads, illustrations. Rockwell, Leyendecker, etc. $1.00 for lists: Margolis, 5738 Frankford, Philadelphia, PA 19135.

Guide to Mexican crafts. $3.00. L. Goldsmith, Box 691, Sumiton, AL 35148.

Bargains/Wholesale

Save money: discount buying watches, radios, appliances, etc. $1.00 + SASE D&D Dist., RR #2, Box 261A, Odon, IN 47562.

Books/Publishers

Professional bartender's guide. 101 most popular recipes and more! $3.98: J M H Enterprises, P.O. Box 1525, Hartford, CT 06143.

Out-of-print bookfinder. Send wants. Box 86SE, Cutten, CA 95534.

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Total mind power (how to use the other 90% of your mind). Free booklet. Total Mind Power Institute #39, Larkspur, CA 94939.

Free book. Prophet Elijah coming before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 12, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, NY 14619.

Business Opportunities

Earn extra income! Home mailing program. Rush self-addressed, stamped envelope for free details. Fred Tavangar, P.O. Box 20113-F, Oklahoma City, OK 73156.

$750/$1,000 inserting, mailing envelopes! Guaranteed. Publishers, X8(MO), Broken Arrow, OK 74012.

Make more money fast. New plan. Earn at home. Free information. SASE. HVP-OLand, 2308 Laport, Dept. S01, Minneapolis, MN 55432.

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Home import mail order business. Start without capital. Free report. Mellinger, Dept. C1137, Woodland Hills, CA 91367.

42′ sternwheeler paddle boat. Carries 40 plus crew of 2. Easily converted to retirement houseboat, or sleep 20. 150 hp marine diesel, 90″ paddle, twin rudder, 11′ beam. Will consider anything of value for down or trade. Photos and info, $3.50. Write Nestucca Queen, 7410 Elderberry Lane, P.O. Box 485, Pacific City, OR 97135.

Coin Collecting

5 coins over 25 years old: wheat penny, buffalo nickel, steel cent, Liberty nickel, foreign coins. $1.00. Marlee, Box 28A, Pitman, NJ 08071.

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Modified A-frame. Unique blueprints! Information: Send $2.00. T. D. Limited, P.O. Box 10124-SP1, Yakima, WA 98909.

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Refinish wood furniture to its natural beauty. Send $3 for easy instructions. G. Shirley, 9319 Donerail, Louisville, KY 40272.

Stop leaks, peeling, water damage. New waterproofing liquids, plastics, ideas. Free samples, literature: Weber's Waterproofing Aids, Dept. SEP12, 777 Highway 33, Freehold, NJ 07728. (201) 431-1128.

Build your child's playhouse. Free information. SASE. Box 100, Lewiston, UT 84320.

Education/Instruction

External degree program guide. Educational Research Associates, 504 Citizens Trust Bank Building, Dept. 77, Atlanta, GA 30303.

All students, first grade through college. Complete reading programs, including speed reading. $33-$66. R & S Educational Products, 830 S. State Rd. 7, Plantation, FL 33317.

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Australia—current employer listings. $3.00 sends you details. Airmail replies. E. Moore, 10 Keiley Street, Eastwood, New South Wales 2122.

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Bonsai trees, plants (including rare Texas Ebony), supplies. Catalog "SEP", $1.00 deductible. Bonsai Farm, Rt. 1, Box 156, Adkins, TX 78101 (near San Antonio).

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Exclusive beauty products, not sold in retail stores. Brochure, 50¢. Send to: Marlin Harrington, 52 West Sandusky Street, Fredericktown, OH 43019.

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Cultured singles—discover contact high! Free brochure: Box 500-SP, Mendocino, CA 95460.

Of Interest To All

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Tight budget? Guide shows how to buy brand-name children's clothing inexpensively. $2.00. Brendan's, Box 455-SP, Vandalia, OH 45377.

How to get control of your finances and pay less taxes! Send $3.98 to: MMD2, Box 146, Sun Prairie, WI 53590.

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Letter from Santa. Personalized, illustrated. Four colors on quality ivory stock, suitable for framing. Send child's name and address with $1.50 each letter, plus 50¢ each order, to Elves' Camp, 832 Rosewood Dr., Twin Falls, ID 83301.

The wood connection. Facts, tips, safety for wood heating. Copyrighted report, $4.95. Emmons Enterprises Co., Box 2126, Thomasville, NC 27360.

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Ladies' automotive handbook. Complete maintenance/fuel economy guide for women. $4.00 postpaid. Rose Publications, Box 28-P, Bedford, TX 76021.

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Old Radio Programs

Yesterday's radio on tape. Quality sound, reliable service, catalog $2.00. Adventures, Box 4822-P, Inglewood, CA 90302.

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Guiana bouillabaisse (seafood). $2.00, SASE: B'baisse, Box 9857, Mobile, AL 36691.

Brazilian seaside ambrosia. $2.00, SASE: Tiragosto, Box 9857, Mobile, AL 36691.

Grandma Irene's recipes—simply scrumptious soups, casseroles, desserts, more. $3.50. Gutshall, 304 Burman Lane, Fredericksburg, VA 22401.

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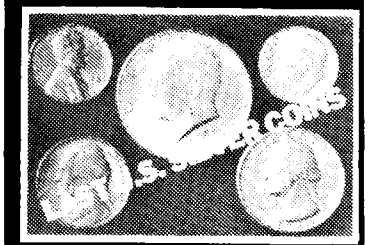

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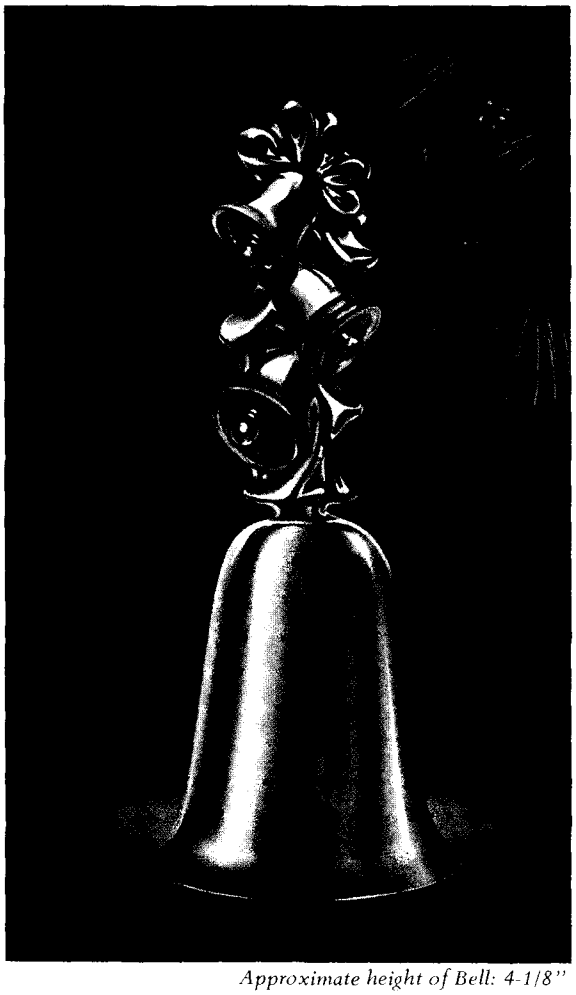

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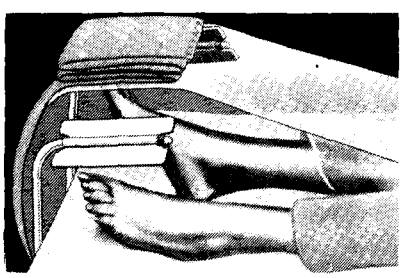

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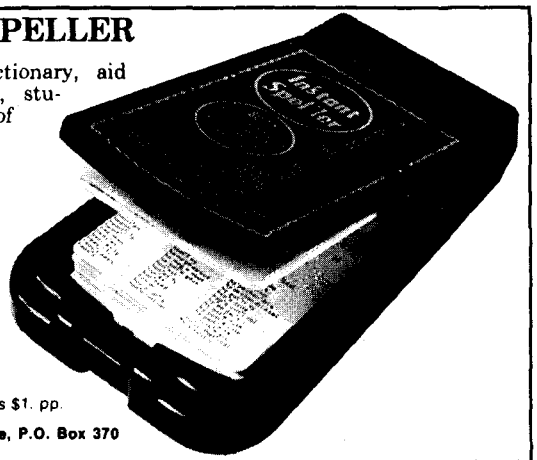

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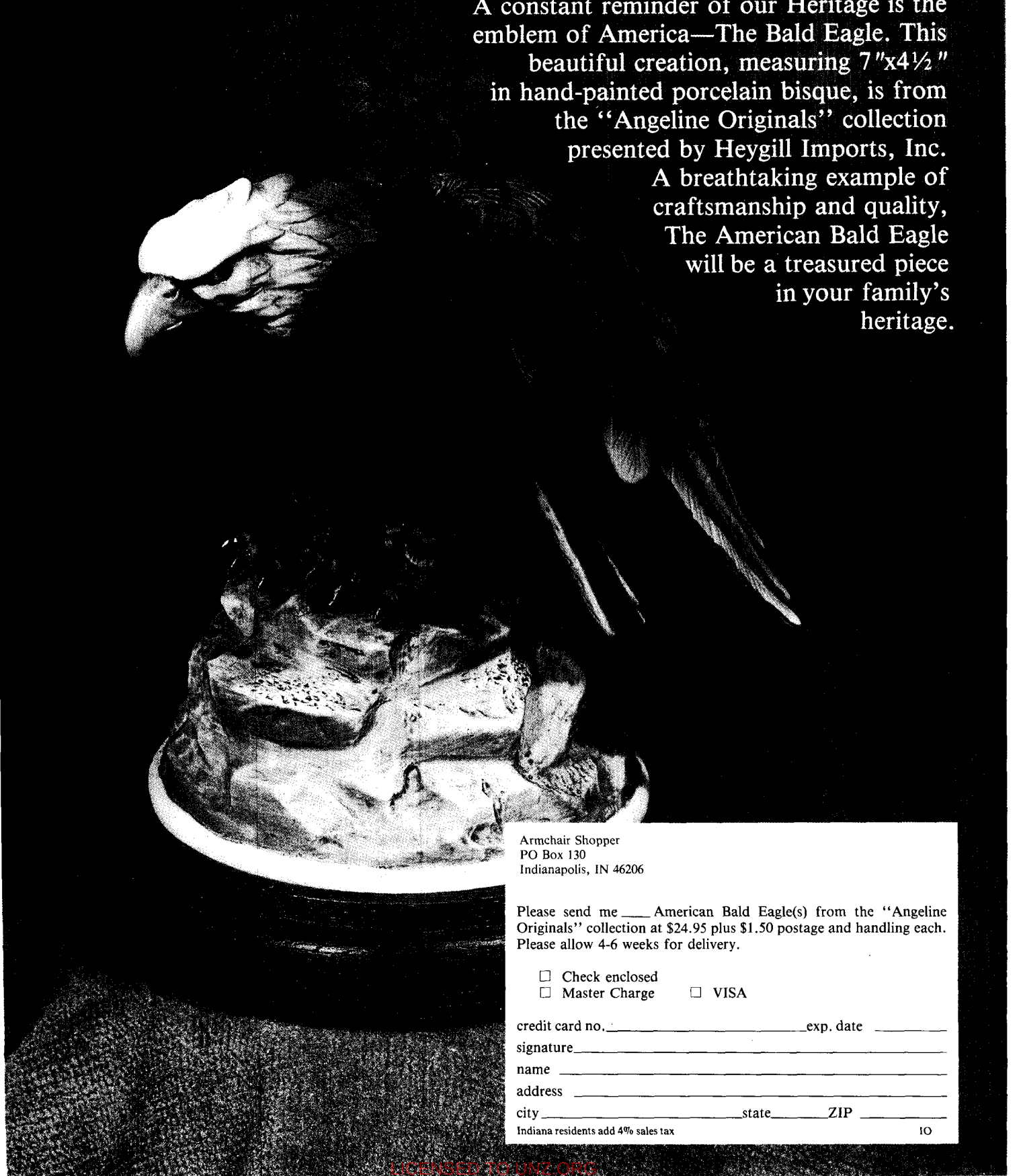

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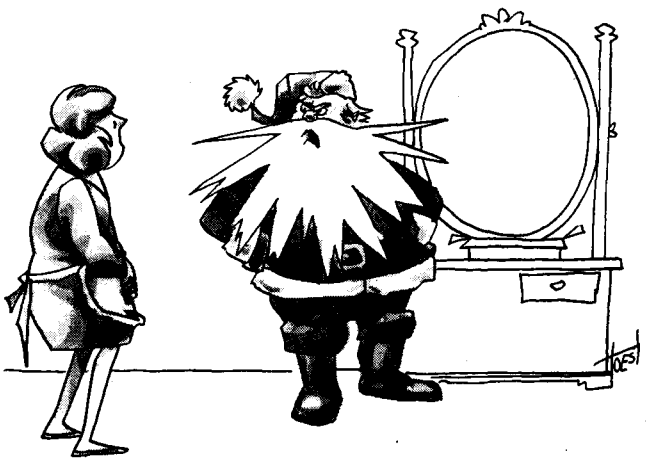
MERRY MAYHEM

"Do you make house calls?"



"I told you to tell them, no starch!"

"Do you think Stephen will be able to handle a two-wheeler?"

"Well, that gets the Yuletide season off to a glorious start!"

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Falwell

continued from page 59

Can a Christian minister be a racist? We asked M.C. Southerland, president of the Virginia College and Seminary, a black school in Lynchburg, to comment on Falwell. "Falwell is very dynamic, most progressive. A minister with a sizeable church, most of which is not local." Southerland also calls Falwell "a good, fundamental Bible preacher, who uses the Bible and states it pretty accurately. One thing I've noticed in his interpretation is that he's announced himself a Zionist because the Holy Land belongs to the Jews." That, Southerland says, "is in accordance with the Bible but loses sight of the fact that in the Bible, the Christian era overshadows the Jewish era." He notes that the New Testament is the story of the dawn of Christianity.

Despite any doctrinal differences such as this, Southerland and Falwell get along. "He's demonstrated an interest in our school," the seminary president disclosed, "and contributed $5,000 to our building program, for which we are grateful."

Another area where Falwell takes a stand is foreign affairs. He is strongly against the SALT II treaty, saying it is bad for America and good for the Soviet Union. He has scheduled special workshops for his church members so they can be informed of the perils he attributes to the treaty.

Because Falwell doesn't want blind followers, he tries to educate his flock in many ways. But in doing so, he has taken controversial stands, and the legislators don't ignore it.

Lynchburg delegate Joe Crouch says Falwell "would be the first to admit he's been close to the threshold between church and state.

"The biggest penalty for crossing the line is the loss of his tax-exempt status, and his organization is astute enough to keep from crossing that line," Crouch said.

While Jerry Falwell's evangelistic message has reached global proportions, he has not abandoned the fight for spiritual improvement close to home. His message in Lynchburg is clear, and it shouldn't be a surprise that the people of his community, through the court system, rejected pornography at the local drive-in theater.

Falwell also approached the Southland Corporation asking that they refrain from selling magazines such as *Playboy* and *Hustler* at the 7-11 convenience stores. The magazines are no longer available there, and other newsstands have felt the pressure and made adjustments, too.

The theme Falwell returns to more often than any other is the preservation of the American family.

"I believe God is attempting to get the attention of the American people through various pressures and crises: the energy shortage, the economic problems and the general deterioration of the American image internationally.

"It's a direct result of a nation forgetting God," he reiterates.

Falwell is convinced that God is calling millions of Americans in the so-called "Silent Majority" to join in the "Moral Majority's" crusade to turn America around in our lifetime. He has had to draw upon courage and deep faith to stand up for what he believes to be God's will. But his motivation and his call for others to join him are not without provocation.

"Let us unite our hearts and lives together for the cause of a new America—a moral America in which righteousness will exalt this nation," Falwell beseeches. "Only as we do this can we exempt ourselves from one day having to look our children in the eyes and answer this searching question: 'Mom and Dad, where were you the day freedom died in America?' "

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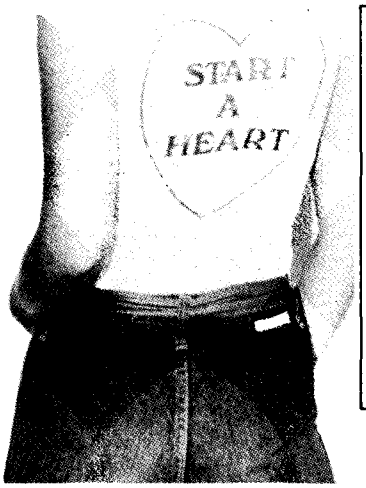
You gotta have heart in this here life if you're going to get with what it's all about. SO. . . .get a little love message up front, but keep in the back of your mind (and on the back of your T-shirt) the idea that with CPR and a little savvy on your part, you might even save a life next time someone has a heart attack. Life and love, baby—wear that, and let the rest take care of itself!



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THE FEAST OF CHRISTMAS

The glories of good eating reach their prime at Christmas dinner's unbuttoned orgy.

No one has in recent times written more lovingly of the glories of good eating than advertising executive Silas Spitzer. Writer and gourmet cook by avocation, he served as food editor for The Saturday Evening Post*'s former sister publication,* Holiday. *The following selections are excerpted from articles he wrote for Christmas issues of* Holiday *in the 1950s. The recipes are from New England food expert Charlotte Turgeon's collection of traditional American foods, reprinted from* The Saturday Evening Post All-American Cookbook.

The Christmas dinner of my youth was the longest, most lavish repast of the year. It took several days to prepare, needed extra help in the kitchen and was so elaborate that it always strained the family's finances. It began with a crunching of nuts and a munching of celery at about 2:00, and drifted, without coming to any definite conclusion, into a sort of contented stupor as the late afternoon shaded into twilight.

Even on ordinary occasions we were a tribe noted for our uninhibited appetites. But on Christmas, our number supplemented by relatives and close friends, we sat down to a table so heavily laden that it can only be described as medieval. If turkey, goose or chicken was the major element of this unbuttoned orgy, it was always a bird of monumental proportions, the largest the local market could supply. If roast beef held the place of honor, it was seven ribs thick and loomed in its platter like Gibraltar.

Gravy was served in depth, homemade bread was served in huge, sweet-smelling loaves. Quantities of vegetables and minor accompaniments were handed around in overflowing bowls and tureens. In the largest of these vessels was a snowy pile of whipped potatoes with rivulets of yellow butter running down its sides from a large chunk melting in a cavity at its peak. Another fixture was our mother's wonderful red cabbage, spicy with caraway seeds, rich with goose or chicken fat and piquant with the tart-sweet taste of green apples and sugar.

From year to year, there were few surprises in this most traditional of holiday menus, except on those last few occasions when the family still assembled in force. At these later gatherings, I seem to recall several new dishes of a spectacular modern sort, introduced by the eldest sister, who had suddenly become aware of the fascinations of fashionable living as reported in the glossy periodicals of that day. With her own fair hands, she prepared and served orange-flavored sweet potatoes buried under a froth of toasted marshmallow, odd-tasting artichokes with a thick yellow sauce that was slightly curdled and a complicated dessert involving ladyfingers, jelly, whipped cream and candied violets.

These innovations, however, were consumed with curiosity rather than gusto, and were tolerated mainly to keep the family peace. For the greater part, our Christmas dinner progressed happily through the old familiar edibles and was crowned not only by mince pie and apple pie but by a sleek jet-black plum pudding that looked like an old-fashioned anarchist's bomb and was just about as heavy. During the final languid hour, while the grownups smoked cigars and sipped muscatel or brandy, the younger element snapped frilly favors which blossomed into frivolous paper hats.

Many Americans no longer eat on such a formidable scale, but in spite of the present generation's daintied appetites, our native Christmas food and customs still largely follow the traditions established by our English forebears. In England's earlier times there were feasting and pageantry so magnificent that even Hollywood, in its gaudiest moments, has never quite succeeded in capturing their grandeur. For hundreds of years the great moment of these banquets was the joyous entrance of the cavalcade which brought in the boar's head garlanded with rosemary and bay, a lemon or a rosy apple clenched between its bristling tusks. It was carried aloft on a great platter to the sound of harps and the singing of carols. I had always conceived of the boar's head as having only symbolical significance, but I learned from recent reading that it was also a dish relished for its own sake. In its preparation, the head itself was boned and the inside coated with minced pig's liver, chopped apples, onion, sage and rosemary. It was then solidly stuffed with sausage meat, ox tongue, truffles, mushrooms, pistachio nuts and spices, moistened liberally with apple brandy and then boiled in a cloth for the better part of a day.

One hundred-four roasted peacocks were served at one famous feudal feast, borne in single file by a procession of 104 servants, with an escort of candle bearers, minstrels and baying hounds. Each peacock had been stuffed with spices and wild herbs, its beak gilded and its tail feathers replaced and fanned out to their full spread of opulent color. Less spectacular, but perhaps more satisfying in a gustatory sense, was a celebrated pie that once graced the banquet of an English nobleman. Under its mountainous crust it was laden with geese, rabbits, wild ducks, woodcocks, snipe, partridges, curlews, pigeons and blackbirds and was brought to the guests on a cart that was specially built to carry it.

A poet of Elizabeth's time, boasting of country Christmases, writes of "their 30-pound butter'd eggs, their pies of carps' tongues,

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their pheasants drenched with ambergris, the carcasses of three fat wethers bruised for gravy to make sauce for a single peacock." As may be imagined, it took floods of drink to wash down these unctuous and heavily flavored courses—a circumstance that did nothing to hamper the boisterousness of the occasion. Peacock, curlew, partridge, blackbird... These exotic birds may have been spectacular but they were surely no more flavorsome than the modern-day fowl that grace the Christmas dinner table.

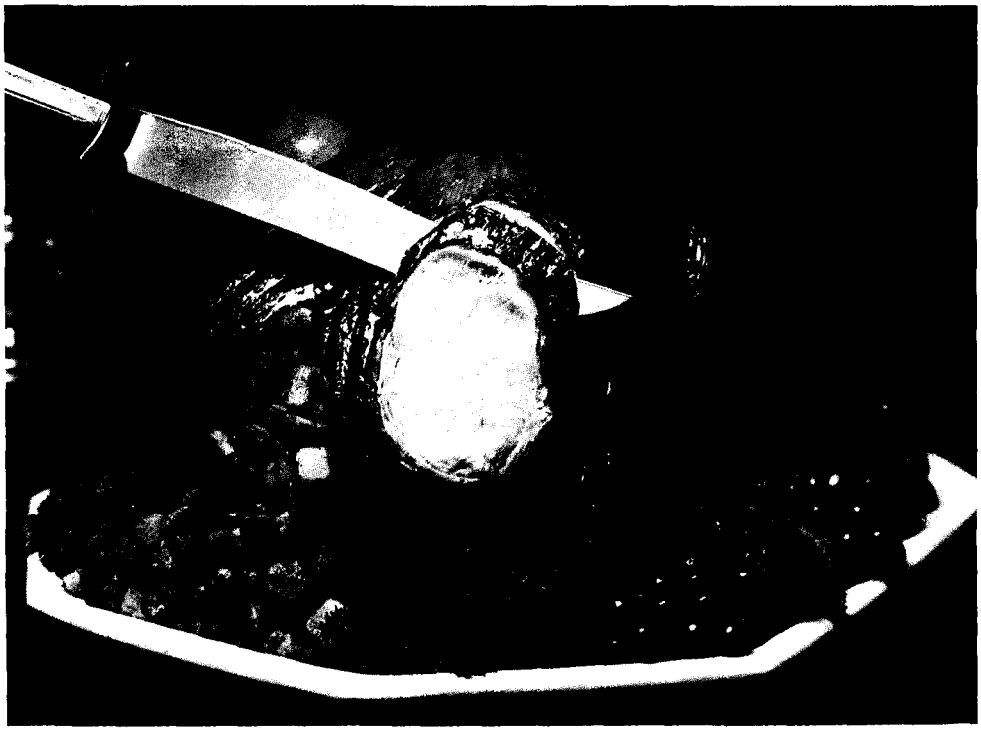
(In some ways the medieval Christmas meal was healthier than those many will sit down to this year. Breads and cakes from whole grains provided bran, yet there was certainly a scarcity of fresh vegetables to provide vitamin C and, too, those sumptuous feasts just bubbled over with fats and cholesterol.

The following recipes are especially chosen to provide a tasty holiday repast that will set the standards for delicious and healthy family dining throughout the entire new year and will, quite incidentally, provide some extremely good snacks, as well.)

Eight-Bean Soup
(4 to 6 servings)

2 cups of dried mixed beans. Use 6 to 8 different kinds, choosing from split peas, lentils, garbanzos, kidney beans, pinto beans, lima beans, etc.
7 cups water (or more if a thinner consistency is desired)
1 cup canned or fresh tomatoes, chopped
1¼ cups chopped onion
½ cup chopped celery
½ cup chopped carrots
¼ cup chopped parsley
1 minced garlic clove
1 bay leaf
¼ teaspoon thyme
½ teaspoon each basil, thyme and rosemary leaves
Black pepper to taste, if desired

Rinse and soak the beans overnight or for several hours in enough water to cover. Drain. Combine the drained beans with the rest of the ingredients (except tomatoes) and cook until all are tender, stirring occasionally and adding more water, if needed. Add the tomatoes and enough water to give the soup the consistency that you desire. Heat thoroughly and serve.



Goose and duck are rare sights on the Christmas table these days, and it's all for the best. Turkey and chicken contain far less fat (only 18 to 20 percent in light meat), while duck weighs in at 66 percent.

Roast Chicken with Corn Bread Stuffing
(4 to 6 servings)

1 4- to 5-pound chicken
White pepper
Corn bread stuffing
Watercress

Gravy

4 tablespoons pan drippings
4 tablespoons whole wheat flour
2 cups chicken stock or broth

Wipe the inside of the chicken with a clean damp towel and sprinkle the inside with a little white pepper. Make the stuffing, using 3 cups of corn bread crumbs, and fill the body and neck cavity. Sew up the cavities with a kitchen needle and string or close the openings with small skewers. Truss the chicken and place it on a rack in an open roasting pan. Roast the chicken at 350 degrees F., allowing 25 minutes per pound. Baste occasionally with the juices in the pan. Remove the chicken to a heated platter and keep warm. There should be approximately 4 tablespoons of drippings in the pan. Stir in the flour and cook over direct heat, scraping the juices from the bottom of the pan. Gradually add the chicken stock and whisk until the mixture is smooth and thick. Strain into a gravy boat. Decorate the chicken with fresh watercress.

Corn Bread Stuffing
(3 to 4 cups)

Old-fashioned corn bread, broken into crumbs
½ cup finely chopped onion
½ cup finely chopped celery
½ cup melted butter, margarine or bacon drippings
1 cup soft whole wheat bread crumbs
¼ teaspoon white pepper
½ teaspoon poultry seasoning
¼ to ½ cup hot water

Make the corn bread unless you have some left over. You will need 2 to 3 cups of crumbs, depending on how the stuffing is to be used. Sauté the onion and celery in the hot shortening until the celery is almost tender. Add the corn bread, bread crumbs and seasonings and toss lightly to mix. Sprinkle the hot water over the top. If you prefer a dry stuffing, add ¼ cup. Increase the amount of water for a

Continued on page 124

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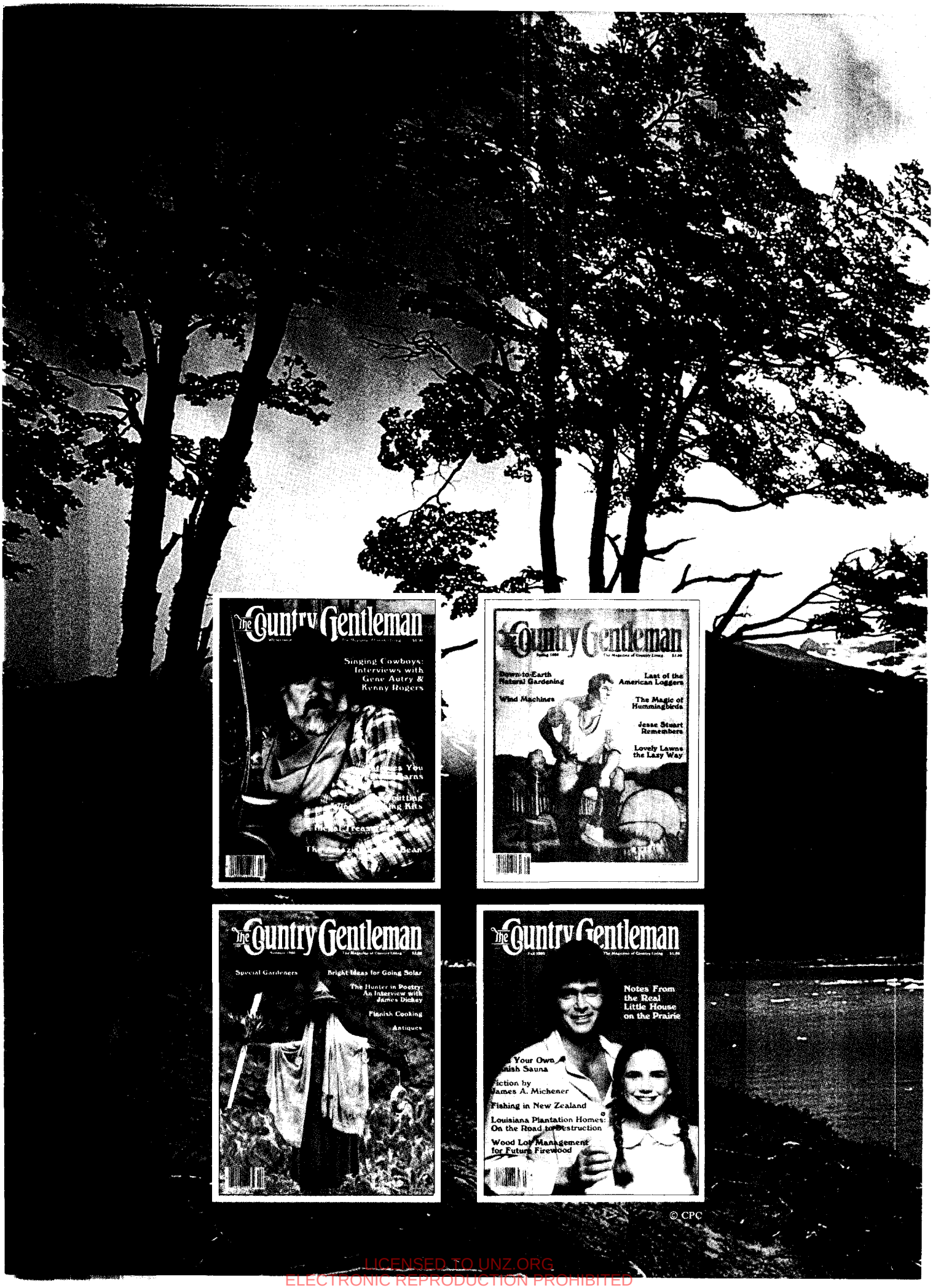
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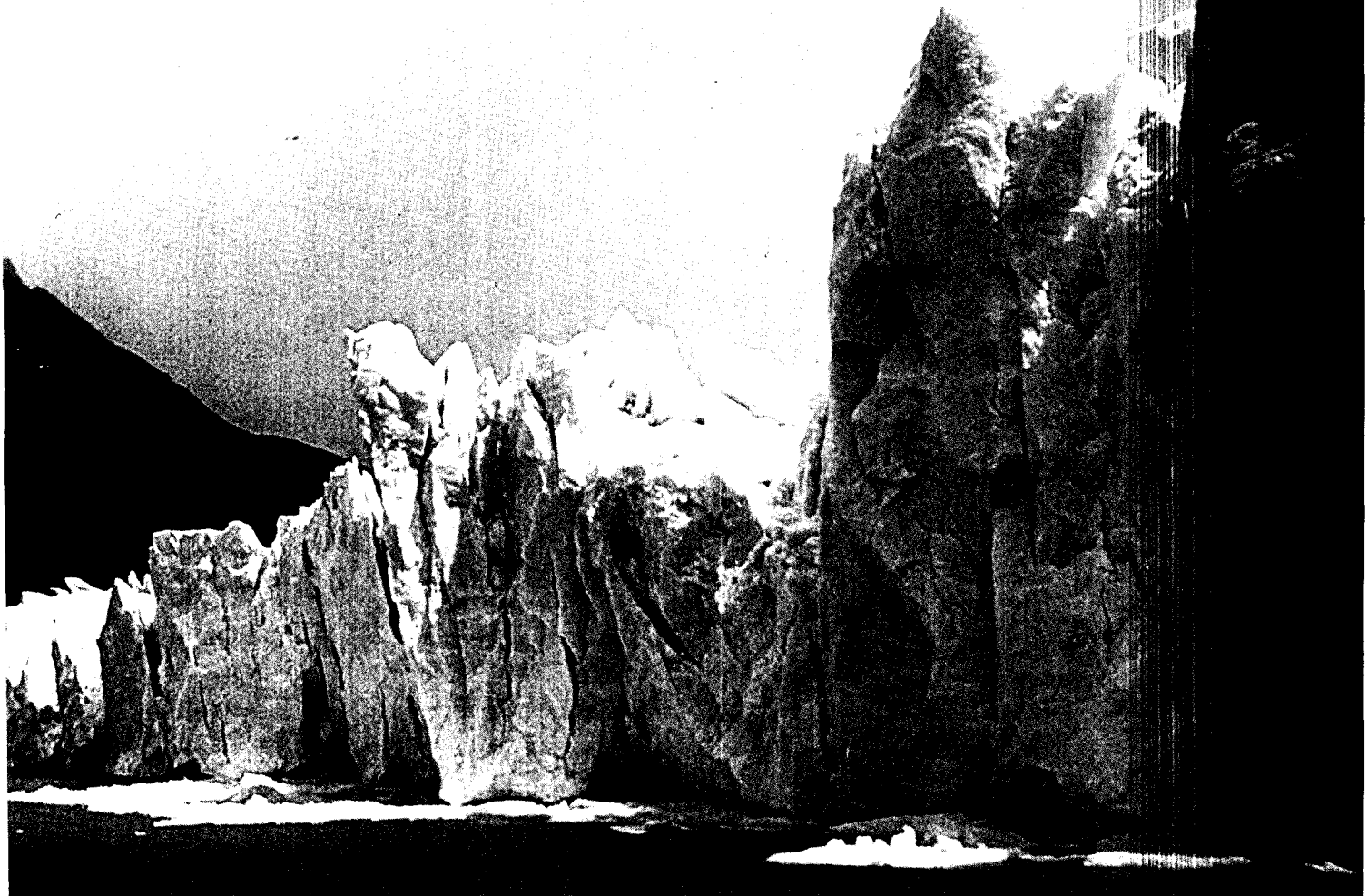

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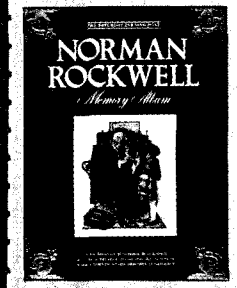

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WHERE IN THE WORLD?

Whether you go by airplane or armchair, you're bound to "fall" for these four singular sites.

1 ☐ **Zimbabwe** ☐ **New York** ☐ **Switzerland**
A mile's worth of river takes a 300-foot spill in this spectacular cataract, which is so long it is divided into five separate falls: Devil's Cataract, Main Falls, Horseshoe Falls, Rainbow Falls and Eastern Cataract. Visitors who traverse its entire length pass through two countries.

2 ☐ **Jerusalem** ☐ **Rome** ☐ **Istanbul**
There's no white Christmas here, but that doesn't dampen the holiday spirit at this historic square. Visitors can marvel at the huge mangers erected in nearby churches and buy figurines and sweets from shouting street vendors in an area which at the time of Christ was a pagan circus.

3 ☐ **Newport, Rhode Island** ☐ **Cape Town** ☐ **Newport Beach, California**
Damon Runyon said, "Watching a sailboat race is like watching the grass grow," but a lot of people watch this one. The time is September, and the competition takes place every three years. Here, the *Australia* attempts to wrest the treasured cup from the U.S., represented by the yacht *Freedom.*

4 ☐ **Malagasy Republic** ☐ **Jamaica** ☐ **Haiti**
The "unknown slave" blows the conch shell to signal the revolution which brought this island nation independence from France in 1804. These days, the capital city streets still throb with excitement from discotheques to voodoo ceremonies.

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Christmas Window

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hurry, too, so let's get to work. Here, Dominick, put this dollar into Giannina's piggy bank for me. Now, let's see. . . .If half the Christmas ties were used to garrote the people who gave them, it would be justifiable homicide. Got to put that down."

At eight o'clock, the bells of St. Patrick's chimed again. Johnny Greer pushed back his chair and read the column. If he had to say so himself, it was a masterpiece of sharp, satirical wit—a surprise for thousands of readers expecting sugarplum prose. Best of all, it was the kind of stuff that makes people write letters. The managing editor was too smart not to see that.

He covered his typewriter and heard a "Merry Christmas, Mr. Greer!" from Dominick. Johnny looked up and saw the little man with his hat on at the far end of the room. He was staggering under the awkward burden of a large sheet of plate glass.

"What's that for?" Johnny demanded, staring.

Dominick laughed happily. "It'sa Giannina's Christmas!" he said and maneuvered the glass riskily through the door. "Gooda night!"

Johnny cleared his desk, hearing the elevator whine up to get Dominick, thinking the season was even sillier than he had dreamed. Plate glass for a child's Christmas! Then he shrugged and went for his hat and coat. He'd take a cab to Big Bill Carnahan's big house in Sea Cliff and talk business. Then back to his bachelor apartment, and tomorrow he could sleep until the managing editor called to ask if he had gone crazy.

"Merry Christmas, Johnny," said the elevator man, who had been around a long time. "You got another column like you had last year? My wife clipped that and sent it to a dozen folks back East."

"She won't like the one tomorrow, then," Johnny grinned. "I just shot Santa Claus. Good night."

He went outside. The fog was lifting. The thin wail of a siren lifted above the mutter of traffic, coming nearer. He started across the intersection and stopped short.

A big car was angled desperately toward the street's center line, with a knot of people caught in its headlights like moths drawn to a lamp. And jigsaw fragments of shattered glass lay flat along the pavement, reflecting the light in irregular pools.

By the time Johnny Greer could get into the crowd, the ambulance had rolled up. He saw a tall policeman and a hatless, white-faced man who was talking excitedly. And then he saw Dominick, lying on his back with his crumpled hat for a pillow, his face twisted with pain.

"The glass reflected my lights, officer!" the driver was saying. "It threw my lights back at me. I thought it was another car—a car on the wrong side of the street. If he had to take that glass somewhere, why didn't he use a truck?"

"They wouldn't let us have the apartment, dear. It was for mature adults only!"

"You can tell that at Harbor Station," the officer said, and shouted for the crowd to make room. Johnny went in with the hospital stewards and showed the policeman his press card.

"He works for the *Gazette*," he said. "How bad is it?"

"Busted leg. A fine Christmas present."

"I'll ride to Harbor Emergency with him," Johnny said. He bent over Dominick, thinking how much worse it could have been. "Take it easy," he said.

"No," Dominick said. He closed his eyes, and when he opened them again they were wide and tragic. "No present for Giannina. No fine, happy Christmas this time for her."

"What does she like?" asked the man who didn't believe in Christmas. "Dolls? Candy? I'll find a drugstore, Dominick——"

"It'sa no good, Mr. Greer. Giannina wants a Christmas window. For a long time I tell her she'sa going to have a window. Justa big glass. And now it'sa broke!"

He began to cry, and Johnny knew it wasn't because of the pain in his leg. They put him in the ambulance, and Johnny sat with him. "The Christmas window," he said over and over. "It'sa broke!"

"I don't understand, Dominick," Johnny said. "You mean you promised Giannina a window like in the stores, with toys and lights?"

"Oh, no, justa the big glass. So she can see Christmas."

"Well, give me the address. I'll see what I can do."

"It'sa too late, Mr. Greer. The stores—they're all close. And I got no more money."

"Who was going to fix this window?"

"Me, I could fix. But now——" He closed his eyes and groaned.

They put him on a table at Harbor Emergency, and Johnny left as they gave him an anesthetic. The address on the accident report was a street number in that shabby but colorful section where Chinatown and North Beach come together. Johnny went outside, cursing himself for a softhearted fool, and called a taxicab. Now it was nearly nine o'clock, and the Christmas Giannina had been promised she would see was only three hours away. . . .

The cab stopped before a dingy three-story flat. Johnny struck matches until he found the name of D. Cardoni on a mailbox; then he climbed two sets of rickety stairs and went down a dim and evil-smelling hall.

A gray-haired, plump woman answered his knock. She had a shawl around her head, as if ready to go out on the street, and when she saw him her wrinkled face showed disappointment.

"Oh, not Dominick!" she exclaimed.

"No," said Johnny. "He's—he's late. Are you Dominick's mother?"

She shook her head. "No, Mrs. Latta. I watch Giannina while he'sa work."

"Is that you, papa?" a child's thin voice called him inside the room. "Did

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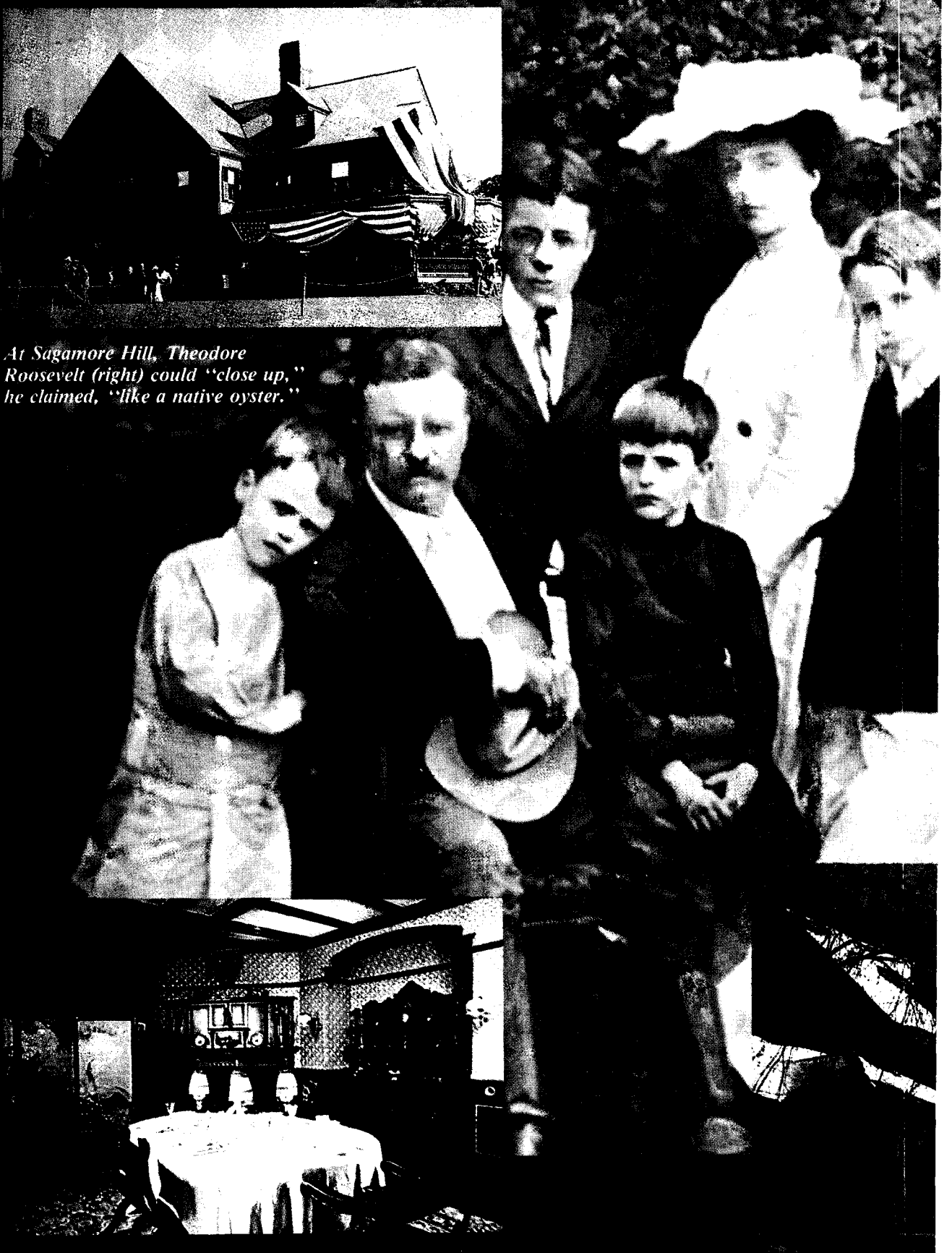

At Sagamore Hill, Theodore Roosevelt (right) could "close up," he claimed, "like a native oyster."

During nearly a decade of a turbulent American presidency, Sagamore Hill was the summer White House.

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Sagamore Hill, Long Island

Teddy Roosevelt's cherished home was a far cry from San Juan Hill's pandemonium and "the cauldron of politics."

Early in the 1880s, Theodore Roosevelt bought a country plot near Oyster Bay, New York, and on top of the hill he built a home. Legend claimed that Indian chiefs once met there to genuflect before the gods. Its name, the Sagamore's Hill, arose "from the old Sagamore Mohannis, who," said Roosevelt, "as chief of his little tribe, signed away his rights to the land two centuries and a half ago."

The house Roosevelt constructed, known as "Sagamore Hill," was 160 feet tall, engulfed by gulls and hollows and swaying trees and was 30 miles from New York City. Looming high on the north coast of Long Island, it was at once remote and accessible. "The house," wrote Roosevelt, "stands right on the top of a hill separated by fields and belts of woodland from all other houses and looks over the bay and the sound."

Amid Roosevelt's sweep and tumult, the electric bombast which checkered his career, Sagamore Hill was home country, elegant and reposed. Today, 62 years after the 26th president's death, T.R.'s Valhalla has become a national historic site. Supervised by the National Park Service, it welcomes visitors daily; this year, as in the past, guests will attend from each of the 50 states.

Once ranked among the most well-known homes in America, Sagamore Hill is a Victorian structure of frame and brick. "It was, in essence, the 'summer White House' during Roosevelt's eight years in the Oval Office," says a spokesman, "and it hasn't changed much since then.

"It still has the library that served as Roosevelt's private office, still has his vast collection of guns, his paintings and flags, still has the memorabilia that adorned his life. Along with the landscaped gardens and contemporary T.R. museum which lie nearby,

by Lynn Gleason

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> *"It is not the critic who counts. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena; whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs and comes short again and again; because there is not effort without error and shortcoming; but who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause, who at the best knows in the end the triumphs of high achievement and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat."*
>
> *—Theodore Roosevelt,*
> *The Sorbonne*
> *April 23, 1910*

the house tells visitors of his history—how it came to be."

In 1880, Roosevelt bought 83 acres for his first wife, Alice Lee, after which he asked Lamb & Rich, a New York architectural firm, to design the gabled 23-room house, encircled then—as now—with sturdy wooden porches. Before building started, tragedy occurred; in 1884, two days after giving birth, Alice Lee died. Roosevelt thought of canceling construction, but with an infant daughter to house and care for—the future Alice Roosevelt Longworth—the project was quickly resurrected.

On March 1, 1884, Roosevelt agreed formally to build the home. The price was $16,975. Two years later, he married his childhood friend, Edith Kermit Carow. After a four-month vacation, the two returned to Sagamore Hill, now complete, where they would permanently reside—living there, in fact, at least part of each year during the last 32 years of T.R.'s life.

At Sagamore Hill, Roosevelt would write, "We have many things—birds and trees and books and all things beautiful and horses and rifles and children and hard work and all the joy of life." In expansive fireplaces, burning timber erased the vestiges of winter's dankness, and amid the splendor of the home's interior, beaver skins mixed with buffalo hides and three families of cousins mingled near the waters of the bay. The house, Roosevelt once remarked, had "the aura of having been lived in, which is the requisite of every home." With its wandering wings and cathedral-vaulted rooms, its pictures, artifacts and shelves, it was—he said—"the offspring of the years as surely as is a reef of coral."

"One thing I want," Roosevelt said upon leaving the presidency, "is privacy." Amid the artifacts shown above, Roosevelt found the quality he sought. "There is nowhere in the world I love more," he noted, "than here."

Two years after Sagamore became his home, Roosevelt was appointed by President Harrison to the United States Civil Service. He resigned in 1895 to become president of the police board of New York City and two years later was named assistant secretary of the navy. He was elected governor of New York in 1898 and accepted the vice presidential nomination of the Republican party in 1900. When William McKinley died of gunshot wounds on September 14, 1901, Theodore Roosevelt took the oath of office as president of the United States. He was resoundingly reelected in 1904.

In March of 1909, having vowed not to seek another term, T.R. left the presidency, returning—where else?—to Oyster Bay. He was older now, past 50, his hair turning gray, his bulk even larger than before. With Roosevelt's chosen successor, William Howard Taft, ensconced in the White House, Sagamore Hill promised privacy and warmth, a haven from what Roosevelt termed "the cauldron of politics."

For much of the next decade, Roosevelt resembled a squire. He read stories to his children, chopped hay and cut down trees, indulged his fondness for rowing and walked with his family up to ten miles a day—crossing marsh and ditches, traversing adjacent barnyards, turning in winter to sleigh rides and snowball fights, reveling in the sunburst of each morning's dawn.

Ultimately, of course, he reentered politics, breaking with Taft to form the Progressive party, seeking the presidency in 1912. Following his loss in the general election (Woodrow Wilson received 435 electoral votes, T.R., 98, and the hapless Taft, 8), Roosevelt turned to writing and hunting, foreign expeditions and domestic travel and periodic denunciations of what he regarded as Wilson's timid and bungling bent. When T.R. died on January 6, 1919, a fever taking him at 4 a.m., it seemed, said one commentator, as if a military band had ceased playing.

"Death had to take him sleeping," noted Vice President Marshall, "for if Roosevelt had been awake, there would have been a fight." Roosevelt's thunder had departed; only his grave and legacy remained. Today both are linked indelibly. They reside in concert at Sagamore Hill.

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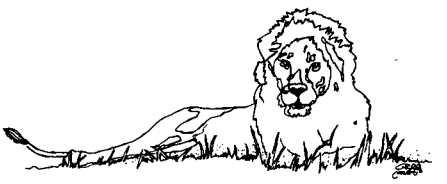

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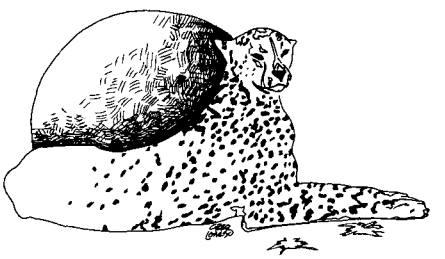

The Post Travel Center, December 1980

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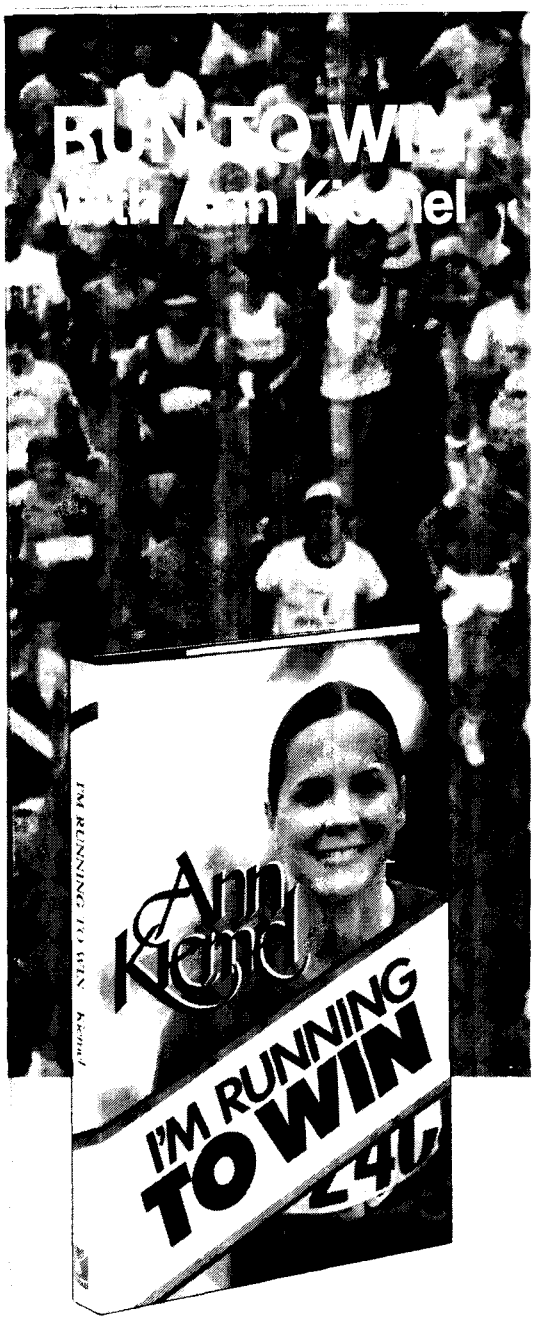

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Christmas Window

continued from page 107

you bring my Christmas present?"

Johnny hesitated, and Mrs. Latta opened the door wider, bowing and fussing with her apron. He went in awkwardly and saw a big, old-fashioned, white-enameled bed in a poorly furnished but clean room. Propped on pillows was a tiny, thin-faced girl. She had a gay red ribbon on her black braids and wore plain gold earrings to make her look like some diminutive gypsy, and Dominick's large eyes were hauntingly eager in her small dark face.

"I'm Johnny, Giannina," he said gravely, turning his hat in both hands. "Your papa sent me. He can't get home tonight."

She studied him a moment. "But it is Christmas Eve," she said slowly. "And he is bringing me a Christmas present. Of course he will be home!"

"Oh, of course," Johnny echoed. "But he will be late. You see——" And then she stirred, and he saw the braces. He thought, *Oh, Lord; polio* and a feeling like shame swept over him.

Mrs. Latta turned aside and whispered pityingly. "For three years she not walk. Maybe never walk."

But Giannina was smiling. "I will go to sleep!" she announced with the bright faith of the very young. She lifted one thin arm and covered her eyes. "I will go to sleep, and when I wake up it will be Christmas. And Papa will be here with my present. You wait and see."

"Yes, Giannina," Johnny nodded. "You go to sleep." Then he took Mrs. Latta by a plump arm and led her into the next room. It was unfurnished, except for a big easy chair that stood facing the wall—and suddenly things were clear to Johnny. At one time there had been two windows in the wall. Now sash and glass were gone, and ugly boards covered the whole space, as if alterations had been long delayed. The room was blind.

"The Christmas window?" he asked, pointing.

Mrs. Latta nodded, and her wrinkled face softened. "The big glass," she said.

He understood it all but one thing, and that made him ashamed, too. For nearly a year he had worked in the same place with Dominick, seeing the tragedy in the little man's eyes and never trying to learn why it was there. Dominick's life would be like this—a blank wall of low income and doctor bills and worry. Out there, fast approaching, was Christmas; out there would be something for a child to see every day in the year. Blue sky and sunshine and silver fog curtains. Rooftops in the rain and clothes dancing on the line when the wind blew. Cars moving over the hilly streets and other children who could walk and run.

"Look, Mrs. Latta," he said. "Dominick's leg is broken. Can you stay with Giannina if I pay you?" He pulled a bill from his pocket.

Mrs. Latta motioned it away. "No money," she said. "It'sa Christmas."

"Johnny!" Giannina called. "I'm nearly asleep already!"

That would be the bells of Old St. Mary's taking up the carols now, and it was nine o'clock. He tried to swallow a lump in his throat.

"It'll take a lot of doing," he said. "Is there a phone here?"

There wasn't, but Mrs. Latta directed him to a drugstore on the corner. When he tiptoed through the other room, Giannina was still, her lips parted slightly and long, dark, curling lashes lying on her small cheeks.

He sat in the stuffy telephone booth with the classified directory on his lap, and wrote down the numbers of a large building-supply house and a glass company. Time was getting short. That section between the two windows would have to be sawed out and some sort of sash put in before the glass could be put into place. The whole affair became urgent now. Twelve o'clock was a deadline.

He dialed the first number and heard the phone ring a dozen times. If there was a night watchman at the building-supply company, it apparently wasn't his job to answer telephones. The same lack of response greeted his attempt to rouse the glass company. It was, after all, Christmas Eve.

Then he remembered the party he was supposed to be attending—and Big Bill Carnahan, the builder. He dialed again, and the receiver went up on merry sounds and a jovial and hearty voice, "Carnahan speaking."

"This is Johnny Greer. Look, I need your——"

"Where've you been, boy?" boomed the man who wanted to be mayor. "What's holding you up? I've got two county supervisors and some other important people out here, and we're whipping up an organization and waiting to see Santa fall off the Christmas tree. Come on out!"

"Sorry," Johnny said. "I can't make it tonight. Could you get a store to open and sell me a sheet of plate glass, eight by five?"

"Tonight? What the devil, Johnny, it's Christmas Eve! Come on out and have a drink!"

"I've got to have a big window put in before midnight," Johnny said.

Carnahan laughed. "Oh, been out busting windows already, eh? Tell 'em I'll bail you out, and tell 'em they'll have to wait."

"It's for a little crippled girl, Mr. Carnahan," Johnny said. "A Christmas present for her. How about lending a hand?"

"Well, now, you know I'd like to help, Johnny, but I've got guests here, and it's Christmas Eve, and—well, the thing is impossible tonight, anyway. You couldn't get it done."

"The hell I can't!" Johnny flared, and hung up.

Long ago in the Post

A request for the church:

"The Christian Church," by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Feb. 9, 1918

"Let us picture for a moment what a reborn church would be. A life, not a creed, would be its test; what a man does, not what he professes; what he is, not what he has. What the world craves today is a more spiritual and less formal religion. I plead not for a modification of form, but for its subordination to the spirit; not for the abolishing of ordinances, but for their voluntary, rather than obligatory, observations."

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He looked at his watch. Somebody ought to know the people who owned those stores where they sold glass. Members of the building trades, perhaps. And who would know the right person to contact in the building trades? He sat up with a flash of inspiration—the *Gazette*'s labor editor, Wade Mason!

He looked up Mason's home telephone, smiling to himself, thinking how wrong a man can be. Hardly two hours before, he had told Dominick that the power of the press no longer existed. He had said that only once in five or ten years did a really good story come along. Now that story was in his hands, to be shaped and built and made complete, and a curious, warming pride filled him as he knew he had found the way to do it. The power of the press.

Wade Mason answered, and Johnny quickly outlined the problem, beginning with Dominick and the glass. He told it as an experienced leg man would tell a story to the rewrite desk, and Mason grunted now and then to show that he understood. Mason had been in the business a long time, too. He didn't say much, but Johnny knew the contagion had caught.

And now both of them were pretending, as newspapermen have done for years, that they were doing all this for the story. Mason said, "Okay, I'll call Joe Gallagher. He's head of the Carpenters Local, and he'll be able to get the glass and round up a crew. You go on back and stand by. What about pictures?"

"I'll get a photographer," said Johnny, who had forgotten about pictures. "But are you sure, Wade? Are you sure Gallagher and his men will do the job?"

"It's Christmas, isn't it?" asked Mason. Then, as if ashamed of having put it on that sentimental basis, he added, "Besides, they want their names in your column now and then, don't they?"

Giannina was still sleeping when the truck and three cars parked at the curb below, and if she didn't sleep through the sawing and hammering that went on behind the closed door of the front room, she did a very good job of pretending, even when a couple of flash bulbs went off.

But she heard the bells. All over the city the bells began at midnight, and those of Old St. Mary's sounded very near as they chimed "Adeste Fideles." She sat up in bed with her big eyes shining.

"It is Christmas, Johnny!" she said. "It is Christmas, and Papa has come home with my present!"

"Yes," Johnny said, watching the closed door. "It is Christmas, Giannina. Your papa will be late, like I told you, but the present is here, and in just a minute——"

Wade Mason opened the door. He said, "Okay, Johnny, it's ready!"

Johnny held out his arms, and the child put hers around his neck. He lifted her, thinking how tiny and fragile she was; he carried her into the front room and put her gently into the big chair.

"Merry Christmas, Giannina!" he said then, and everybody joined in a chorus.

"Merry Christmas, Giannina!" said burly Joe Gallagher and the three workmen and Wade Mason.

She clapped her hands. "I want to see my present!" she said excitedly.

Joe Gallagher reached up and pulled aside the blanket that had been hung over the window. Wade Mason turned out the light in the room. The bells were chiming "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem."

A lump caught in Johnny Greer's throat. There was the big window, framing darkened rooftops and the glow from the street lamps and a clear midnight sky. Almost centered in it was the lighted cross on Old St. Mary's, and farther on, above the brilliant symbol of everything that Christmas stands for, was a single bright light on the top of some tall building.

Giannina pointed to this. "It is beautiful," she whispered through the silence that held the room. "It is like the star the Wise Men followed."

Johnny remembered that quote an hour later when he sat down at his desk and picked up the telephone. The first number he dialed was that of the city's most famous orthopedic surgeon, and the conversation with him was most satisfactory. The second number was one he had called earlier, and the voice answering his ring was annoyed.

"Carnahan," Johnny said, "I've been thinking it over. I've decided that, with the proper help, you can be defeated. Good night."

He put down the phone and rolled a sheet of paper into his typewriter. At the top he typed "A Line of Cheer From Johnny Greer." Then he began to write steadily. ✍

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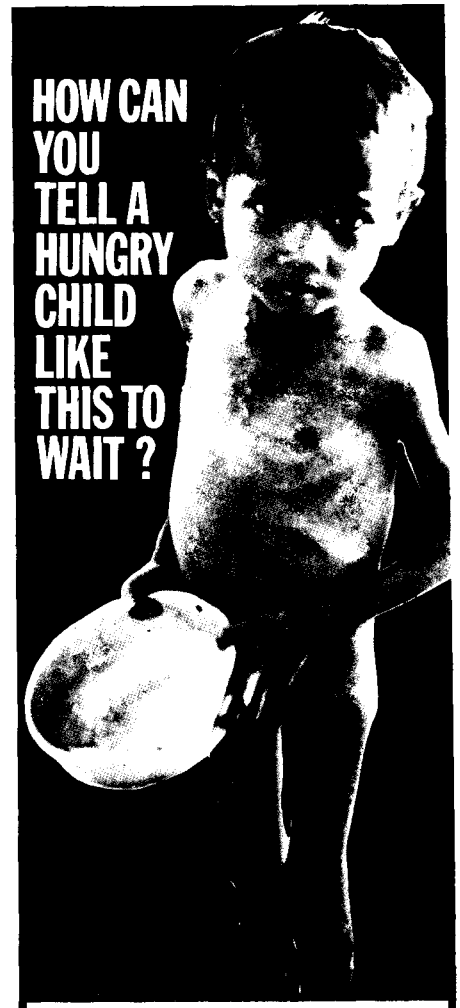

Thousands of helpless, hungry Cambodian children, like this boy, are waiting for someone to love and care for them. Many have permanent brain damage from long-term malnutrition. All of them need food, clothing and the other bare necessities of life.

Here's how it works . . .

It only costs about 66 cents a day — $20 monthly — to give a disadvantaged youngster a chance for a better future. Your sponsorship can help in various ways, depending upon the needs of the child you sponsor. For the children, your help could mean schooling, food, clothing and medical care. In every case, the child you sponsor will learn about God and His love.

Yes! I'll Sponsor A Child. 2A4B

I prefer ☐ a boy ☐ a girl who lives in: ☐ Asia ☐ where need is greatest.

I understand that sponsorship is $20.00 a month for at least one year if possible, and that my donations are tax deductible.

I would like to send in my gift ☐ monthly ☐ quarterly ☐ yearly.

Enclosed is my first gift of $ _____.

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Fireplaces Burn

continued from page 18

Once there was a newlywed young man in his first house who carried out ashes in a gunnysack for two years before he almost cried at discovering that there was a hole in the hearth to shove them down. A percentage of ashes will disappear of their own accord in the form of a feathery white chaff, not unlike beautiful snow, which is later taken off furniture by women. The efficient way to shove the rest down the chute is with a bathroom plunger, using the orthodox churn stroke. The other end of the chute can be found in the cellar, a cunning little iron door in the wall, mysterious and entrancing—could it be a secret jewel cabinet? Never open one of these doors. This advice is as futile as telling somebody not to touch wet paint. I opened one in a house which I was thinking of buying and got ravished by a cataract of ashes, some of which looked to be at least ten years old. To this day, ashes still whirl out of my pants cuffs on a blustery winter day.

Which brings to mind that fireplace chimneys should be cleaned, too. A chimney sweep is not a little boy in blackface carrying a witch's broom; he is two expensive men, one of whom helps the other up a ladder. You can do all this yourself much more cheaply by wrapping some bricks in a burlap bag and scraping them down and up the chimney on the end of a rope. If you have a brick left over, it belongs in the chimney.

Frankly, this minority report must even include a cricket on the hearth. I shall never forget the August evening I saw a cricket gallop across my hearth and down the ash chute; I thought he was our first cockroach. Next day I carefully cleaned the chute. That evening, the elusive creature not only galloped across the hearth and down the chute again, but his wife was close on his heels. He was shouting, "Creek! Creek!" His wife was being dutiful and saying nothing, for cricket women have the admirable quality of being mute.

The trouble with Milton is that when he rhymed "mirth" with cricket on the "hearth," he not only took the easy way out of a couplet, but I don't think he ever tried to concentrate on the sports pages while listening to a chirping hearth throughout September and October. The rest of my family adored their musical fireplace for a few weeks, then got fed up with the insufferable noise and finally worked it over with an insect bomb. This was repulsive to me, who hates to kill even a tick, but the resulting silence quickly healed my wounds.

Let our subject not be dropped without stating again: Everybody knows that a conflagration on a hearth is enthrallingly beautiful. I myself came right out and practically said so one bitter winter night—a sincere sentiment, for it fought its way out of a brain which was half-frozen and, meaning no pun, half-baked. We were all sitting before the fire sucking oranges which a sensible man, being a resident of Florida, had sent us.

"This blending of the subarctic and the subtropical is virtually cozy," I remarked, tossing the empty orange crate into the fireplace. The orange wood mushroomed into a holocaust of orange flames, and we all hitched our chairs backward to avoid blistering. When the hellish phenomenon died down, for some cockeyed reason the fireplace kept getting hotter and hotter, and everybody kept hitching farther and farther away. Presently the front door opened, and an unfamiliar face was stuck in, and the face yelled happily, "House afire!"

In such a moment one thinks instinctively of what is precious. Grabbing my nightcap glass, I ran safely out into the night. There in the dark I bumped into many indistinguishable people who kept asking me if anybody had told Mr. Knight yet that his chimney was on fire. The fire brigade came, and I located the chief standing on my rhododendron seedling with his hands on his hips. With great, undisguised admiration he was watching the chimney make like a modern Vesuvius.

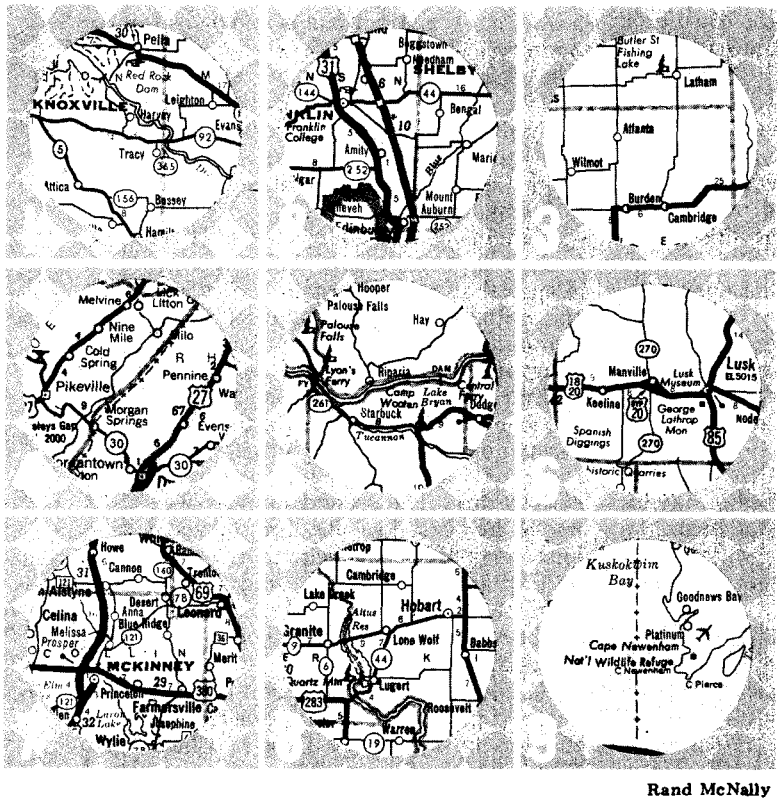
"Beautiful thing, fire," he murmured softly.

"But aren't you going to string a line of hose?" I shrieked hysterically.

"No use messing things up," he said sadly. "She's fizzling out already. See there."

So I ran back into the house to see if everybody else had got out all right, and then we felt we ought to invite in 22 neighbors, some strangers and the entire fire company—though I drew the line at three stray dogs—to ravage the Scotch and have a grand old-fashioned housewarming.

The prettiest fireplace I ever saw was in my dear grandmother's front parlor. It was a beautiful, big black marble creation with a flat front and with no cavity to put a fire in. It was, of course, a false fireplace.



Rand McNally

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't) add the requirement that you place the area north, south, east, west or central in the designated state.

(Answers on page 124)

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Planely Speaking

continued from page 51

train ride to your plane is a feature that puts many larger airports to shame. The bar at Buffalo's terminal carries Canadian ale—hard to find in an airport. Houston's rotating restaurant is way above the airport norm, although the new terminal itself is dangerously akin to the unspeakable monstrosity next door in Dallas-Fort Worth. Flight attendants were the first to pass the word about the superior quality of the popcorn at, of all places, Dayton's airport. The airport in New Orleans has an excellent oyster bar, and if they could work out an exchange deal with Buffalo, they'd really have something. Miami's outstanding feature is intrigue; passing through its terminal with its proximity to the hot-blooded Caribbean, you know you are not in Fort Wayne, as every third person appears to be bent on hijacking, smuggling, piracy and various other pursuits of high-handed skullduggery. It's pure entertainment; every time I'm there, I just know that I'll spot Sidney Greenstreet in a Panama suit passing an envelope to Peter Lorre. *The Spirit of Saint Louis* hangs from the ceiling in Saint Louis, but contrary to the belief of many passersby, it's a replica. The real one is in the Smithsonian in Washington. There's a nice picture of the late Rhode Island senator Theodore Francis Green in Providence's Theodore Francis Green Terminal—good thing it *is* there, otherwise it's back to the armrest TV. Most highly acclaimed shoeshine? Cleveland's Hopkins. People all across the country are said to mail their shoes to Cleveland for the five-dollar ultraviolet-ray shine. As the song goes, "My Heart May Be in San Francisco, But My Shoes Are in Cleveland." Most awe-inspiring mural? Grand Rapids, Michigan, whose favorite son, Gerald Ford's, life is grandly depicted for the ages along an entire wall. Get stuck in Grand Rapids and you can look at Jerry, Betty and the kids in various stages of their lives in a panorama of the adventures of the 38th president of the United States.

Let us turn back to that historic moment in 1903, when Orville and Wilbur Wright started it all. Their crazy stunt at Kitty Hawk was delayed somewhat that day because Orville's monkey wrench activated the metal detector, and he had to be questioned by the authorities.

I know the feeling that Orville must have had. Airport security is usually very lax around the world—except when I try to board a plane. If they searched everyone as thoroughly as they search me, hijacking would be ended for good. While terrorists are sneaking firearms of every description aboard airplanes all over the world, my Life Savers are activating the buzzer. It seems that a bazooka is easier to sneak aboard a plane than your car keys. I once saw the authorities stop a sweet-looking elderly lady when they found knitting needles in her purse. The police closed in on her as she shouted defiantly, "Come one step closer and I'll knit right at you!"

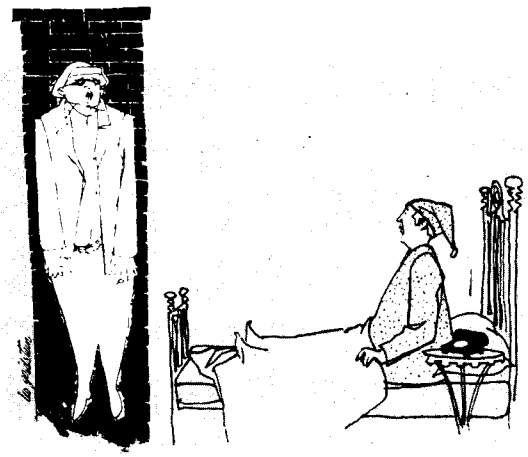
Back to the Wright Brothers. During that first flight that ushered in the dawn of aviation, Orville proved to be a typical pilot as he cheerfully pointed out all the places of interest along the route of the 120-foot trip. They made three more flights that day, the longest of which was 852 feet, which is about a third of the walking distance at the average airport today. All in all, it was a near-perfect day for Orville and Wilbur—marred only by the fact that their luggage was lost.

The first airplane cost less than a thousand dollars including a cost overrun of $11.14. Little did the Wright Brothers realize that not only did they invent the airplane, but also a new language, which includes these stirring words: "As we make our final approach into the Kitty Hawk area, please make sure your seat belts are securely fastened and your seat backs and tray tables are in a full, upright and locked position. Please do not leave your seats until we have come to a complete stop at the ramp and the captain has turned off the seat belt sign. We thank you for flying with Wilbur and myself, and we hope you have a pleasant stay here in Kitty Hawk or wherever your final destination may be. Thank you and have a nice day."

The question has been raised as to why Orville was alone as he straddled the wing on that first flight. The only conclusion I can come up with is that Wilbur was bumped.

When the DC-10 crashed during takeoff from O'Hare Airport in the spring of 1979, it occurred to me that passengers were now entitled to start making announcements of their own. Upon boarding the plane, the passengers should all recite: "For your safety and our safety, please make sure your seat belts and engines are securely fastened. In

Continued on page 118



You be the Judge

Fritz made a Santa Claus-like descent into the chimney of Vernon's small clothing store, intent upon taking instead of giving. He got stuck halfway down and created so much noise that Vernon, in his home attached to the store, heard him and called the police. Fritz was tried for burglary.

"Poor Fritz might have intended to enter the store and steal clothes," the defense attorney wailed, "but all he actually did, at most, was to trespass in a chimney. As he didn't get into the store, he can't be accused of burglary."

"The fact that he entered the chimney obviously to get into the store and steal is sufficient to convict him of burglary," the prosecutor replied.

If you were the judge, would you convict Fritz of burglary?

Fritz was convicted. The court said that getting into the chimney constituted breaking and entering, even though he did not reach the store below.

(Based upon an 1893 Alabama case.)

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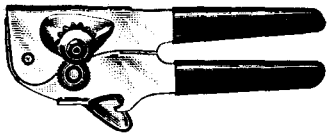
TOOLS FOR LIVING™

Tools for Living cuts through the proliferation of products to bring you unusually worthy items that make your life easier and better in a changing world. The way we select items is decidedly subjective. We've simply asked some friends to scout their areas of the country for innovative well-designed items that are honestly useful and do what they say they do—at a reasonable cost. The items we sell do what *we* say they do. They have to; they're guaranteed. We offer a mail-order service because many people find it is easier to shop this way.

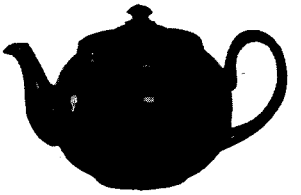
SWING AWAY

Ever since *Tools for Living* began, we have featured an unusual number of openers—from cork-pullers to Gilhoolies to one-handed jar openers. We don't know what conclusion to draw from this emphasis on openers, except maybe to observe *Tools* is nothing if not open to new ideas and better



ways of accomplishing familiar tasks. But if better openers are to be our trademark, we cannot let the Swing-A-Way go unmentioned any longer. Although this product has been on the market for some years, it is simply the best operating, most durable and efficient can-opener on earth (or in space, for that matter: NASA equipped Skylab with the Swing-A-Way). We can hardly improve on the manufacturer's description of how the Swing-A-Way works: "Other can openers operate on friction . . . they force the cutter around the lid. We drive ours with gears, just like an expensive piece of machinery. As a result, Swing-A-Way is the easiest, smoothest-to-use can opener around. It never skips or stalls, even on badly dented cans." The Swing-A-Way costs **$8.50** ($1.45) #EVA103 in the hand-held model. It's guaranteed by the manufacturer for 5 years.

TEA TIMES THREE

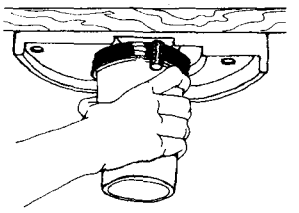


A teapot may look like a simple instrument, but don't be fooled. Extraordinary subtleties of design are required to make an ideal teapot. For example, the shape needs to be rounded with just the right degree of squatness, so that the tea swirls gently after the water is poured in, assuring a perfectly balanced infusion. Then you need those important little touches such as a built-in strainer at the spout to hold back the swollen leaves when the tea is poured, and a careful lip at the end of the spout to eliminate drips. But the critical choice is material: what do you use to make the teapot? You use a special red clay that is available only in one small district in England. This clay is legendary for its abilities to hold the heat in the teapot and to coddle the brew—attributes that make a truly classic teapot. All these qualities and more can be found in the Brown Betty redware teapot, imported from England where it has been recognized as the premier "branded" teapot for over 100 years. No pot brews better tea. The Brown Betty straight from England and manufactured from that special red clay holds 40 oz. (that's 6-8 standard tea cups!) and costs **$14.50** ($2.45) #EVA178.

To get your tea-making off on the right foot, we have found a supply of superb Ceylon tea at an excellent price. One pound, packed in an intriguing wooden crate, costs only **$8.50** ($1.45) #EVA182. That is the price you would expect to pay for only *one-half pound* box or tin of Ceylon breakfast tea.

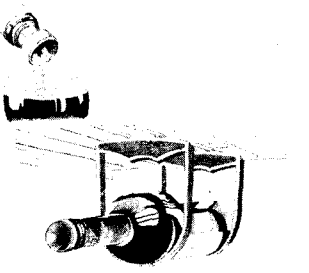
If you want to establish your own credentials as a true *aficionado*—then you will want to complete your tea service with an Irish tea cosy. A tea cosy is a quilted cloth insulator that keeps your second and third helpings of tea hot in the pot. Add the cosy's insulation to the Brown Betty's own heat retentive clay and you can keep your tea piping hot for up to an unbelievable *two hours!* If you drink or serve tea with any regularity, the tea cosy will win your admiration and delight. Made of cotton and Irish linen, this beautifully decorated tea cosy costs **$13.50** ($1.45) #EVA29. It provides the perfect way to finish your ultimate pot of tea.

OFF AND ON AGAIN



The world is promised to the man who builds a better mousetrap. Now a clever Denver man has invented a better jar opener, the Off/On Un-Skru. For those sticky jar lids that no woman, man or beast can better, the Off/On Un-Skru makes opening (and resealing) them child's play: a one-handed maneuver at that. So easy is it to use, you'll never need resort to drowning, boiling or bashing a recalcitrant lid again. The Un-Skru mounts easily (2 screws provided) and unobtrusively under a shelf or cabinet. It works on any lid from tooth paste cap size to a large 5" and rugged enough to out-muscle lids for years. And on the theory that what comes off should go back on just as easily, the Off/On Un-Skru works with the same one-handed ease to put the top back on as snugly as you found it. **$9.00** ($1.95) #EVA208.

WINE TOOLS



If you always finish a bottle of wine in a single sitting, there is little need to read further. But if, like most of us, you sometimes have to deal with partly finished bottles of wine, you know the storage problems. The swollen cork you have just extracted requires great persuasion to coax even a little way back into the bottle. Then you find that the added height of the partially inserted cork prevents you from fitting the bottle in the refrigerator. What else can you do except cheerfully take a glass and a comfortable seat and determine to finish the bottle? Well, here are two new products from California (where else?) to take the hassle out of wine storage. First is a clever cork replacement known as a store-and-pour wine stopper that allows you to recork a bottle and then pour freely by giving the top a mere half-twist. Closed, it seals the bottle so effectively that you can store the bottle on its side without worrying about leaks. Which brings us to the second tool, a bottle holder that clips beneath a refrigerator rack. By storing the bottle horizontally, this rack utilizes space that is normally wasted; you don't have to sacrifice valuable standing space. Together, these two tools will preserve your opened wine for weeks, if need be. We are offering a package of 2 stoppers and 2 bottle holders for only **$8.00** ($1.95) #EVA213. No longer will you have to keep drinking just because you don't know where to put the bottle.

Astronomical facts. The interior temperature of the sun is about 35,000,000° F.

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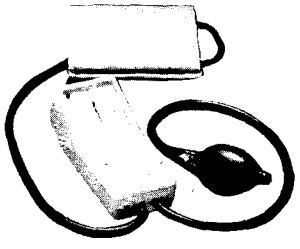
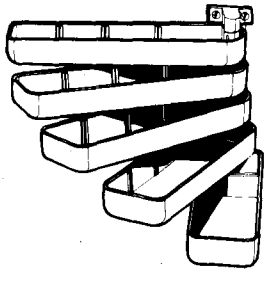
MEDICAL SELF-HELP

The most positive medical development of the last decade has been the new know-your-body consciousness that has spread throughout the country. We are our own first line of defense against disease, but first we have to accept the responsibility that this imposes on us. We must monitor our bodies closely enough to know when something suspicious arises. The importance of such self-monitoring is revealed by an American Medical Association estimate that as many as 25 million Americans suffer from high blood pressure *but do not know it.* Now, thanks to the electronics revolution, there is a simple accurate way to take your blood pressure at home. Using this unit on a regular basis will give you a great deal of information about your own body and having a record of your readings taken over a period of time in different circumstances gives your doctor more information on which to base his interpretation of your results. This electronic blood pressure monitor is a fully automatic unit. No stethoscope is required. All you do is put on the cuff, pump it up, and turn on the monitor unit. A light and a beeping come on to signal the systolic reading and go off to mark the diastolic reading. That's all there is to it. It is perfectly easy for one person to operate alone. The unit, called Lifemate, is a professional model that has been slightly adapted for home use, so you can trust its reliability and accuracy. The Lifemate has several features that make it especially convenient for older users: an easy-adjustment cuff; a large easy-to-read dial; a battery tester; and the flexibility of hand-held or tabletop operation. The best medical care is the kind that begins at home. The Lifemate is an important new tool for everybody concerned about their own health. We can supply the Lifemate units for **$76.00** ($3.95). #EVA212).

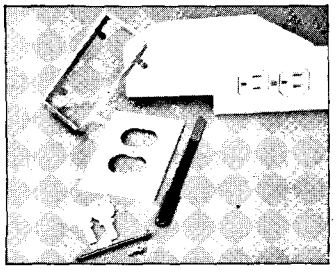


SWING BINS

Have you taken a recent inventory of the desk drawer where you routinely toss all those small items that have no places of their own? We did. Jumbled together in not-so-charming disarray we found paper clips, erasers, assorted pens and pencils, push pins, a box of staples, spare shoelaces, tape, business cards, stamps, matches, 6 small safety pins, a nail clipper, needle and thread, a lost button, some spare change, a tin of aspirin, 2 clothespins, several toothpicks wrapped in paper, 3 sticks of gum and a pack of LifeSavers. But now all these things are handily arranged in a wall-mounted storage system right at the edge of the desk. Adapted from industrial origins, these swing-a-way trays are a quick and effective way to keep track of all kinds of small items that tend to go astray. These storage systems are perfect for home or office desks, workshops, hobby areas, sewing rooms, dresser tops, baby's room or any other place where there is a plenitude of small objects to keep organized. The trays are stacked on a vertical axle that attaches to the wall with four screws. Each tray is 9″ long x 2½″ wide x 1″ deep and is separated into four compartments by removable dividers. The trays swing through a 180° arc, making access easy and storage unobtrusive. These storage systems come in a 5-tray size for **$10.00** ($1.95) #EVA226, or a 10-tray size for **$15.50** ($2.45) #EVA227. If you need a way to collect the small things in your life that are never where you think they are, this is the solution you have been waiting for.



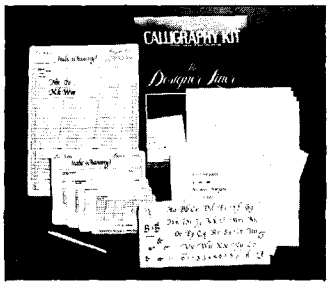
A SAFE STASH



Scores of movie burglaries have taught us to think of a safe as a heavily armored box hidden behind a conveniently placed picture. Trouble is, the burglars all saw the same movies—which is why wall safes have to be so expensively engineered to provide protection. But there is another approach to safe-keeping—finding a hiding place so clever that no one would ever think to look there. That is the genius of this plastic wall safe—it masquerades as a perfectly normal electrical outlet. From the outside, there is no way to distinguish it from the real thing. But insert a special key and the outlet swings out from the wall to provide access to a storage compartment 5″x2″x2¾″, a perfect stash for small valuables. The wall safe comes with careful directions and everything you need to install it **$16.00** ($2.95). #EVA196

WEIGHTY WORDS

There is writing and there is Calligraphy. In fact the word Calligraphy comes from the Greek *Kallos,* beauty and *graphein,* to write. There is a special weight or impact to beautiful writing. Calligraphy is a great way to be sure that people take the time to read your words. The "Designer Liner" kit is an easy and inexpensive way to get started. The specially designed Calligraphy marker pen has a Chisel felt tip which eliminates messy ink bottles while you're learning. You practice by writing directly on the template surface which is pre-ruled and cleans easily with a rag or wet sponge. You can create permanent writing by placing the special parchment paper over the template. The set comes with a pen, instruction manual, a wipe-off template, 4 envelope templates, and Calligraphy parchment. The cost per set is **$12.00** ($1.95) #EVA195.



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Planely Speaking

continued from page 115

preparation for take-off, please see that an 11,000-pound object is fastened to the wing by something more substantial than six three-and-a-half-inch bolts."

Tourists visiting Washington were treated to a sight not listed in their guidebooks on the particular day when a long line of people camped outside the headquarters of the Civil Aeronautics Board with cots and sleeping bags. The occasion was a mad scramble of airline representatives in a first-come, first-serve bid on unused air routes made available by airline deregulation. As at a January white sale at Macy's, they elbowed and clawed to have the distinction of being the only carrier offering a nonstop flight from, say, Nashua, New Hampshire, to Laramie, Wyoming. Some lucky airline would be attracting all those millions of people who travel between New York and Chicago but for some reason must first stop in Altoona. Deregulation gave way to interesting discount plans, some of which were rather complicated: "We offer a 50 percent discount to college freshmen with an SAT score of 1100 traveling with no luggage between Miami and the South Pole on alternative Wednesdays in winter between the hours of midnight and six a.m." I am waiting for a flight designed for people who have seen everything in airline luxury. This would feature a 12-course dinner with champagne and dancing on a 747 flight from Dallas to Fort Worth.

There just isn't enough competition among the airlines. Why not have a low-cost flight for those folks who don't mind standing from New York to Los Angeles? Competition only relates to fringe services as advertised in messages such as: "We're the airline featuring two pats of butter" or "Fly us—we have finger bowls." But how about some real competition? Let's have some rock-bottom prices for those travelers not bothered by having to take their turn at the controls or at the box of kitty litter in the back of the plane where the rest room used to be.

Since airlines are always striving to sweeten the advantages of paying the full fare, I have a few suggestions on how they can make it even more comfortable for those who are not in the chicken-feed section. Full-fare passengers are not given enough choices of seat assignments. All that is offered is first class or coach, smoking or nonsmoking and window seat or aisle. This is not enough. What if you do not feel like talking to the person sitting next to you? In that case, you should be able to choose a seat in the designated noncongenial section next to a grouch like yourself. But if you feel like having a merry chat, you can ask to be seated in the congenial section. In addition to the congenial and noncongenial sections of the aircraft, they should have the extrovert section and the introvert section. If an extremely shy person is forced to sit next to a life-of-the-party type, his shyness is only magnified and his journey is uncomfortable. But if two shy people are seated next to each other, they will be sensitive to each other and therefore will be more relaxed.

The aim should be to make the flight more comfortable. Therefore, both a liberal section and a conservative section should be available on larger planes. These sections, in turn, should be broken down into liberal Democrat and conservative Democrat, liberal Republican and conservative Republican, isolationist, expansionist and so on. Insecure sections, smug sections, altruistic sections and selfish sections are also possibilities, but of course, this can't all be established overnight. Still, it would be nice to be able to ask for a nonsmoking slovenly window in coach.

No salute to flight can conclude without praise for the legendary carrier, Piedmont Airlines. This friendly company has never lost the hospitable spirit of the Southern towns it serves, most of them located along the eastern seaboard. The salty tales surrounding Piedmont are mostly of doubtful authenticity; one reported that the airline recently purchased a Concorde supersonic plane, enabling it to provide more efficient service to Hong Kong, with intermediate stops in Raleigh, Durham, Fayetteville and Tuscaloosa. In these times of heightened airport security, Piedmont is to be congratulated for the meticulous manner in which all passengers are frisked—the minute they get off the plane. Piedmont's lucky passengers are not offered the usual movies, but rather are treated to a much more original form of entertainment. After take-off, the copilot marches briskly through the cabin showing wallet snapshots of his kids, his dog and his summer cabin on the lake—all in color, and you can view the whole set for only a dollar.

The Perfect Squelch

Sagging under his burden of Christmas mail, the postman paused in answer to an excited call from a house he had just passed. In the doorway, a woman was waving a handful of letters. "Here, you forgot to pick these up," she shouted.

Patiently retracing his steps, the postman took the letters and obligingly put them in his bag. Then he explained that, owing to the Christmas rush, he was not supposed to pick up letters as he delivered the mail.

"But that's ridiculous," the woman protested. "Why, this is the time I need my mail picked up most." She went on to criticize the postal service in detail, then added, "I simply can't understand why you people don't want to be helpful. After all, you're employed by the taxpayers. You are a civil servant, aren't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," the postman said cheerfully. "But sometimes it's difficult."

—*William Childress*

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Space

continued from page 44

the soft, high-technology life of the settlements.

What's more, since so much of the serious work of the settlers would be on the low-gravity surface of the Moon, or under zero-gravity conditions in space, the low-gravity play would prepare the body for low-gravity work.

One more thing. Would the settlers have goals that Earthpeople don't?

Yes.

To Earthmen, getting off the planet and into space would be a hard task, both physically and psychologically.

To settlers, it would be easy; space travel would definitely be a "natural."

To the settlers, there would be the goal of moving out to the asteroid belt where there would be more room for settlements and more easily available material for building them.

There would be the desire to explore the vastness of the outer Solar System in long trips that the settlers could endure and Earthpeople could not.

There would be the dream of someday sending entire settlements into space to go adventuring for indefinite periods toward the distant stars.

The settlements and the settlers would be the cutting edge of humanity. The settlers would be the pioneers. Human history would move outward with them and Earth's role would demonstrably shrink.

But then, Earth would, after all, have finally fulfilled its destined role of giving birth to a new and even greater stage on which the human drama could play itself out.

(For those who may be wondering when all this might well happen, we asked Mr. Asimov for an expert "guesstimate."

He said: "We already possess the technological capability. The difficulties are not so much a matter of technology as they are economic, political and psychological. To begin the occupation and exploitation of space will be expensive at first, will require the cooperation of nations as time goes by and will run the risk of casualties.

"If human beings prefer to pay for deadly wars, to fight each other and to cling in fright to Earth's surface, then we may never have such space settlements—and civilization may not survive, either.

"If, on the other hand, our nerve doesn't desert us, there is no reason why a variety of space structures cannot be under construction by the year 2000."

That's only 20 short years away; anyone for packing his bags?)

Song Before Breakfast

by Ogden Nash

Hopeful each morning I arise
And splash the cobwebs from my eyes.
I brush my teeth and scrape my chin
And bravely at the mirror grin.
Sternly I force myself to say,
"Huzza! Huzza! Another day!
Oh, happy me! Oh, lucky I!
Another golden opportunity
To rise and shine in this community!
Another target for my aim!
Another whack at wealth and fame!"
Almost I feel within me stir
A budding force of character.
Who knows, indeed, but what I might
Perhaps have altered overnight?
Today may be the day, who knows,
That sees me triumph o'er my foes,
Gluttony, simony and sloth,
And drawing on the tablecloth;
Perjury, arson, envy, pride,
And renting tales of homicide;
Barratry, avarice and wrath,
And blowing bubbles in the bath?
The differences this day may bring!
Perhaps I'll work like anything,
I'll eat a lighter lunch, perhaps,
And end my secret midday naps,
And travel to my tasks on foot,
And in the bank the carfare put,
And buy a haircut when I need it,
And if I get a letter, read it,
And every eve improve myself
With Pitkin or the Five Foot Shelf.
The things I want to do, I won't,
And only do the things I don't.
What lordly aspirations dawn
The while I draw my trousers on!
Oh, beamish morning, big with hope
And noble tasks with which to cope,
If I should fail you, do not sorrow;
I'll be a better man tomorrow.

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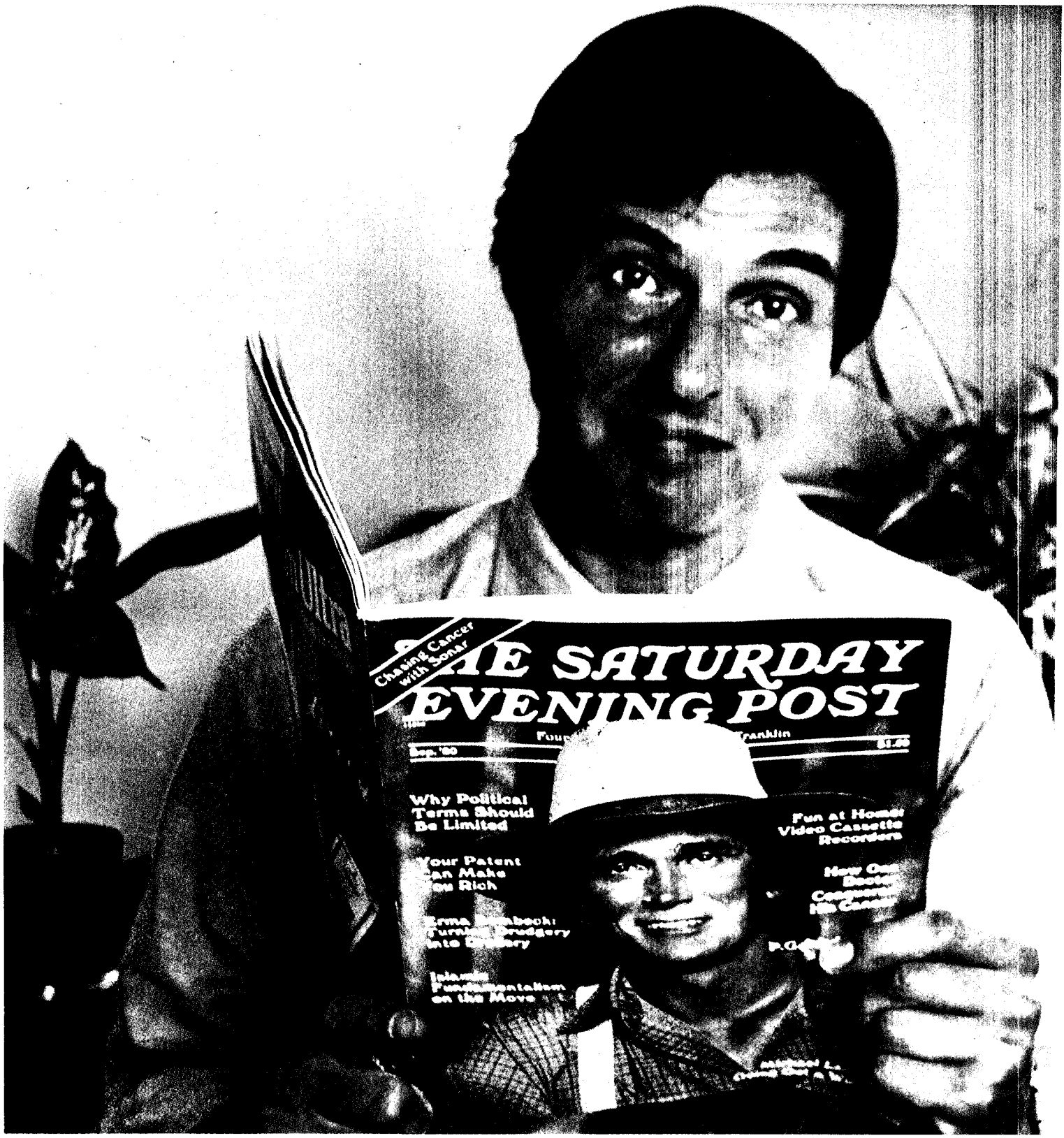
Chasing Cancer with Sonar
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Sometimes I feel like taking a break, clearing my head and reading through something that's more than newsy. Sometimes I yearn for something that's comfortable. That's when I reach for the Post. It relaxes me. It's full of information on current events, notable personalities, sports figures and such. And there's plenty of data on medicine, the latest health findings, home care and hobbies that's interspersed with cartoons, humorous anecdotes and assorted witty blurbs. In fact, I've come to depend on the Post for a lot of my reading pleasure. It's like an old friend to me. And I know it could become a most enjoyable friend to you, too.

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

Fear less, hope more; eat less, chew more; whine less, breathe more; hate less, love more; and all good things are yours. —Swedish Proverb

A Lifesaving Specimen

Letitia "Tish" Baldrige's article in the August 1980 *Reader's Digest* is must reading for everyone over 40. In her compelling style she tells of her colostomy bag—how happy she is to be alive with it—and how she came to need one. I was intrigued with her story because I think she, better than I, will cause people to rush out to get a stool test for occult blood.

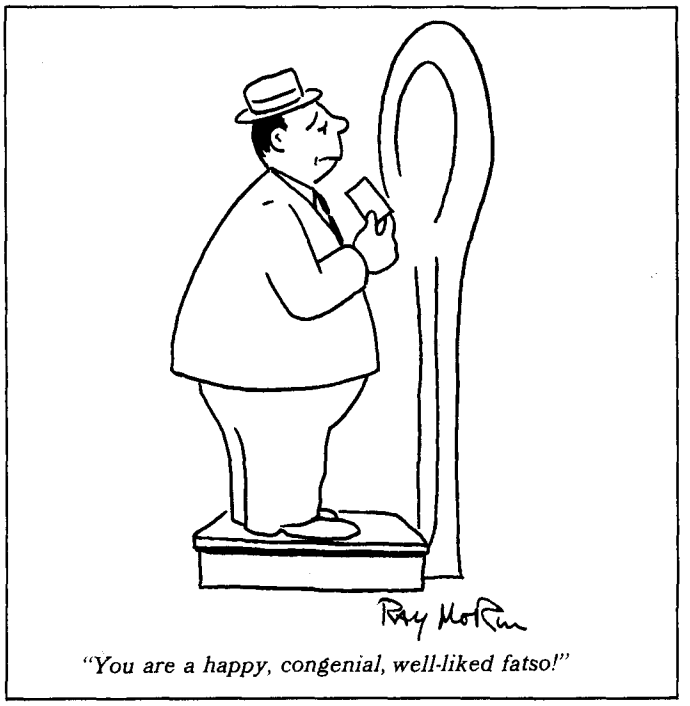
I talked with Tish yesterday, and she described her colon cancer and the "little nuisance" of having a colostomy bag. "It takes time—it doesn't always do just as you expect it to—but I'm grateful to be alive and feeling good."

Tish helps a lot of people feel comfortable about their manners and is the ultimate authority on etiquette. She was Jackie Kennedy's White House protocol adviser, and as a very young lady, she broke into big-time journalism by "selling two stories for much money to *The Saturday Evening Post.*"

Anyone as bright as Tish would surely have been checking her stool had she known how easy it is. You can bet she flosses her teeth and does everything else "preventive" that the medical and dental authorities ask us to do.

We asked her if she would help MERF (Medical Education and Research Foundation) educate people about the ease of checking their stools every six months. She graciously agreed to help.

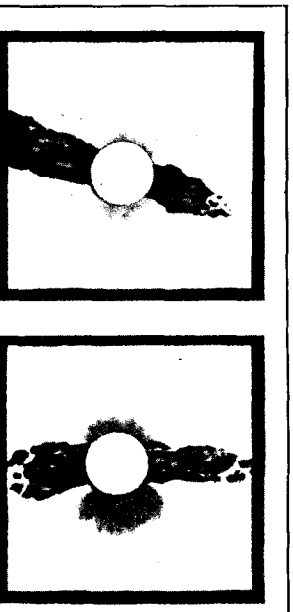
When Tish tells people that checking their stools is easier and less messy than emptying a colostomy bag, they'll believe her. She's been there! We applaud Tish for her courageous unselfishness for telling all about her colostomy. If "Tish" Baldrige thinks this is polite social conversation, then it is all right for the rest of us to discuss it.



"You are a happy, congenial, well-liked fatso!"

The Tish Baldrige positive attitude has helped a great deal, agrees Dr. Charles Emerson, who has been a pioneer in trying to bring patients into the problem of detecting colon cancer early. "The difficulty," he says, "has always been the psychological barrier about feces. Nurses and patients alike—and even sick inpatients—try to avoid taking a stool specimen. It is conceived as being unpleasant."

Dr. Emerson has conducted experiments at Boston University on a test made by Ames Laboratories which would eliminate the need for taking the specimen. It involved putting the chemical reagent in a filter-paper envelope and dropping it in the toilet basin with the feces. It could detect a 1:50,000 dilution of blood in the water. The test worked fine, but a constipated person might get a negative reading, even though hidden blood was present, because the blood cells would be detectable in the toilet water only if the stool disintegrated.



Detection of blood in the feces is not difficult and can reveal colon cancer very early. A pill is placed on a stool specimen. If the filter paper under it turns blue, blood cells are present and your doctor should be consulted.

While we're all working on a method more psychologically acceptable, you can still sleuth for hidden blood in your stool (and the possibility of early colon cancer). Write to MERF to order three stool tests (Hematest) for $1.00. (Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.) Use one each morning for three days and let your doctor know if you see any blue around the test pill. Write MERF, 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, IN 46202.

Tots and Temperatures

One of the most important things to tell your doctor when your child is ill is its correct temperature. Also so that he can prescribe the right amount of aspirin or

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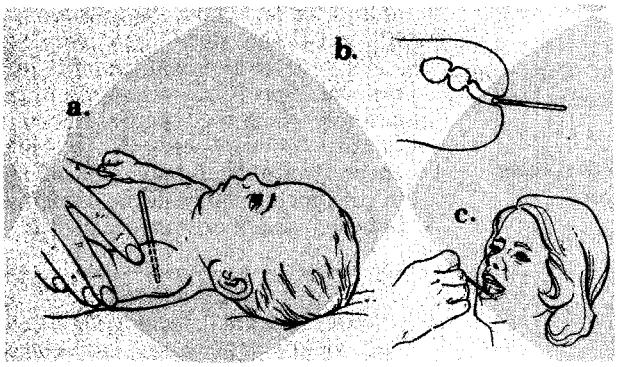


(a) **For axillary readings, put the bulb up high in the armpit, halfway between the front and back of the arm. Remove and read after five minutes.** *(b)* **Place the bulb of the thermometer no further in than shown when taking temperature rectally to avoid injuring the child. Leave in place three minutes.** *(c)* **Place the oral thermometer under the tongue at either side of the membrane that connects the tongue to the mouth floor. Read after three minutes.**

acetaminophen, it's a good idea to give your child's weight, since it's more accurate to calculate the dosage on that basis instead of by age. Rectal temperature is about one degree higher than axillary or oral normal. Be sure you tell your physician which method you used.

Back Exercises for Desk Dwellers

Obesity and a sedentary life are demons which cause many a back problem. Back muscles weakened from lack of use eventually permit discs to slip.

If you can't make your living doing manual labor, you can try some of these exercises to lessen your chances of ending up with a weak and painful back.

Try the following routine three times a day:

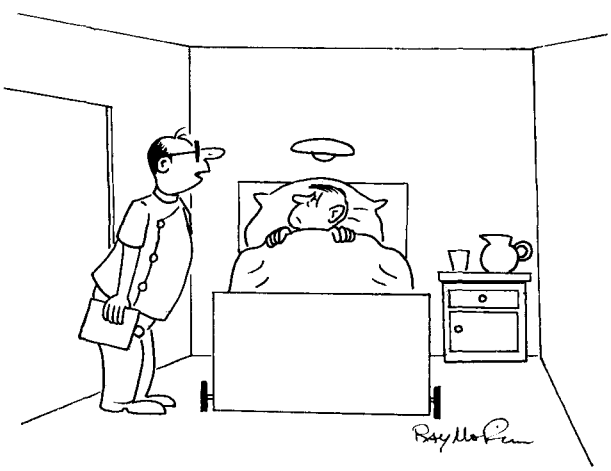
1. Push your buttocks back in a chair as far as possible. Straighten your upper back. Place your forearms on the arms of the chair. Then lean forward as far as you can and return.
2. Sit on the edge of the chair. Straighten your back. Hold your head erect, chin in. Place your feet about 18 inches apart. Reach down sideways with your right hand, keeping your back straight. Try to touch your right foot. Alternate with left hand.
3. Stand with your body against a desk, legs apart. Place hands on the desk. Touch chin to the desk and come to an erect position.
4. Stand with feet apart, arms at your sides. Reach down as far as possible with your right hand. Sway all the way left, reaching down with the left hand. Alternate.
5. Clasp your hands (or use a five-pound dumbbell) and swing them to the right, then up above your head, then down in a sharp chopping motion. Repeat, swinging left.
6. Hold a broomstick in both hands and place it at the nape of your neck. Stand with legs apart. Bend forward from your waist about 45 degrees. Swing your body sideways to the right as far as possible. Come up and bend left without stopping.

"You have inoperable lung cancer with a life expectancy of about nine months," Richard Bloch, cofounder of H&R Block Company, was told. It was one of the few times in his life Bloch broke down and cried. "I felt helpless, with nowhere to turn," he says.

Fortunately, on a friend's advice, Bloch went to the M.D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute in Houston for a second opinion. "You are a sick boy," they told him, "but we are going to cure you so that you can work for cancer." Two years and nine months later, alive and well in Kansas City, Bloch has started a unique program called the Cancer Connection to give fellow cancer victims advice and support. The program includes a Cancer Treatment Panel staffed by specialists who meet weekly to review cancer cases free of charge. The program also has a Cancer Hotline which newcomers can call to get advice from experienced cancer patients.

This month's Benjamin Franklin Award goes to Richard Bloch for providing a positive and realistic service to cancer patients. For further information contact: R.A. Bloch, H&R Block, Inc., 4410 Main Street, Kansas City, MO 64111.

Readers are invited to nominate candidates for the Benjamin Franklin Award. Nominations should include a description of self-help medical feats performed by the person or group. Recipients receive a certificate and a $100 grant from the Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Foundation.



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WHERE IN THE WORLD?

(Answers from page 106)

1 Zimbabwe's Victoria Falls is the focal point of a 230-square-mile national park and is as unspoiled today as it was when Dr. David Livingstone visited in 1855. Nothing has been allowed to disfigure the beauty of the falls—not even guardrails. Watch your step!

2 Rome's Piazza Navona is the center of the city's Christmas celebration. The beautiful mangers in such churches as Ara Coeli are just a short stroll away from this joyous carnival.

3 America's Cup time in Newport, Rhode Island, attracts 3 million visitors from all over the world, many of whom have never seen another yacht race. The cup in question is a 19th-century Victorian ewer, and for the past 23 contests, it *has* been America's.

4 Haiti became the world's first black republic following the revolution of 1804, when Jean Jacques Dessaline led the slaves against Napoleon's troops. A monument to the indestructible spirit of man, the Statue of the Unknown Slave can be found in Port-au-Prince.

Christmas Feast

continued from page 102

more moist dressing. Toss until blended. Taste for seasoning and use as directed.

Stir-Fried Winter Vegetables
(4 to 6 servings)

3 to 4 tablespoons vegetable oil
1 small onion, chopped
1 clove garlic, minced
4 medium carrots, shredded
½ head cabbage, grated
1 cup mung bean sprouts
1 cup alfalfa sprouts
Cayenne pepper (optional)

Heat the vegetable oil in a large skillet or heavy saucepan. Over medium heat sauté the onion and garlic until the onion is transparent. Increase the heat and add the carrots and cabbage. Cook, stirring frequently or continually, for about 5 minutes. Lower the heat. Add the sprouts and just a little water, not more than ¼ cup. Cover and simmer just until the sprouts are wilted down. The vegetables should still be slightly crisp. Season with cayenne if desired. Serve with tamari (soy sauce) on cooked rice if desired.

Variations: Other combinations of vegetables good for stir-frying are (1) yellow summer squash, zucchini, onions and tender young green beans; (2) onions, cauliflower, broccoli and coarsely chopped spinach; (3) onion, celery, mushrooms, snow peas and mung bean sprouts; and (4) onions, garlic, zucchini, yellow squash and tomato, served with grated Parmesan cheese rather than soy sauce.

Banana-Sweet Potato Casserole
(4 servings)

2 cups cooked and mashed sweet potatoes
1 cup mashed ripe bananas (3 medium)
¾ teaspoon curry powder
⅓ cup sour cream
1 egg

Combine all the ingredients in a large mixing bowl and beat until fluffy. Turn the mixture into an oiled 1-quart casserole dish. Bake, uncovered, at 350 degrees F. for 20 minutes or until the casserole is puffed and lightly browned.

Date Delights
(about 3 dozen)

½ cup butter or margarine
⅓ cup honey
2 cups chopped dates
2 cups granola
2 cups finely chopped nuts or grated unsweetened coconut for coating

Melt the butter or margarine in a saucepan over low heat. Add the honey and dates and cook, stirring constantly, until the dates are very soft. Remove from the heat and stir in the granola. Spread the chopped nuts or coconut on waxed paper. When the mixture is cool enough to handle, shape it into small balls and roll them in the coating. Store in the refrigerator between sheets of waxed paper.

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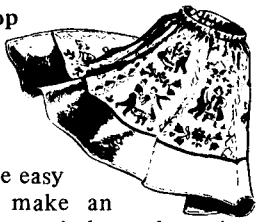
Apron Hoop



Here's the easy way to make an Apron. Just stitch two hems in a straight piece of cloth and slip on the hoop. The plastic **Apron Curvet** comes in three sizes: small, 20-28" waist; medium, 28-34" waist; large, 34-44" waist. The pattern is included. **Apron Curvet** and pattern $1.75 each postpaid. Great fund-raising item for churches, clubs, etc. One dozen, $7.00 plus $1.00 postage and handling. The Country Store, P.O. Box 1144, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206.

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Answers from page 114)

1. Iowa
2. Indiana
3. Kansas
4. Tennessee
5. Washington
6. Wyoming
7. Texas
8. Oklahoma
9. Alaska

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TREASURES

Poem from the King's Prayerbook, author unknown — *The Christmas Coach,* Washington Irving — *A Visit From St. Nicholas,* Clement C. Moore — *Susie's Letter From Santa,* Mark Twain — *Yes, Virginia, There Is a Santa,* Francis P. Church — *Christmas Gifts, Giving and Getting,* Irvin S. Cobb

CELEBRATION

The Feast of Christmas, Silas Spitzer and Charlotte Turgeon, with recipes from the *All-American Cookbook* — The Songs of Christmas including: *"O, Little Town of Bethlehem," "God, Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen," "Silent Night," "O, Come All Ye Faithful"* — The Decorations of Christmas, things to make and to do.

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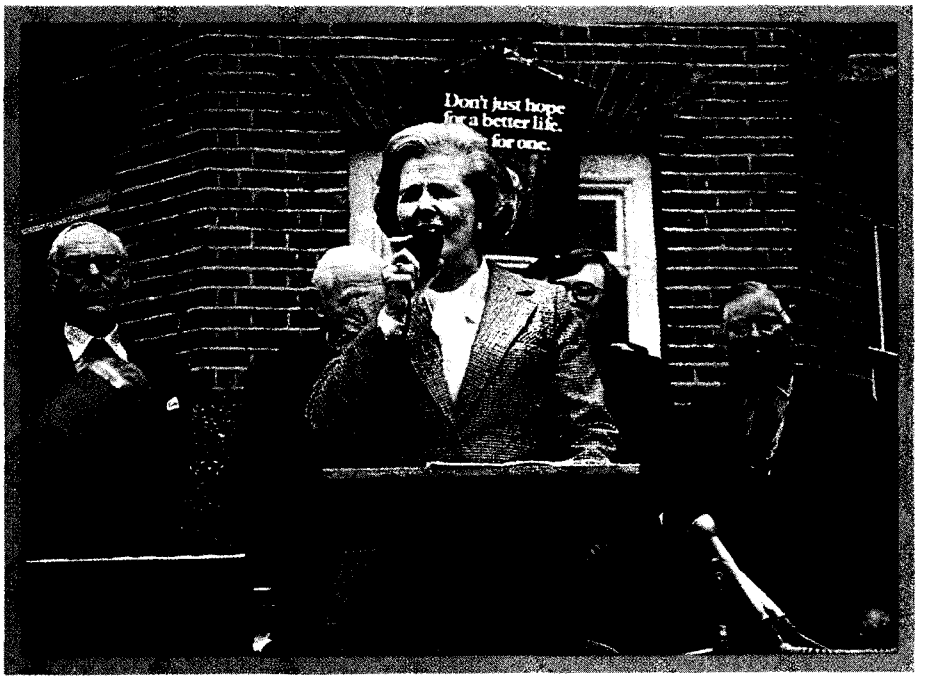
POST PEOPLE



Margaret Thatcher, 54-year-old prime minister of Great Britain, is the highest-ranking woman in the Western democracies. A conservative who employs belt-tightening measures designed to increase the productivity of British industry, her popularity, nevertheless, has remained high. How does she account for being where she is? "I have absolutely no idea," says this great admirer of Abraham Lincoln. "Nor did I ever set out to be anything. One doesn't suddenly appear at the bottom of the ladder and then at the top. He has to climb up one rung at a time. And one day, he just arrives."

At a time when everything looks rosy for John Davidson, why is he singing the blues? Because his 11-year marriage to former singer Jackie Miller is looking black. From a nightclub draw of $2.5 million annually to cohost of ABC's *That's Incredible* and a $7.5 million talk show deal, this self-described "boringly nice, shy boy" has become the dimpled darling of TV. He also has been kept away from home 200 nights out of the year. That home today is apart from Jackie and their two children. "I love my work," Davidson says, "but it has sure raised hell with a home life that once seemed idyllic."

The former Grace Kelly recently slipped quietly out of her real-life role as Princess to join Shakespearean actor John Westbrook in entertaining audiences at the Detroit Institute of Art. The 1954 Oscar winner (for *The Country Girl*), however, could not as easily slip out of her stunning regal appearance for an evening of poetry reading. If acting becomes her, so does royalty.

Heeeere's Ed! Veteran of more than 4,000 *Tonight* shows, Ed McMahon has been labeled "the Stradivarius of second fiddles." Does he ever dream of being concertmaster and sliding over on the throne of the Great Carsoni? The answer is a definite "No." "The audience likes me where I am," he says—"there's Johnny, there's Ed. I don't want to throw the thing out of whack."

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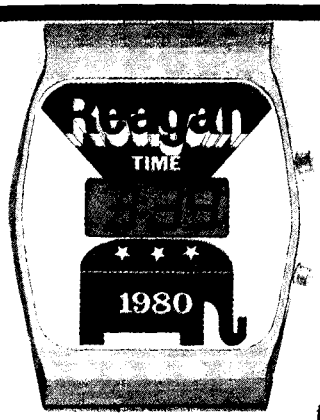

The Collectable Cause

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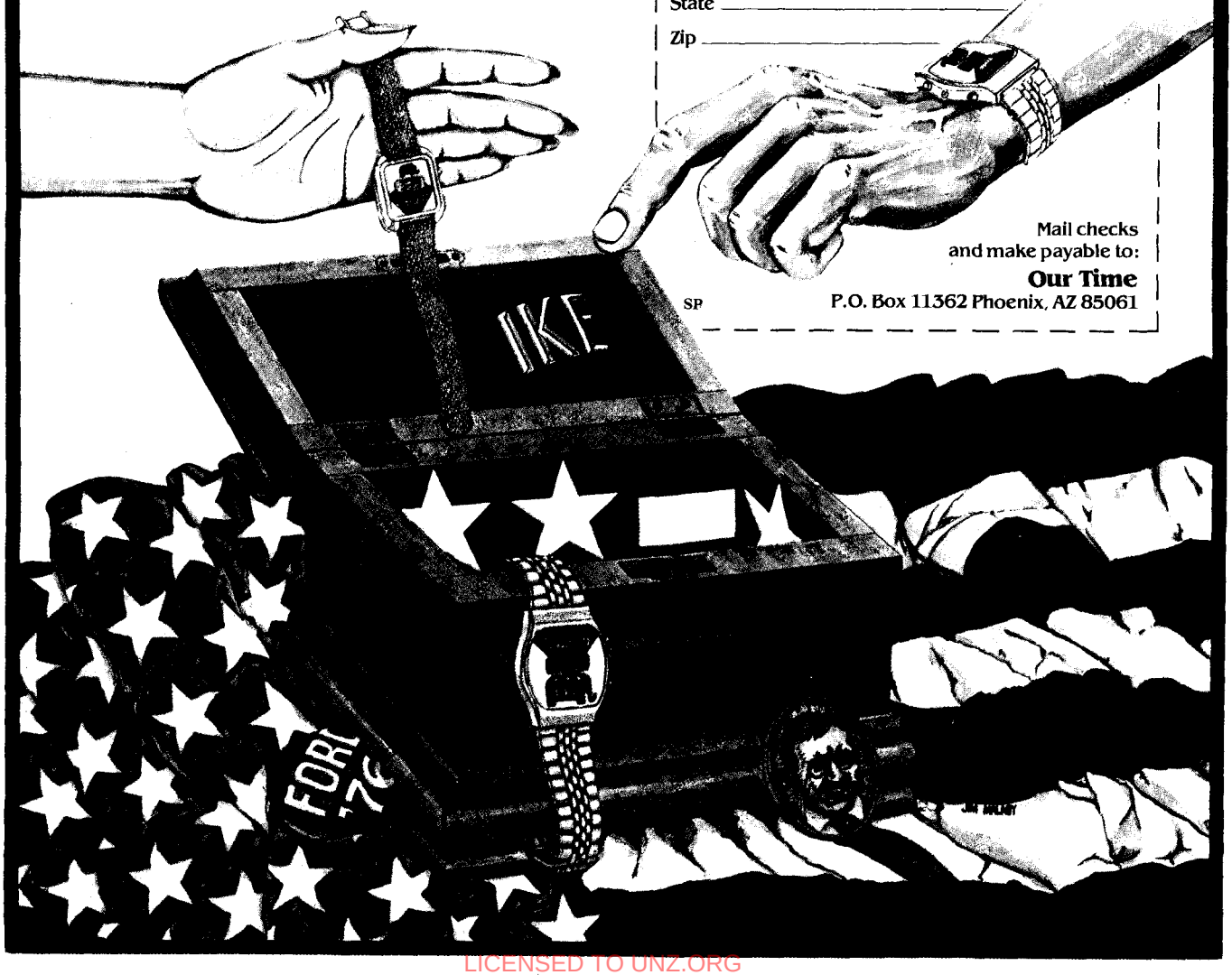

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The News

continued from page 26

accuracy are foisted off even more easily in this area than in domestic coverage, since often the only information about a story overseas is that provided by a correspondent on the scene. We have learned enough in recent years, however, to know that many foreign policy and related stories supplied by national media are howlingly—and in some cases knowingly—inaccurate.

Again, the inaccuracies in question are of a sort to give aid and comfort to the counterculture and its effort to guide our national policies in predetermined directions. We need only consider in this respect the routine imbalance of major media stories about "human rights," which focus on such countries as Argentina, Brazil and Chile, while saying little about North Korea, Cuba or—until it became impossible to ignore—the genocide in Cambodia. Two brief case studies will illustrate the point:

—When the Sandinista revolutionaries were battling to take over in Nicaragua in 1978, they were continually depicted as idealistic moderates, fighting for democracy and personal freedom. Their Marxist views and close connection to Fidel Castro were ignored. This treatment continued after they came to power. Major U.S. media outlets such as the Washington *Post* and the Associated Press informed us that the liberty-loving Sandinistas had "restored press freedom" in Nicaragua as part of their effort to bring democracy to the war-torn country.

In fact, as was brought out on the floor of Congress, this reporting was completely false. The revolutionary government kept the print media under tight control, shut down opposition newspapers and prevented the expression of contrary opinion on radio and television.

—One of the major counterculture efforts on the foreign policy scene is the destruction of our Central Intelligence Agency. Among the cooperative gestures of the media was a three-part series on the Public Broadcasting System this year entitled "On Company Business." This was a blast against the CIA as viewed from the standpoint of renegade agent Phillip Agee, who has made a career of exposing CIA case officers and trying to bring the agency down in ruins.

At no point in this PBS series was it pointed out that Agee, far from objecting to intelligence practices generally, condemns only those of the CIA—not the Soviet KGB. In fact, Agee told an interviewer in 1975 that "the CIA is on the wrong side, that is, the capitalistic side. I approve KGB activities, communist activities in general, when they are to the advantage of the oppressed." This is the man whose propaganda was disseminated on tax-supported public television—without informing the American public of his true allegiances.

As these items suggest, our "right to know," as exercised through many of the national media, is strangely selective. We are entitled to endless exposés on such items as Watergate, the alleged evils of nuclear power, the inner workings of the CIA and so on—exposés often as false as they are relentless. Concerning issues that cut the other way, however, we are given almost no information or provided with data that are inaccurate. A "Bo" Callaway or Maurice Stans will be ripped to shreds on the basis of false accusations, but the *truth* about the stated purposes of a Jane Fonda or Philip Agee is not reported.

The issue here, obviously, is more than fairness or unfairness to particular individuals, although such judgments are important. The point is that the media, by such behavior, are warping the political system beyond all recognition. They have become an integral, active force in that system—in some ways the most powerful force of all. They are not merely "reporting" news but actively involved in making it (or suppressing it), then solemnly passing the results along to the American people as "the way it is."

A few months back there was a furor over the showing on public television of a program called "Death of a Princess," concerning the execution of a princess in the Saudi Arabian royal family. At the time, I happened to be talking in London with a member of the Saudi royal family, who thought the program was unfair and harmful and was protesting its showing. I told him I understood their concern and thought this so-called "docudrama" was in bad taste and that the network had shown exceedingly bad judgment in airing it, but that I would forever defend the right of American broadcasters to show such a presentation.

I didn't expect the people in Saudi Arabia to understand our viewpoint, I said, but a free press is critically important to the survival of all of our basic American freedoms.

As indicated, I think we need a much more vigorous media effort in reporting the misdeeds of government. But many in the media are creating conditions that are hazardous to press freedom. By constantly pushing the country toward collectivist regimentation, they are creating a controlled society which can affect press freedoms as well as others.

It is well worth recalling that despite their power to affect popular opinion, the media are not held in particularly high esteem by the American public. If the idea takes root that society should be closely regulated and that business institutions should be subjected to punitive government control, there is no reason to think the media themselves will be able to escape such treatment. All of them, after all, are businesses. Freedom is indivisible, and those media spokesmen who have been working overtime to deny liberty to others may someday discover too late that they have forfeited their own.

"Won't need the pillow."

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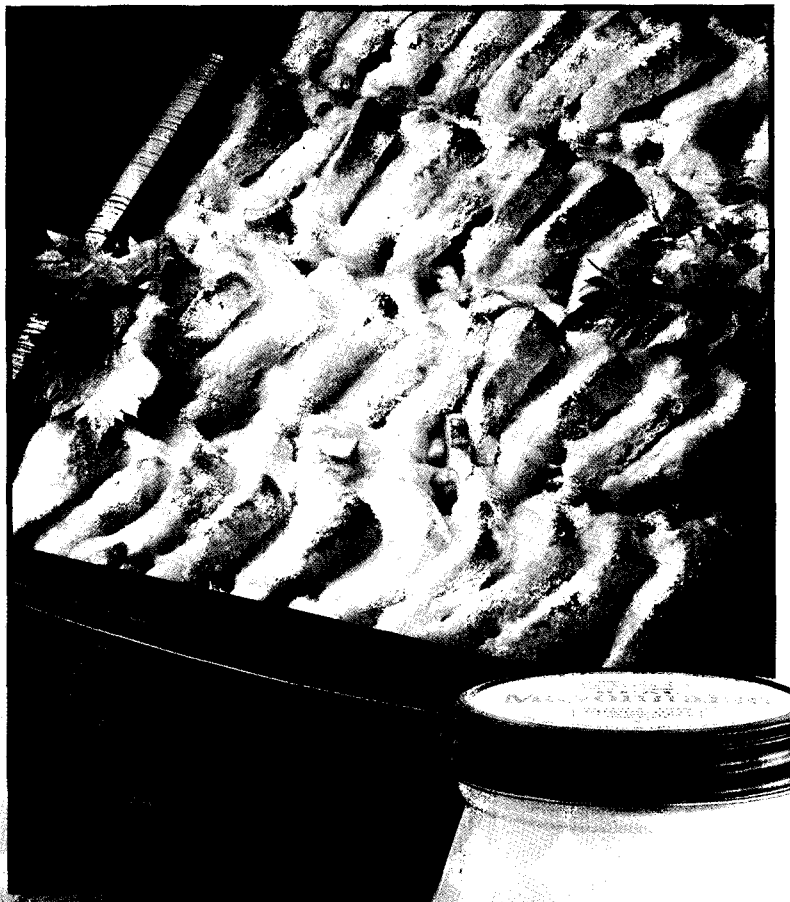
Upper crust chicken with down-home flavor.



It's top-notch—the flavor you'll enjoy in this tasty chicken bake. What makes it so good is the creamy richness of KRAFT Real Mayonnaise and the every day freshness of KRAFT Sharp Natural Cheddar Cheese. They're two ingredients to use when you want quality that's above the ordinary.

Upper Crust Chicken

- 10 white bread slices (day-old)
- 2 cups chopped cooked chicken
- 1 cup celery slices
- 2 cups (8 ozs.) shredded KRAFT Sharp Natural Cheddar Cheese
- 1 cup KRAFT Real Mayonnaise
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon poultry seasoning
- 1½ cups milk

Trim crust from bread, reserving crust. Cut bread slices diagonally into quarters. Cut reserved crust into cubes. Combine bread cubes, chicken, celery and 1¾ cups cheese; mix well. Spoon into 11¾ x 7½-inch baking dish. Arrange bread quarters over chicken mixture. Combine mayonnaise, egg and seasonings, mix well. Gradually add milk, mixing until blended. Pour over bread. Sprinkle with remaining cheese. Cover. Refrigerate several hours or overnight. Bake, uncovered, at 375°, 30 minutes. Garnish with celery leaves, if desired.

8 servings

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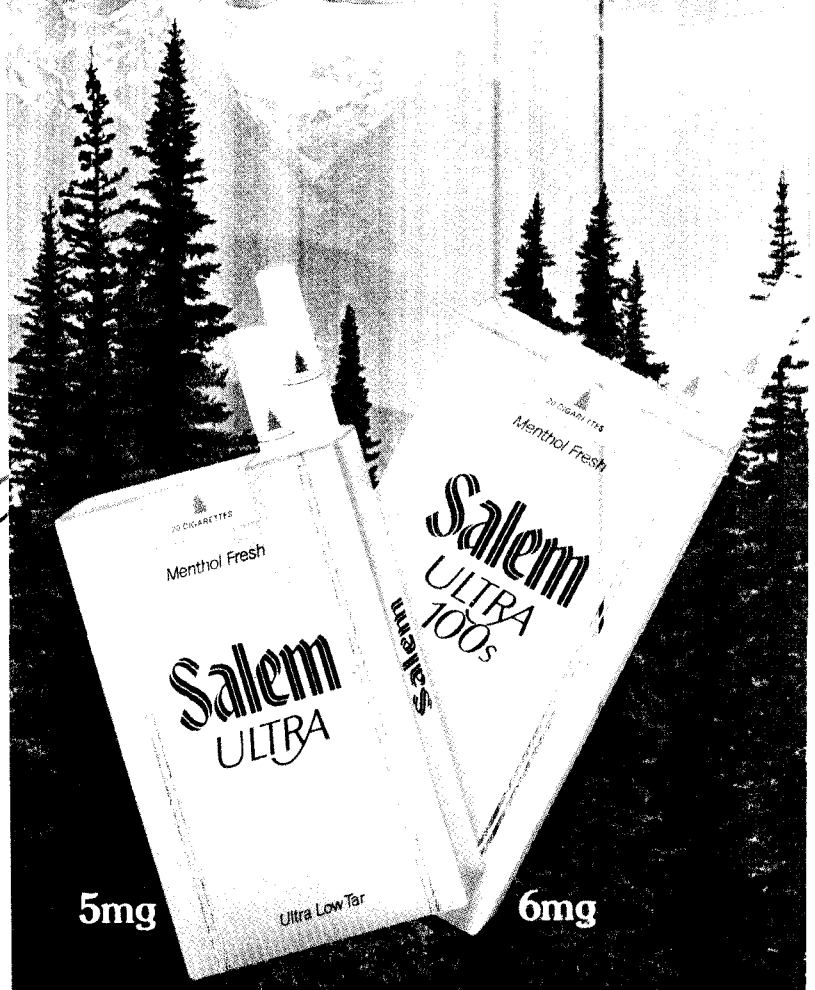

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